Collier's

APRIL 3, 1948 TEN CENTS

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NO MIRACLE IN THE MARSHALL PLAN

By Senator Brien McMahon

TENNIS — BASEBALL — TRACK

By Bill Fay

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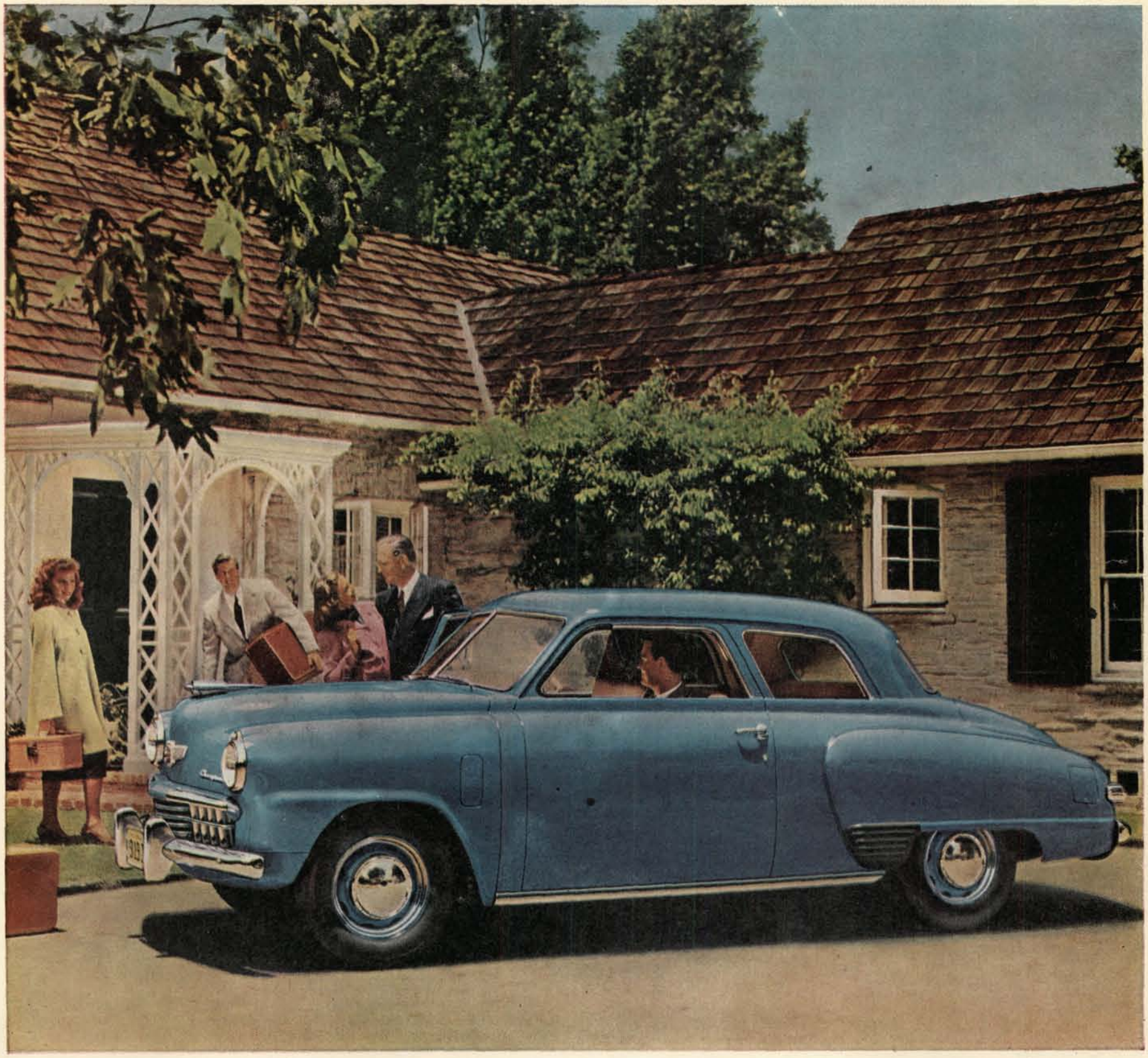

Every ride is a glide in the lap of luxury!

Your first long-distance trip in a postwar Studebaker rates a page in your lifetime's most pleasant memories.

Some sheer magic in this low-swung dream car seems to pad the most rugged miles with velvet.

You hardly want to stop at nightfall, you feel so rested. You never enjoyed relaxed ease like this in any traveling you did before.

You never saw so much from any sedan or coupe, as you do through Studebaker's panoramic new windows and windshields.

New look outside—new outlook inside—there's a wonderful new kind of motoring for you in every new Studebaker Champion or Commander.

Be sure to see them all—including the fabulously fine new 1948 Studebaker convertibles and Land Cruisers—just as soon as you can.

New 1948 Studebaker

First in style

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"I got them whisk-broom blues..."

Music by
LEW WHITE
Tempo di Blues
When dand - ruff flakes on coats fell down,
What tips! Oh, Man! and was I flush?
But now that Lis - ter - ine's a - roun'
There's dog - gone lit - tle left to brush!
So I got them whisk - broom blues
Them thin dime blues!

NO wonder porters are singing the blues. There is not so much brushing to do since Listerine Antiseptic started going after infectious dandruff. Yes, many men, too, have that "new look"... neater, tidier... even wear their blue suits with impunity!

Flakes and Scales? Look Out!

If you're troubled with embarrassing flakes and scales ...if your scalp itches now and then...look out for infectious dandruff.

Get started right away with Listerine Antiseptic and massage. This is the method that treats an infection the way it should be treated...*with quick germ-killing action*. It's the treatment that has helped so many.

Listerine Antiseptic gives scalp and hair a stimulating antiseptic bath... kills millions of the stubborn "bottle bacillus" (P. ovale) that so many dermatologists say is a causative agent of infectious dandruff.

Watch Flakes Disappear

See how quickly flakes and scales begin to disappear under Listerine Antiseptic medication. Note how clean and healthy and fresh your scalp feels. See how handsome your hair looks; nothing to be ashamed of now.

Why not do like so many men and women do? Make Listerine Antiseptic and massage a regular part of hair-washing routine. It's a wonderful precaution. And, if trouble has already started, step up the treatment.

Remember, in clinical tests twice-a-day use of Listerine Antiseptic brought marked improvement within a month to 76% of dandruff sufferers. Listerine Antiseptic is the same antiseptic that has been famous for more than 60 years in the field of oral hygiene.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis, Missouri*

The "Bottle Bacillus"
Pityrosporum ovale

The TREATMENT

WOMEN: Part the hair at various places and apply Listerine Antiseptic. **MEN:** Douse full strength Listerine Antiseptic on scalp morning and night.

Always follow with vigorous and persistent massage. Continue the treatment so long as dandruff is in evidence. And even though you're free from dandruff, enjoy a Listerine Antiseptic massage once a week to guard against infection.

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC for Infectious Dandruff

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Look Slimmer
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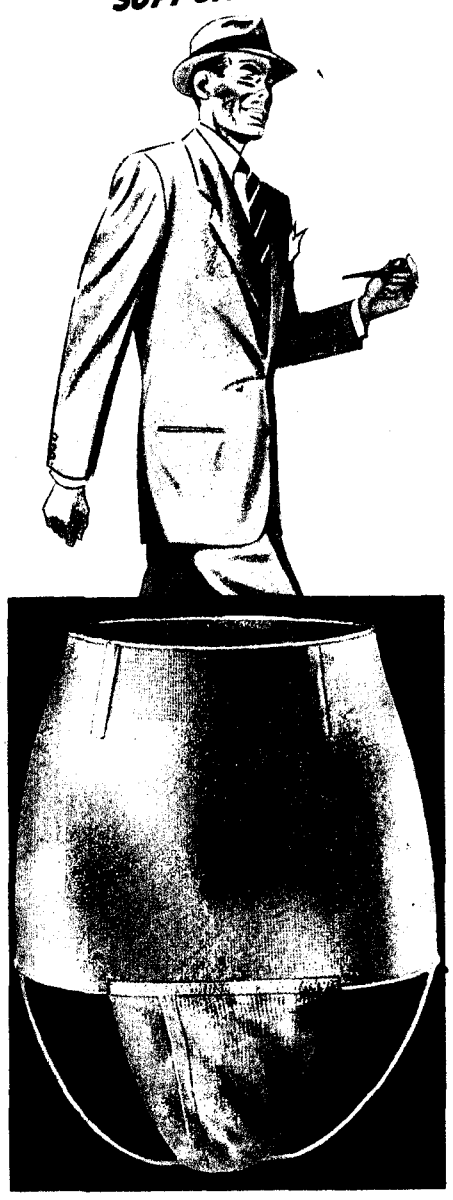

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April 3, 1948

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THE WEEK'S MAIL

ABE

DEAR SIRS: The painting of Lincoln and Brady will be well received by Lincoln students and collectors. Collier's and the artist deserve much praise for this contribution to our national campaign for rededicating our faith in the United States and its ideals.

HOMER J. HARDIN, Ponchatoula, La.

. . . Your Lincoln cover by Mr. Beall was very exciting to me—a Lincoln fan, a Brady fan and a stereo fan. Another authority on Lincoln pictures—Mr. Stefan Lorant—is categorical in his denial that any true stereoscopic pictures of Lincoln have been found so far.

Who has one? Let them be brought forward so that Mr. Beall can prove the accuracy of his fine picture. Most of us think that Brady only used his stereo cameras in the field—not the studio. Tell us about the camera—is it the one in the Graflex museum, the one now belonging to Roy Meredith—or what?

MRS. BYRON DEXTER, New York, N. Y.

Camera, loaned to Beall, is two-lens Scovill stereopticon, now in collection of Roy Meredith, author of Lincoln's Cameraman.

. . . Probably there is not a person who went to Delphos (Kan.) High in the 1920s that will not say after reading Mr. Lincoln's Beard (Feb. 14th), "I've seen that letter." (His letter to Grace Bedell.) How well I remember Mrs. Billings' grandsons reverently taking it to school every Lincoln's Birthday to be displayed before the fascinated students.

Now I show to my children a ring that once belonged to Mrs. Billings and say, "This ring once belonged to the little girl that wrote to Mr. Lincoln asking him to grow a beard," and they are in turn fascinated.

MRS. PAUL F. WOODS,
San Gabriel, Cal.

. . . Mr. J. Paul Clayton, of the Abraham Lincoln Association, has just called my attention to the word "affectation" in Mr. Lincoln's letter to Miss Bedell. You will note from the accompanying photograph of that letter that Mr. Lincoln wrote "affection." The natural assumption might be that such usage constituted an error in spelling. However, research in 1929 disclosed that mid-19th century sanctioned this spelling as meaning affectation.

L. E. BROWN, Peoria, Ill.

(Continued on page 68)

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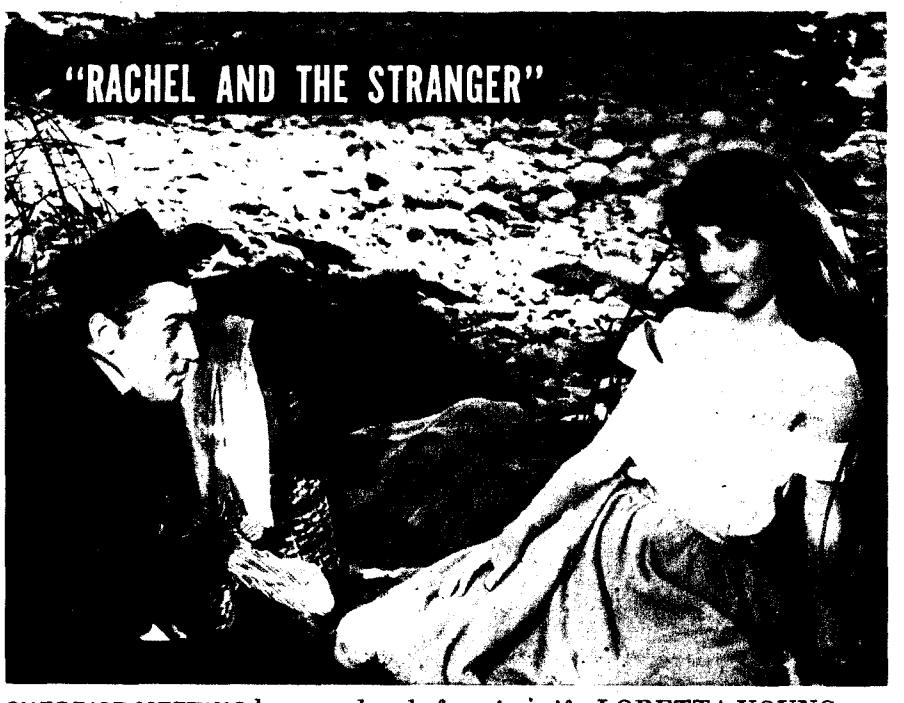
RKO's PIC-TOUR OF THE MONTH

COMEDY IS NO JOKE to its creators. Producer-Director Leo McCarey (*right*), who gave you "The Bells of St. Mary's" and "Going My Way," talks over with GARY COOPER comedy scene for *Good Sam*, Mr. McCarey's latest. Note serious expressions. ANN SHERIDAN co-stars.

U. S. CAVALRY charges under withering Indian fire in this *Fort Apache* scene, directed by JOHN FORD. Stirring film stars JOHN WAYNE, HENRY FONDA, SHIRLEY TEMPLE, PEDRO ARMENDARIZ and introduces JOHN AGAR. A FORD-COOPER Argosy Production.

ECSTATIC MOMENT in the private life of a public idol. Glamorous ROSALIND RUSSELL, as Broadway comedienne in *The Velvet Touch*, forgets sophisticated career in arms of LEO GENN. CLAIRE TREVOR, SYDNEY GREENSTREET also star. A Frederick Brisson Production.



SURPRISE MEETING between lonely frontier wife, LORETTA YOUNG, and roving bachelor, ROBERT MITCHUM. Scene from RKO's *Rachel And The Stranger*, story of post American Revolution days. WILLIAM HOLDEN is the handsome, though neglectful, husband.

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RKO RADIO PICTURES

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STARS ON THE HORIZON

BY BILL FAY

● Richard Alonzo (Pancho) Gonzales was the talk of the Pacific Southwest tennis tournament last September for various artistic and financial reasons. The nineteen-year-old Mexamerican from the public courts of Los Angeles eliminated three seeded stars—Jaroslav Drobny, the Czech Davis Cupper; Bob Falkenburg, the 1946 Intercollegiate champion, and Frank Parker, the 1945 American men's singles titleholder—on successive days. Then Pancho further confused the tournament committee by refunding $98 worth of expense-account currency.

"I had it left over," Pancho explained naïvely, seemingly unaware that he was establishing a precedent which his amateur colleagues might consider unethical and subversive.

There was an excuse for the surplus, however. Pancho is not much good at figuring expense accounts for the same reason that he is likely to be the tennis champion of the world by next year. Pancho never wasted time in school when the sun was shining. His formal education ended in the fifth grade—and he would not have progressed that far without constant urging from Los Angeles truant officers.

Pancho cut so many classes—and practiced so diligently on the Exposition playground courts—that he was the No. 1 ranking boy in southern California in 1943. He had the best American twist service and the worst American history grades in the state. Then Perry T. Jones, the big boss of southern California tennis, discovered Pancho's scholastic deficiencies and barred him from tournament competition.

The ban stood for two years while Herbie Flam—a Los Angeles youngster Gonzales had beaten four straight times—went on to win the National Junior championship, and Pancho screamed he was blackballed because he was a Mexican kid from the wrong side of the tracks, but (as he now admits) he simply got what was coming to him. The suspension was automatic under a rule which states: "No boy . . . should be allowed to enter any tournament . . . without securing the approval of the principal of his school."

Pancho could have earned reinstatement by attending classes regularly, but he preferred to carry on his running fight with the truant officers. When he enlisted in the Navy in 1945, it appeared his tennis future was behind him. But Pancho had plenty of time to think during the 15 months he scrubbed decks on a troop transport wallowing between San Francisco and Okinawa. "I learned that some rules have to be obeyed," he recalls, "and I saw where I'd made a few mistakes."

After being discharged in January, 1947, Gonzales submitted an entry for the southern California championships. Boss Jones then ruled that the scholastic suspension was outdated and accepted the entry. As luck would have it, Pancho met his old enemy, Herbie Flam, in the third round. Pancho lost the first set, 8-10, and Flam led, 5-2 and 0-40, on Pancho's serve in the second—just one point from victory. Pancho slashed three straight service aces . . . rallied to win, 8-10. 8-6, 6-4. The upset triumph over the heir apparent to the American tennis crown was the start of Pancho's 1947 success story. The bad boy of tennis had made good—at last.

Pancho has no future plans except to play tennis and avoid classrooms. "I don't like school," he explains. Oddly enough, there is nothing in Pancho's background to explain his allergy for books. His industrious Mexican-born parents live in modest circumstances in southeastern Los Angeles. His father is a small produce dealer. His mother augments the family income by working part time as a seamstress. They can't understand why Pancho dislikes school. His four sisters and two brothers like school very much, and Terry—the sixteen-year-old sister—is studying to become a concert pianist.

Everything Pancho knows about tennis—and it's plenty—he taught himself on the public courts. He's never had a lesson. He's a pleasant, smiling, carefree kid, confident but not cocky. "My serve, smash and volley are pretty good," he admits. "They're the kind of shots I could practice by myself during the two years I was suspended. However, I'm still weak from backcourt—especially off the forehand—because you learn backcourt steadiness in tough competition. I could win the Nationals this year if I get hot and stay hot for a whole week. Maybe I can, but I don't expect to get my game under complete control for another year."

As might be expected, Pancho is a fast man on his feet. His tremendous net attack depends upon speed and mobility—assets which, in his case, are largely acquired characteristics. After watching Pancho smash through Parker in the Pacific Southwest, a Los Angeles truant officer remarked: "Well, I'll say one thing. The kid hasn't slowed up any."

● Many track experts will tell you that it is a physical impossibility for a man 5 feet 10 inches tall to pole-vault 14 feet 6 inches. Dick Ganslen, an authority on vaulting, even wrote a thesis proving it is impossible. Leverage—or rather, the lack of leverage—is the answer. A short fellow can't take as high a grip on the pole as a six-footer can and—anyway, it's impossible.

Yet the Reverend Robert Richards, twenty-one-year-old assistant pastor of the Church of Bethlehem in Urbana, Illinois, cleared 14 feet 6 inches in the recent Knights of Columbus indoor meet at Boston. The Reverend Richards is five feet ten inches tall. What's more—no matter how many theses Ganslen writes—the Reverend Richards expects to top 15 feet in the Olympics three months hence, or break his back trying.

The young assistant pastor stands a good chance of doing either—or both. Last spring, when Bobby shifted his grip higher on the pole—up to the normal grabbing spot for six-footers—he was warned that the extra stress and strain on his back muscles would have uncomfortable consequences.

"Stick to your old grip," friends advised. "You'll do better than 14 feet and probably make the Olympic squad. Try that high grip and you'll end up wearing a plaster jacket."

Bobby compromised. He strengthened his back muscles with weight-lifting exercises for three months—then started to work with the new grip. The results were amazing and gratifying. He catapulted to 14 feet 6 inches—the first time any man under six feet tall ever reached that height.

Richards grew up in Champaign, a few miles from Urbana, and began his theological studies at Bridgewater College in Virginia four years ago. Right now, Bobby may be the busiest assistant pastor in the country. During an average day, he works on the sermon for Sunday, performs the janitor chores around the small church

(congregation: 382), practices in the vaulting pit, lifts weights to strengthen his back muscles, and studies for his master's degree at Illinois.

Even though Bobby shapes up as the man to beat for the No. 1 pole-vaulting spot on the Olympic squad, it isn't likely he will realize his ambition to clear 15 feet. Bobby's peak effort in the Knights of Columbus meet was accomplished indoors on a wood surface. The Olympic vaulting will be done outdoors on less resilient dirt. Consequently, Bobby may be slightly optimistic when he talks about 15 feet.

● Connie Mack was telling his favorite baseball story at the winter meeting of major-league club owners. It seems that Connie went squirrel hunting many autumns ago. He tramped for hours without hitting anything and toward dusk, on the way back to camp, he met a young mountaineer with a string of six squirrels slung across his shoulders. Connie was impressed and somewhat puzzled because the youngster wasn't carrying a rifle.

"How'd you get them, son?" Connie asked.

"Like this." The boy picked up a rock, aimed at a squirrel on a high limb 40 yards off and threw a perfect strike.

"My goodness," Connie exclaimed, "with that overhand fast ball you could be the greatest right-handed pitcher in baseball."

"Shucks, I'm not right-handed," the boy protested, "I'm left-handed, but Maw won't let me throw left-handed at squirrels 'cause I mash 'em too bad."

At this point in Mr. Mack's narrative, a skeptic inquired, "I suppose, Connie, you signed this boy wonder to a Philadelphia contract."

"Indeed I did," Connie replied blandly, "and you will see him pitching for the Athletics this spring. His name is Brissie—Lou Brissie."

Of course, Mack was exaggerating. Brissie is not the legendary left-hander Connie met on the mountain. Brissie is the 6-feet-4-inch, 215-pound left-hander from Ware Shoals, South Carolina, who won 23 games for Savannah last season. The bona fide Brissie may not be better than Grove, as Connie claims, but there's no doubt about one thing—Lou has really earned his big-league chance.

Lou was a corporal in the mountain infantry in Italy. A bursting shell wounded him severely in 20 places. His left leg was broken. His left ankle was smashed. Both feet were broken. Shell fragments lacerated his hands and right shoulder.

The doctors were blunt. They told Lou the left leg ought to come off. The alternative was indefinite hospitalization and a series of painful operations, with little chance of success. "I'll take the chance," Lou said. "I rock back on my left leg when I pitch."

Two years and 23 operations later, Lou walked into Shibe Park to say hello to Mr. Mack. He was on leave from Valley Forge Hospital and still used a crutch to brace his left leg. "I'll be seeing you in Florida next spring," Lou promised . . . and eight months later he was fielding bunts in the A's training camp. The crutch was gone, but a catcher's shin guard protected the exposed nerves and grafted flesh of his left ankle.

Lou was a one-inning wonder in the 1947 exhibition games. He had tremendous speed and a sharp curve until that left leg tired—then he lost control. Mack finally farmed him to Savannah. The left leg grew stronger. Lou started to win. When the A's recalled him in September, he pitched brilliantly against the World Champion Yankees in his only starting opportunity. The A's lost 5-3, but Mack was enthusiastic about Lou's mound performance.

Mr. Mack says twenty-three-year-old Lou Brissie will be the rookie of the year. Connie may be right, although Lou still carries a heavy handicap—that cumbersome protector on his left ankle. Anyway, you can understand Connie's faith in a young fellow who won 23 ball games after losing 23 operations. ★★★

COLLIER'S
SPORTS

DRAWINGS BY SAM NORKIN

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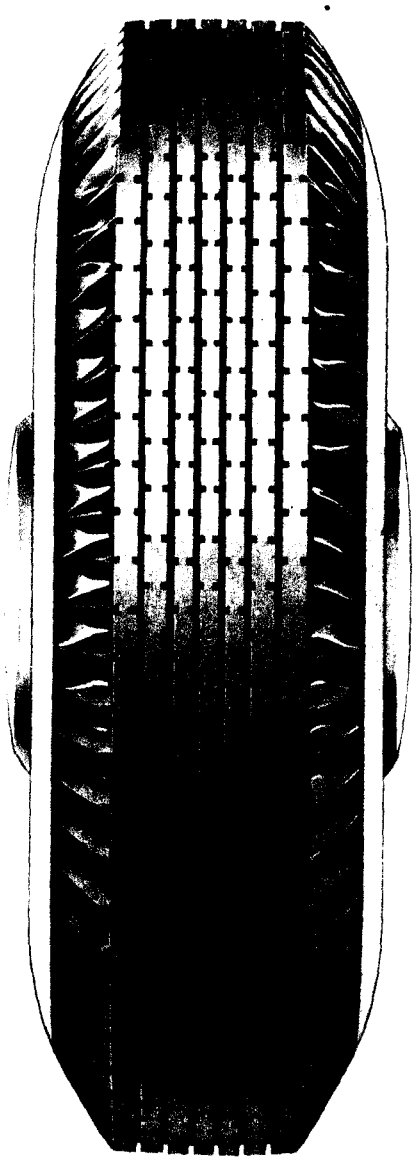
THE U.S. ROYAL *Air Ride* PUT AMERICA ON LOW-PRESSURE TIRES

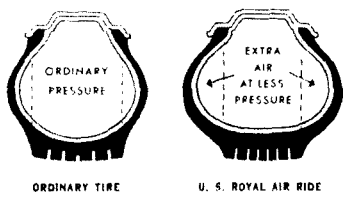


The U. S. Royal Air Ride has given thousands an easy-driving, smooth-riding comfort they never before knew in their cars.

For, with this great tire, "U. S." introduced a wholly new principle to tires. It combined for the first time extra low-pressure comfort and a tread and shoulder design that makes steering easier, running cooler, and increases tire life.

Now—in its brief year-and-one-half—U. S. Royal Air Ride has put America on extra low-pressure tires.

A million Air Rides are on the road! They're being made original equipment on many of America's finest new cars! The tire industry is seeking to adopt their comfort feature. But only Air Ride gives *all* these advances:



Less Pressure—More Comfort. The Air Ride provides far more air at new low pressure. It fits your regular rim-size — puts bigger, softer air-cushions under your wheels. They swallow up bumps *before* they bounce your car—bring smoother-rolling comfort to *any* car on *any road.*

Steer-Easy Tread—More Effortless Handling. The compact Air Ride tread puts more rubber on the road to increase your tire mileage—yet its trim running ribs make it respond at once to your steering touch. You'll actually *feel* the amazing difference it makes in driving ease!

Steadier Riding—Surer Car Control. Straightening away after passing a car or rounding a curve ordinarily calls for jockeying your wheel. With Air Ride's wider outside tread rows steadying your car, you'll have less steering to do. Enjoy the new comfort and ease that began with Air Riding. See your U. S. Tire Dealer today.

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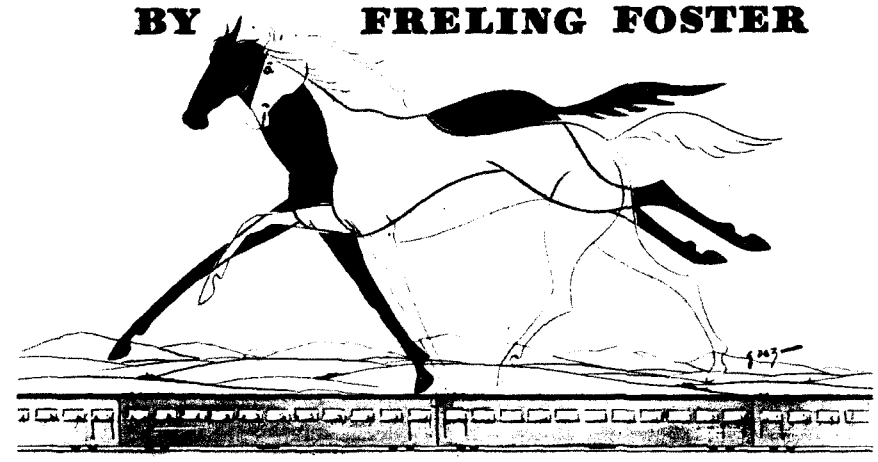
KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

BY FRELING FOSTER



GEORGE DE ZAYAS

The only American railroad trains today named in honor of famous animals are the two new streamliners of the Central of Georgia called Man o' War and Nancy Hanks II. The latter is known as "the second" because the road operated a train in the 1890s that bore the name of this celebrated trotter.

Contrary to popular impression, circus performers constitute only a small portion of a show's entire personnel. For example, in the Ringling Brothers and Barnum and Bailey Circus last year, the total number of employees was 1,377, of whom only 238 or 17 per cent, performed in the arena.

To direct attention to the multitude of obsolete and forgotten laws that clutter up our statute books, an authority has made a study of the number broken daily by an average citizen of Philadelphia. The results show that, if these laws were still enforced, the citizen could be imprisoned for five years and fined $2,896.

Under the Plant Patent Act of 1930, the United States government has granted approximately 775 patents on plants to persons who found or developed new and distinct varieties. Many with unique features are highly valued, the patent rights to a single peach tree having sold recently for $10,000.

Of our 48 state names, one is a French term, four are names of foreign places, six are Spanish words, 11 are derivations of names or titles of renowned persons and the other 26 are terms or phrases of American Indians.

The first college course on the physiological and psychological aspects of marriage, started at the University of North Carolina in 1927, was so successful that today marriage courses are being offered in nearly 600 of our colleges.

In order to make U.S. birth records more comparable and useful, obstetricians are now being asked to differentiate between a full-term and a premature birth on the basis of the infant's weight instead of the mother's gestation period. This classification of a birth, therefore, will depend on whether the infant weighs over or under 2,500 grams, or five pounds and eight ounces.

The greatest female murderer of modern times was Belle Gunness, whose fiendish career began in 1901, when she purchased and moved to a farm near La Porte, Indiana. By placing advertisements in matrimonial magazines for a husband who was kind and willing to help her pay off a mortgage, this husky forty-two-year-old widow lured one man after another to her lonely farm, where, upon getting their money, she promptly murdered and buried them. This continued for seven years, during which time she killed at least 40 persons and netted about $100,000 in insurance and "mortgage money." In 1908, when the sheriff finally became suspicious of her, Belle set fire to her house, disappeared and was never seen again.

To enable movie audiences to see, via television, important news events while they are taking place, Paramount has developed a system in which its own video cameras transmit on-the-spot pictures directly to a television set in the theater's projection booth. As the pictures are received, they are photographed on movie film that runs from the camera through a developer and dryer and into the projector which flashes the scenes on the theater screen only 30 seconds after they have been televised.

Through our government's 36 short-wave transmitters, official broadcasts now being beamed overseas daily total about 14 hours by the United Nations, 25 hours by the Army and 32 hours by the Voice of America of the State Department. Reaching 40 countries in 20 languages, the programs of the Voice are 25 per cent recorded orchestral concerts, 25 per cent straight news and 50 per cent editorial comment and information about the United States.

Petrillo has at last recognized the harmonica as a musical instrument and is now inviting those who play it to become members of his American Federation of Musicians.

The number of hospitalized mental cases in this country was 183 per 100,000 population in 1880, 204 in 1910, 352 in 1940 and is about 425 today.

Ten dollars will be paid for each fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by their source of information. Address Keep Up With the World, Collier's, 250 Park Ave., New York (17), N. Y. This column is copyrighted and no items may be reproduced without permission

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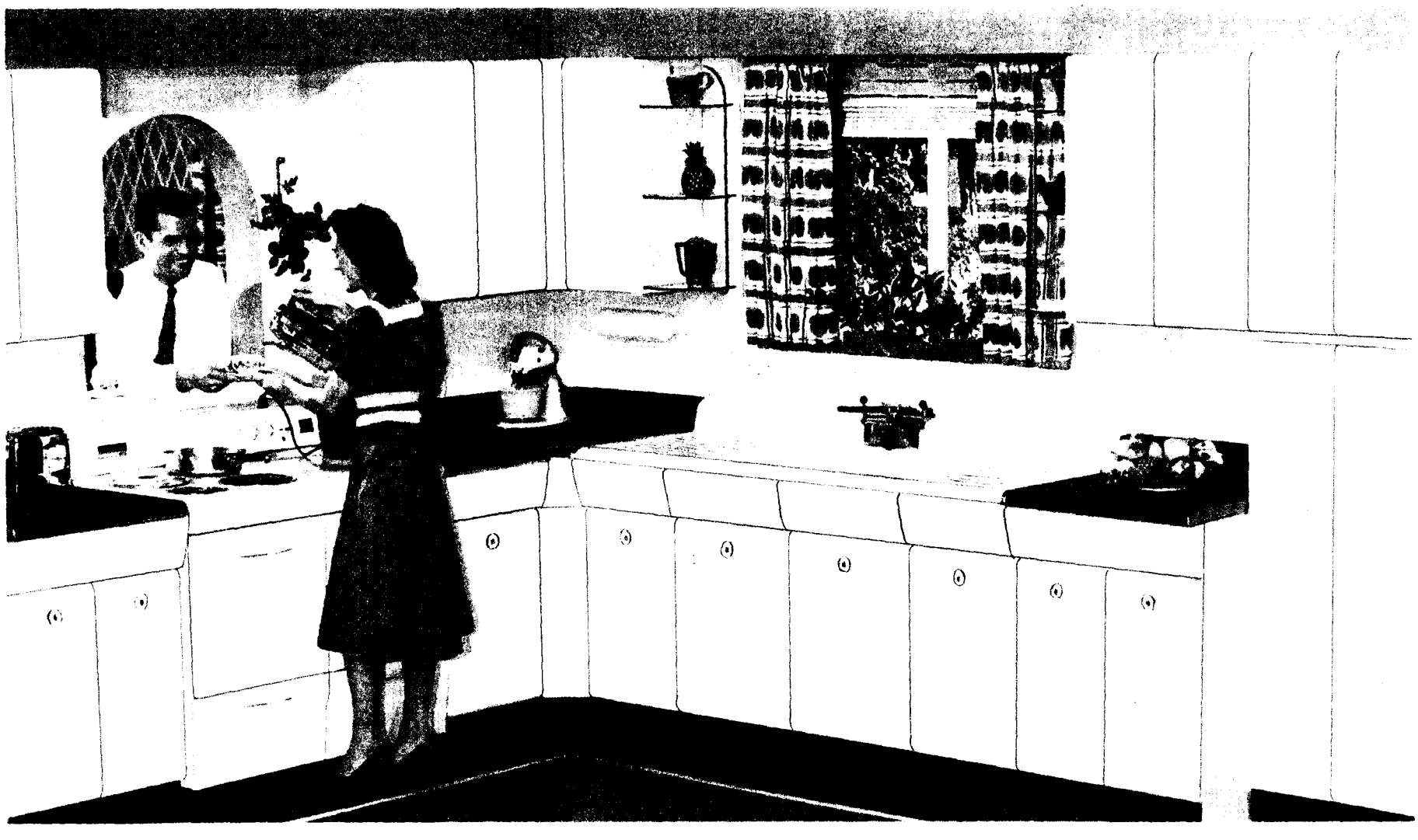

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Just go to your American Kitchens dealer. He'll get your ideas, room measurements, etc. Then he'll draft a scientific plan, especially for *you!* Even more than that! With his marvelous Plan-a-Kit, *which only American Kitchens dealers have*, he'll show you, in miniature, precisely how *your* American Kitchen will look.

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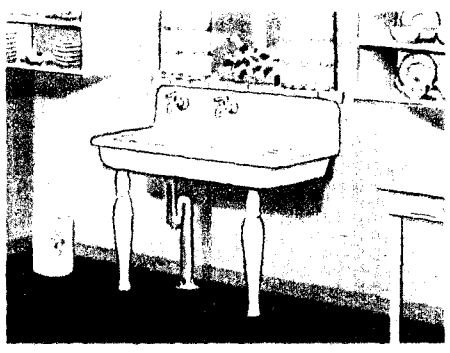
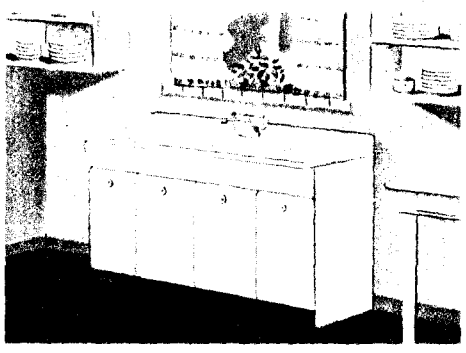


No matter how your kitchen looks now . . . or how the doors, windows and various outlets are arranged . . . your American Kitchens Dealer can use his Plan-a-Kit and show you exactly how your new American Kitchen will look.



And he'll show you how easy it is to start your own new American Kitchen . . . beginning with the most important unit: A new American Styled-in-Steel Cabinet Sink! Then you can add-a-unit as you please, gradually creating your own American Kitchen.

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Mort Green

•

Pup Thurber

THE WEEK'S WORK

Artist Michael

•

Faith Prior

SARONY, INC.

FICTION newcomer Faith Prior (The April Road, p. 34) was born on St. Patrick's Day, 1920, in Vergennes, Vermont, modestly described as "the smallest town in the U.S. if not the world—sandwiched between the twin histories of the Green Mountains and Lake Champlain." She has pre-Revolutionary soil roots, can tick off English, Scotch, French, Irish and Dutch ancestors. "Without even counting noses!" Faith claims.

After studying costume designing at Pratt Institute, Faith returned to her beloved hills and the U. of Vermont, defying prewar academic convention by marrying a fellow student before graduation. "We look at today's campus baby carriages and remember the lifted eyebrows we occasioned six years ago!" she chuckles.

When her spouse was lured away by the male Lorelei on a Marine recruiting poster, Faith went quietly mad teaching school. "So I joined the Red Cross," she says, "and for two years listened to naval hospital troubles."

Now she's back teaching at the U. of Montreal, where everybody is gay and talks French but Faith—listening to her student husband recite fascinating trivia of veterinary medicine.

IN OUR ceaseless search for the inner soul of the writer, we have uncovered the early literary struggles of Mort Green (Fair Exchange, p. 20).

It seems when Mort made the big change from the carefree life of the Army, to free-lancing, he suddenly was struck poor. "The Unemployment Insurance people had a remarkable plan whereby they exchanged a look at my kisser for the tidy sum of $20 per week," he says.

Mort dug into this gold mine until one day the UIP decided to reward him with a job in a factory.

"Only by exercising my utmost Spartan self-control," he says, "did I restrain myself from accepting this exciting offer. In fact, in a memorable scene in their offices, I told them what they could do with their factory. That stumped them for a while, then some joker came up with something: They stopped my checks.

"By this time it didn't matter because I had sold a story and was rich and famous."

PRESENTING Campus Crusader Harold Taylor on page 13, Bill Gottlieb got inflamed about experimental education when he became disillusioned with his alma mammy Lehigh U., as a means of gaining a liberal education. "And it wasn't sour grapes," cries Bill. "I did get a Phi Beta key."

He was with a music magazine after the war when he learned that the new president of the very progressive Sarah Lawrence College, Harold Taylor, was also a jive enthusiast. "So I decided to do a story about him," says Gottlieb. "Meanwhile, I have two children and help care for two more—three of them in school. So my interest in education has had no opportunity to flag. I also do educational film strips, currently one on How to Take Care of a Dog. Mine, a dachsie, is named Thurber."

FROM Louisville, Kentucky, Dr. David Dressler (Brothers in Crime, p. 30) came by the Dr. in a stirring way. A Ph.B. from Chicago; a psychology M.A. from Columbia; he took his Ph.D. in sociology at NYU with a thesis on Burlesque as a Cultural Phenomenon. It was a Study of the World of the Baggy Pants, Bladder & Strip, and the New York Post ran it as a series. "Only thing I struck on," says the good doctor, "was posing in cap and gown with my arms around Gypsy Rose Lee, dressed for action."

Since that fateful, foolish day (we think), Dr. Dressler's been up to his ears in crime. He's made surveys of prisons, rubbed shoulders with thousands of criminals, has been consultant to many states in setting up new correctional systems.

Dr. Dressler has authored over a hundred technical articles, and his Probation and Parole Practice should be out soon. For many years he was with the N.Y. State Division of Parole, becoming executive director in 1939.

This week's cover: Raining Queen. "I was staring out of my New York studio window," its Artist Michael says, "at the height of the Blizzard of '47, when a saucy little miss in the New Look struggled through a ten-foot drift under my window. I found myself wishing the winter were over for the girl in the street and myself. I couldn't change the weather but I did the next best thing: drew the girl on my sketch pad.

"The spring looked real, and Collier's liked the rough. So I called Joan Vohs in to model the girl. Fashion Editor Barbara Banks got the Mago Hayes hat and Josef bag for Joan to wear in the final drawing. The flowerpot was furnished by my son Bill, an expediter of no mean standing at thirteen." . . . TED SHANE

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Miss Virginia H. Palfrey, of Boston, at the time of her engagement . . . painted by Gerald Brockhurst

How proudly the bright engagement diamond, in all its glorious tradition, does acclaim the happiest of rites. A treasured keepsake then, your ring-stone becomes more cherished through the years. Though it may be modest in cost, it should be chosen with care. Color, cutting, and clarity, as well as carat weight, contribute to its beauty and value. A trusted jeweler is your best adviser.

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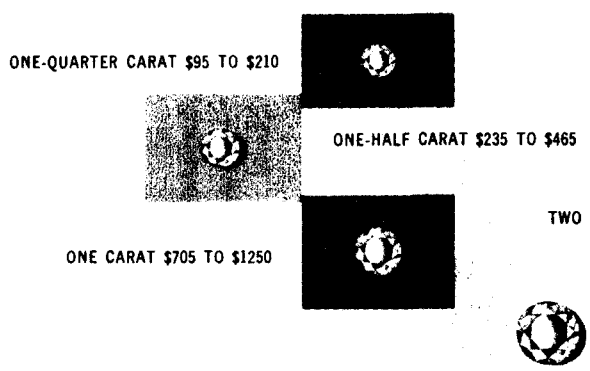

THE PRICES ABOVE FOR UNMOUNTED QUALITY STONES WERE AVERAGED FROM A GREAT MANY STORES IN NOVEMBER, 1947. ADD FEDERAL TAX.

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A typical dormitory scene at Sarah Lawrence. Girls from Ohio, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, New Jersey and New York are represented in this group. Informality is the keynote both in and out of the classroom, but sessions like this offer the girls a real chance to blow off steam. Later, music may give way to serious talk

CAMPUS CRUSADER

BY BILL GOTTLIEB

While others complain about our system of higher education, Harold Taylor and his blue-jeaned coeds at Sarah Lawrence College are demonstrating how to do something about it

BOYISH Harold Taylor, the thirty-three-year-old president of Sarah Lawrence College in Bronxville, New York, likes to explain his school's revolutionary educational experiments by contrasting them with a lecture he attended in a Western university.

"There were 1,500 students in a huge auditorium, and the instructor droned over a public address system while some boys in the rear seats played cards. The fraternity men, with copies of last year's exam neatly filed in their chapter rooms, dozed placidly. Of those taking notes, the two most diligent were, I was told, a couple of enterprising students who sold copies of the lecture to those who cut class."

President Taylor admits the illustration is extreme. But he says it is symbolic of the absence of the spirit of learning in American colleges.

His solution, as practiced at Sarah Lawrence College (SLC), is to handle each student as an individual seeking knowledge, rather than as part of a herd waiting to jump the hurdle of graduation.

Under this system, his 350-blue-jeaned coeds take only the courses they want and will work at. SLC girls don't have formalized exams, grades or conventional report cards, either. The ultimate goal of education, according to Taylor, is not an A but the

President Taylor of Sarah Lawrence, a believer in individualized education

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development of an individual to his greatest potential. If a dullard acquires some grasp of his role in a democracy, for instance, he's done more than some memory wizard who can quote the provisions of the Kansas-Nebraska Act.

Dr. Taylor believes in letting the students work on their own. At SLC the amount of time a girl must spend in class is reduced to a minimum. A Sarah Lawrence girl gets only three courses a year, instead of the usual five or six, and has only one class a week per course, instead of three. Even these are loosely defined. If a student wants to report on an appropriate novel for a chemistry course, that's okay with Taylor, who believes all branches of knowledge are closely interrelated. If the same girl wants to spend an entire week in a chemical plant, that's fine, too, because Taylor believes we learn better after we have had firsthand experience.

Lear Shelved for Antony

This year the Renaissance Literature class was to have studied Shakespeare's King Lear. But Katharine Cornell came to Broadway in Shakespeare's Antony and Cleopatra. That was the end of Lear. The girls bought balcony seats, instead.

Textbooks are regarded as too rigid and are therefore simply not used; and even the "classics" have at last, according to Taylor, reached their day of reckoning. Dr. Taylor contends that learning is of value only if it helps us understand contemporary problems. A classical book or subject must shed a bright light on the student's world of airplanes, apartments and atom bombs, or it is discarded. Since none of the girls could put in a good word for Latin, that subject is as scarce at SLC as a bustle.

Horrified old-fashioned educators accuse Taylor of pampering his pupils. They point out that Sarah Lawrence College was originally a finishing school for fashionable girls and still charges a not inconsiderable $1,700 yearly for room, board and tuition. And since Bronxville is a plush New York City suburb, the implication is that SLC is just a country club for rich kids who want to be near Manhattan night spots.

President Taylor admits his kids like night clubs, and adds that he does too. He also admits that the girls take courses they enjoy, rather than those which are "good for them. This business of knowledge-through-suffering is rubbish," he says.

Progressive educators regard Sarah Lawrence as a serious-minded educational laboratory. Typical is the opinion of Dr. Edwin Embree who, as director of the Julius Rosenwald Fund, has studied students from all American colleges. "So far as my knowledge goes," he has written, "better general education is going on at Sarah Lawrence than at any place in the world today."

The skeptics who sneer at SLC's radical innovations were told off by Dr. Taylor in his typically brash, irreverent manner.

"The whole educational system," he admonished the Twelfth Educational Conference last fall, "has become one massive quiz program, with the prizes going to the most enterprising, most repulsively well-informed person—the man with his hand up first. The man with his hand up first wins the scholarship, the academic approval, sometimes even the girls . . . We are merely creating a race of eager beavers."

Pungent remarks like these have made Harold Taylor the most widely quoted leader in progressive education. He is a college president of glamorous proportions. Some of his worshipful students claim he wasn't born like ordinary mortals but sprang, full-blown, from the imagination of a Hollywood script writer, complete with tweedy clothes, curly hair, dimples and an athletic build.

Three years ago, when he came to his present post from the University of Wisconsin, Taylor was only thirty, the youngest college president in the country. Students were delighted when, at proms, he began "sitting in" with his hot clarinet and leading jam sessions.

"It was a throwback," Taylor recounts, "to the time I earned money for my doctor of philosophy degree by leading a swing band and writing for a jazz magazine."

Legend to the contrary, the hero of this saga did have an early life. He was born and raised in Canada and attended the University of Toronto. He had hopes of becoming a writer after graduation; but, when he was voted the college's best all-around student, he decided to use the cash prize to continue his education. The next thing he knew, Harold Taylor had got his master's degree at Toronto, his doctorate at the University of London and was teaching philosophy at the University of Wisconsin.

At Wisconsin, Taylor became convinced that individualized education can be practiced at any school. Even at this large university, nine instructors and some graduate students handled 1,700 philosophy pupils with a reasonable amount of personal attention. Taylor learned what education meant from working with Max Otto and his colleagues in philosophy.

The Man Who Fitted the Job

Although he is the spokesman for Sarah Lawrence, Taylor did not establish the school's educational philosophy. Rather, it was a case of his fitting perfectly into SLC's established intellectual climate, where he received able assistance from instructors like Mrs. Esther Raushenbush, Director of Education.

He still doesn't look the part, whether you find him in the college's junior-sized mansion, where he lives with his wife and two children, or in his vast paneled office in the administration building, once the home of SLC's founder, William Van Duzer Lawrence.

At the prodding of his assistants, President Taylor has begun to subdue his characteristic horse laugh. And sometimes he remembers not to flop all over the easy chairs in his office. But that is about the limit of his propriety.

Taylor's serious side emerges when he battles for progressive education. Thanks to the general dissatisfaction over conventional educational methods, the Sarah Lawrence system is gaining ground. Last summer, 100 professors from 67 colleges spent a month on SLC's twenty rolling acres studying contemporary movements; and in recent years, Yale, Colgate, N.Y.U., M.I.T. and other colleges have adopted parts of the program first developed at SLC. Much of the pressure for change has come from college war veterans who are bitter about the nonsense and rah! rah! with which they must contend at many schools.

Sarah Lawrence has a few male veterans itself. It offered to make room for 40 of them as a gesture of appreciation.

Go to a frivolous girls' school? Not those earnest he-men. But, unable to get in elsewhere, 40 veterans reluctantly entered, fully intending to transfer at the first opportunity. Last year, Columbia University offered to take some of the boys off Sarah Lawrence's hands. To date, only one has accepted.

Missionary Zeal of Students

The girls, themselves, seem sold on Sarah Lawrence. While students at many other schools suffer stoically through schooling that they hope will do them good (though they are not certain just how), SLC undergraduates, on the whole, know where they are going. They are instilled, too, with their missionary role; and, at the drop of an interrogation mark, most of them unleash a torrent of explanations as to why the SLC system is the salvation of higher education.

"The teachers treat us as thinking adults," said a senior from Honolulu. "They urge us to delve into important questions and come up with our own individual answers. That's what makes the atmosphere here so stimulating."

Such earnestness and scholastic diligence is a little frightening sometimes. To the Ivy League boys who date the Sarah Lawrence girls, it is especially unnerving. More than one Princeton man has admitted wanting to run for cover when, with his mind on other things, his Sarah Lawrence date insisted on discussing some burning social issue.

The girls are not without some misgivings about Sarah Lawrence. Many are especially concerned about the strain the school often produces on home ties. While it is true that all young people, especially college students, tend to grow away from their families as they learn things for themselves, the freedom and experimentation practiced at SLC exaggerates this tendency.

Couple this with the fact that their well-to-do parents are often extremely conservative and it is likely that more girls from Sarah Lawrence than elsewhere return home as strangers. Many girls feel that they are permitted to go to SLC only because they are daughters instead of sons. They add that their parents probably wouldn't let their brothers go to such a liberal school. A "radical" son would be too dangerous.

The principal opposition to President Taylor's brand of education comes from Robert M. Hutchins, an earlier glamor boy of education who became president of the University of Chicago at thirty. While Taylor's goal is to develop the student's collective personality, Hutchins aims squarely at the mind.

Hutchins and his disciples believe the present is too close to be clearly seen. If they had their way a scholar would spend most of his college years reading 100 specified Great Books, almost all of them ancient. In them, says Hutchins, are the eternal truths. With this fixed fund of knowledge and the mental discipline acquired in learning it, he argues, the individual is prepared to face *any* world.

President Taylor refers to this theory as the Genteel Tradition in Education. He claims that it "creates an unreal duality in which the intellect is set apart from and above the rest of the world."

Robert Hutchins says it will be young men, trained by the Great Books, who will eventually cope with the atom bomb. Harold Taylor scoffs at "Mr. Hutchins' pious hope that if we go down, we will go down talking."

Taylor feels that his own philosophy won a technical k.o. over Hutchins' last December when President Truman's Commission on Higher Education issued its epochal report. The commission condemned America's conventional educational philosophy and suggested reforms.

"American colleges," it stated, "can no longer consider themselves merely the instrument for producing an intellectual elite; they must become the means by which every citizen is enabled to carry his education as far as his native capacities permit. Education will achieve its ends if its programs are relevant to the needs of contemporary society and will deal directly with current problems."

To help students in their study of current problems, SLC constantly puts them into contact with real situations. When President and Mrs. Taylor learned that one third of those studying infant psychology had never been around a baby, the Taylors, at the suggestion of the psychology professor, invited the students to their home every morning for a week to watch month-old Jennifer Taylor being fed and dressed.

Most experience at the college is obtained in a less haphazard manner. Sarah Lawrence has its own nursery school, where psychology students regularly study child behavior, and it has two full-time field directors.

At the request of manufacturers, labor unions and public agencies, SLC students have investigated race prejudice among workers, helped establish classes for trade-union people and determined how social-service organizations could best be utilized. They have also watched the production of elevators from pig iron to push buttons and have visited banks, bottling works and fish markets. One girl's field experience even included a fist in the face when she put in time as a volunteer labor organizer.

Politics, Dramatics, Radio

In addition, SLC students have a heavy list of extracurricular activities. There is a Political Action Committee that campaigned last year for a city councilman. There is also a fine dramatics group and a student radio station.

The school's biggest annual event is a joint dance recital with Bennington, a progressive school linked with Sarah Lawrence by similar philosophy and high costs (Bennington is tops with $1,850). SLC ran away with the applause at the last recital. Its veterans had been induced to take up modern dance as a body builder. When these massive creatures unexpectedly loped onto the stage for a few muscular leaps, they brought down the house.

The students also carry on a running fight against prejudice. There are no racial or religious restrictions at SLC. The undergraduates, by their example, try to spread this attitude both in other schools and in Bronxville, a community notorious for its gentlemen's agreements.

In the year's most talked-about meeting, the student body voted $100 for Herman Sweatt, a Texas Negro who was attempting, through the courts, to get into the University of Texas law school. SLC's paper also devoted its entire issue to the Sweatt

(Continued on page 76)

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY DAVID PESKIN

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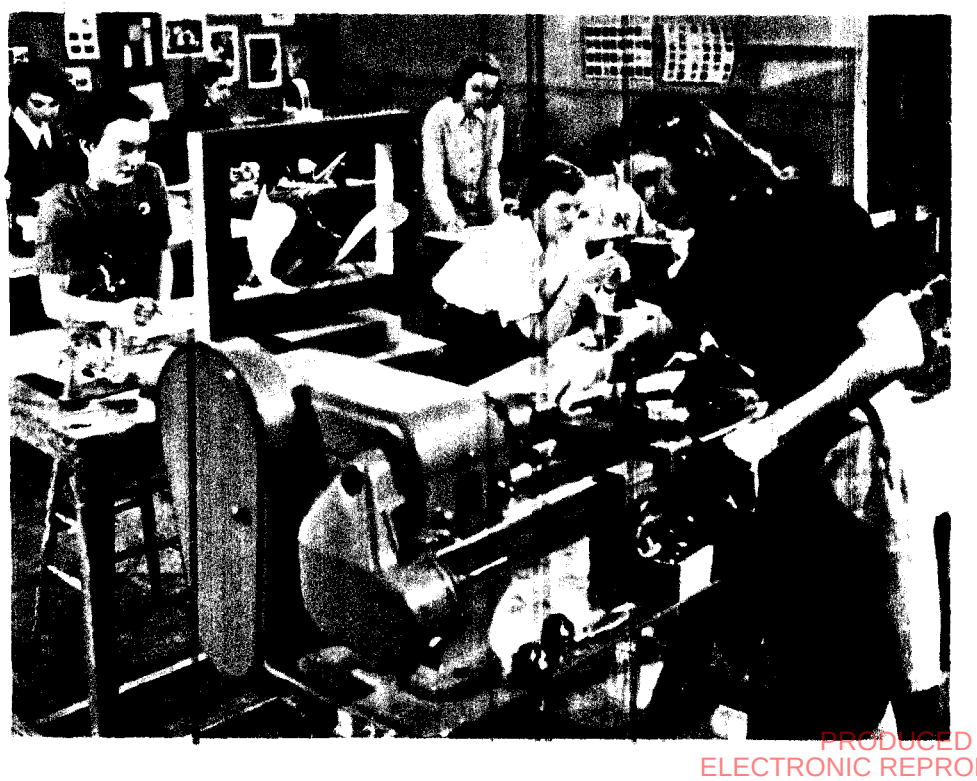
Classes are usually limited [illegible] and informal discussions are therefore possible. In groups like Helen [illegible]'s class in Introductory Philosophy, reading may range from Plato to today's newspapers. Mrs. Lynd, coauthor with her husband of the Middletown books, is seated [illegible] the map. Next to her is one of SLC's veterans

In [illegible] classmates seated around the table. Not [illegible] students, [illegible] the students. Except for Sunday dinner, [illegible] within the college limits. There are some restrictions. [illegible] feet are not allowed in the classrooms

The girls learn wood carving, stonecutting and clay modeling from life in their sculpture class. Note protective goggles worn by the girl at right. They protect her eyes from flying stone chips and dust. In art, as in all classes, students are encouraged to develop to their greatest potential as individuals and to work ahead on their own

The day after a big prom, the kids still have enough energy to hold a square-dance session at the college. The boys in this picture are members of a choral group known as the Spizwinks of Yale. They came to sing for the prom, stayed for more fun next day. Some Ivy League men are baffled by seriousness of SLC coeds

Believe it or not, this is a class in third-dimensional design. It illustrates Sarah Lawrence's principle that experimental ideas should be backed up with actual practice. The electric lathe in the foreground, envy of every basement putterer, is being used to tool metal for another abstraction like the one on the long table immediately behind



Sarah Lawrence boasts a fine campus of twenty wooded acres in a well-to-do New York suburb called Bronxville. Last winter it furnished an excellent playground for the girls who are partial to snow fights, sledding and even skiing. Sarah Lawrence girls like the city "for the usual reasons" but also study it seriously

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A CROSS FOR URDIA

BY C. VERNON FROST

This story is about an act of faith. It is particularly relevant today, when the Christian world is shocked at the tragedy of Palestine

THE sun, mirrored by the crystal snows of the Kurdish hills, spun a web of light over the thatched roofs of the Assyrian village of Urdia. A halo of red and gold gave it brief and unearthly beauty. Fingers of color traced strange designs on the whitewashed walls of the little Nestorian church, and hung shimmering curtains to hide the bareness of the narrow room and the floor of beaten earth. Then, as the tide of light rose to flood the altar, color faded, and Father Joseph, roused from a vision of glory, saw the Cross was gone.

Characteristically he knew no anger, merely pity. The Cross, the original Latin Cross without the Figure, was of gilded wood and mounted on a square block. It stood little more than ten inches high and was valued perhaps at half a dinar. The old man thought: Not even a Kurd would have stolen it—and immediately regretting this suspicion of his Moslem neighbors, he nervously stroked his heavy black beard and considered penance for allowing the thought to root.

"Who took the Cross had a troubled mind," Father Joseph said into the emptiness of the church, and clasping hands stained with the earth of the fields, he whispered a prayer and added, "May he now be comforted."

The priest, having cleansed himself of reproach, took up the problem of the missing Cross. If the village heard of the loss there would be anger in people's hearts, and most of it turned against the Kurds who were landlords of the Assyrians. Father Joseph decided replacement was his responsibility, but he was perplexed because there was no Christian community within two hundred miles of Urdia, and the nearest Nestorian church was as poor as his own.

In faraway Baghdad, a full six hundred miles to the south, a Cross might be purchased, but his worn leather purse contained less than ninety *fils*, and when he looked at his patched khaki trousers and broken army boots, and fingered the shabby black coat which dated from the days of his novitiate, his kindly old face crinkled with a hundred wrinkles. Father Joseph smiled because it was a jest that after so many years he failed to remember he had nothing to sell.

He went to the door and breathed the sparkling air of the mountains, finding peace as he waited for inspiration. The village was waking. Roosters crowed as they strutted the mud of the pathways, and people were leading cattle from the sheds where they had been shut overnight. And up the lane from the stream where the wheel of the communal mill was already turning, came a young man in battle dress and swaggering wide-brimmed hat, one side pinned up with the crossed sabers of the Royal Air Force Levies.

Father Joseph said, "Michel!" and admired the way the soldier stopped with a stamp of heavy boots and a crisp salute. They trained them well in Habbaniyah, where the British had their base, and the priest sighed, thinking that war was a trade his ancient race had too long practiced. "Your furlough is over?" he asked.

"I must report back within three days," Michel replied. "Father, will you pray for me that a car will be on the road to take me to the train at Mosul?"

Father Joseph smiled. Here was the inspiration he had sought. "There will be a car," he said. And seeing the young man's doubt, added with simple faith, "The car will come because I give you a mission which is God's work." He patted Michel's arm, and bidding him wait, hurried to his quarters at the back of the church.

From his squirrel's hoard of paper he chose the best sheet. He regretted the lack of pen and ink, but there was a pencil which had a point. He wrote with difficulty, searching his mind for English words he had hardly used since the first World War, when he had marched with his people from Persia and lived for a time in the British reception camp at Khanaquin.

"Honored Sir," he wrote. "Please excuse, but my Altar Cross was gone. Taken by one needing comfort. Please send replacement swiftly so we worship Sunday. All neighbors are Moslem, so you I must trouble and beg humble forgiveness, Sir."

He finished the letter, "Your Honor's most obedient servant," and having signed and folded it, addressed it, "To High Officer of Royal Air Force at Habbaniyah." Michel put the paper in the band of his hat, and shouldering his kit bag marched away through the hills, made happy by the old priest's faith that he would find transport on the road.

The Valley of Urdia was warming in the morning sun. Mountain flowers, opening, unrolled a vivid carpet of blue and yellow. Awakening birds made music in the high sky, and Father Joseph, placid and smiling with his mind free from worry, went to join the workers in the fields.

FATHER JOSEPH'S letter, graded as a petition by the Central Registry of the R.A.F. base at Habbaniyah, reached the desk of the Air Officer in charge of Administration on the second floor of the headquarters building. The A.O.A., a middle-aged man, said, "Good God!" and, flushing because he used such an expression for such a request, turned to an assistant, saying, "This should have gone to the Padre's department, but you're going to Baghdad so you'd better handle it."

He looked away from the disturbed face of the young man and tried to concentrate on his work. Outside, the artificial oasis created by British engineers within the loop of the sluggish Euphrates,

The Kurd went leaping up the path and Father Joseph, the Cross pressed against his breast, watched him sorrowfully and thought: He runs from God

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simmered in the merciless sun. Beyond, was the drab of the desert, and the A.O.A., remembering the cool beauty of the Kurdish highlands, abruptly dismissed Flying Officer Eldridge and forgot to reprimand him for bad behavior in the mess the previous night.

Eldridge left the building, taking the salute of the Assyrian guard who stood between the bronze signal guns. He was embarrassed and thought: A hell of a job, a damn' parson's job—and whipped himself into a fury against his superior officer. Eldridge had recently been removed from flying duties as a disciplinary measure, and his longing for the sky, for sleek, turbo-jet fighters, was warping his mind.

The car which was taking him on a duty run to Baghdad passed the iron gates of Habbaniyah. Ahead, was a ribbon of road unwinding across a flat land where pools of fetid water gathered in hollows of the desert. There was no color, and no movement, except columns of dust whipped up by the hot wind. The mood of the young man darkened, and looking for a new outlet for his anger he picked on the man he was going to see in Baghdad, an agent who purchased minor stores for the Command, and whose name was Shami Elihu.

Eldridge, who was normally good-looking, made his face ugly with a scowl. That damn' Jew, he thought. If we hadn't made war, where would they be? And that mob in America who never heard a bomb drop but throw propaganda at us. . . .

By the time the car was running through the fertile areas newly reclaimed from the desert, and the golden dome of Kadhimain was in sight, the young man's mind was poisoned with hatred for Shami Elihu, whom he had never met. He found no pleasure in the bustle of Baghdad, and stopping at the Regent Hotel in Al-Rashid Street, went to the bar.

He met people and drank a lot, voicing his general anger with increasing violence as the heavy Cyprus gin took effect. He forgot to eat, forgot the commission to buy The Cross, but remembered his appointment with the agent. The office was in the banking district near the bazaars, at the top of a dark stairway where Eldridge stumbled and found new excuse for his mood.

When he entered the room he barely glanced at the man behind the desk. He said curtly, "Are you the R.A.F. agent? Here's a list of stuff we want." He dropped the document in front of Elihu and turned to look at the busy street, ignoring the smile of welcome and the outstretched hand.

ELIHU'S dark, soft eyes hardened. He was a man of fifty, a respected citizen of Baghdad, and except for the brief period in 1941 when the routed followers of the German-inspired Rashid Ali staged a pogrom, he had rarely been reminded of his race. He thought of himself as an Iraqi, and although he often argued in favor of Palestine as a Jewish home, he had no desire to leave the country of his birth. But the arrogant young man who had so rudely entered his office caused him to feel unaccustomed anger, and he thought: Ah, you English. You English. Your day has come. Weakness makes you turn on the Jews like the Germans did. . . .

Studying the list of requirements he said abruptly, "Some of these items will be hard to find."

"Does that mean the price goes up?"

Shami Elihu did not miss the sneer. He said quietly, "Once I was trusted," and thrilled to see the young man swing angrily from the window.

"Look here—" Eldridge began, then choked on the flood of hate stemming from his frustrations. Discomforted, he thrust his hands into his pockets, and feeling a crumpled paper, pulled it out. "Oh, my God!" he said, suddenly very young and troubled because he had forgotten Father Joseph's letter. He was afraid to return to Habbaniyah and report his delinquency, which would surely retard his chances of getting back to a squadron, and in his helplessness he looked at the Jew for the first time. "It's something I forgot to buy," Eldridge muttered.

Elihu was oddly stirred and somehow repented his anger toward a youth who in many ways resembled his eldest son. Then he hardened himself against the impulse to forgive rudeness, and his Oriental mind found vindictive pleasure in seeing Eldridge in trouble. Putting a smile into his eyes the Jew said, "Buying is my trade."

"Oh, Lord, no!" The young man was shaken, but when he remembered he had to report for guard duty at Habbaniyah at sunset, and would not be back in time if he now began to search Baghdad for a Cross, he said sullenly, "I was told to buy a Cross for the Assyrian priest at Urdia. How can I ask you?"

"Because I am a Jew?"

"Yes," Eldridge said with returning anger. "Because you are a Jew."

Elihu said with the honey of malice, "We in Iraq have many faiths, but all believe in one God." He was pleased by the young man's embarrassment, and thought: God of Israel make him feel his weakness! Now let me hear an Englishman ask for a Jew's help! But when Eldridge spoke just as he wished, Elihu savored no sweetness because the words tumbled out boyishly, and he was again reminded of his son. "You don't mind?" the young man said. "I say, I would be grateful if you could—" He held out Father Joseph's letter.

As Shami Elihu read the letter he was moved by the simplicity of the appeal, and said spontaneously, "Oh, this is very charming! I will certainly attend to it, and at once so the *(Continued on page 71)*

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DETOUR TO A PARADISE LOST

BY JOHN KORD LAGEMANN

If you're in the mood for touring, New York's Finger Lakes offer some of the most beautiful scenery in the world and a people whose humor is as dry as their wine. It is a quiet land of long memories and mirrored light and nostalgia

DESIGNS FOR TOURING—V

IN MOST parts of the country, when a man bites a dog, that's news. But in the Finger Lakes region, they've improved on this quite a bit. Lake Keuka, the one shaped like a slingshot, is probably one of the few bodies of water in the world where a man was ever caught by a trout.

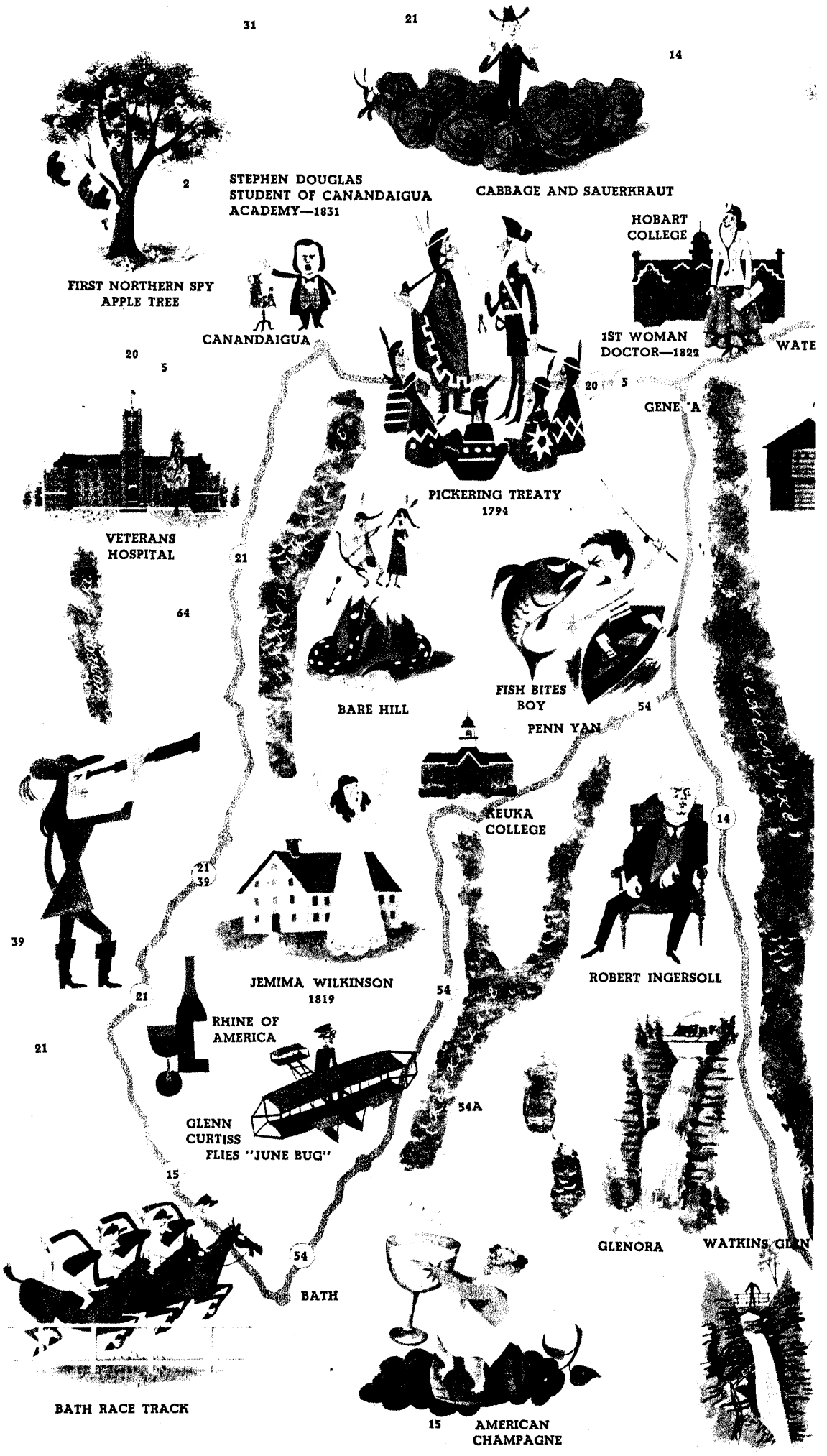
The man was Harry C. Morse of Penn Yan (an abbreviation of Pennsylvania and Yankee), and it happened 64 years ago when he was only six. In a rowboat with his mother, Harry peered over the side. Next thing his mother knew, the boy jerked back his head with an 8-pound trout threshing about on the end of his nose. Photographs made later showing a boy with a bandaged nose holding his fish were sold as post cards—a collector's item now.

As for Harry, he became what every boy in the lakes country wanted to be at that time—the pilot of one of the excursion steamers that used to bring the tourists to the lake towns on week ends. When these boats passed from the scene, he operated a local movie theater till his death a few years ago.

There are other yarns attesting to the number and the size of the trout and bass you can catch in the Finger Lakes. One concerns Harry McConnell, also of Penn Yan, who found one of those spots where he could always count on getting a strike. Year after year the trout he caught here got bigger and bigger—until he hooked something he couldn't pull out of the water. Diving overboard, Harry followed his line down to the hook and discovered he'd caught a grand piano!

How the piano got there is still a mystery. How the Finger Lakes themselves got there is better understood, and you can take your choice of explanations: The Indians said the lakes were the handprint of the Great Spirit who touched this land in blessing. Geologists say the Pleistocene glaciers bulldozed the lakes out of small rivers and sealed them off with great heaps of debris.

In either event, this round and tempting handful of America contains some of the most beautiful lake scenery in the world, with the added attraction of hundreds of spectacular glens and waterfalls. One of the latter, Taughannock, just above Ithaca on Route 89, is the highest falls east of the Rockies, beating Niagara by 50 feet. The Finger Lakes country has also given us such diverse American in-



ROUTES: National Road 20 is the main east-west highway from Albany to Buffalo. Round trips off Route 20 through the Finger Lakes country average about 250 miles, via State Roads 41, 38, 89, 14 and 21. Good roads throughout; even "unimproved" roads are in fairly good condition.

ACCOMMODATIONS: Best bets for overnight stops are on the beaten paths—Skaneateles, Auburn, Canandaigua, Penn Yan, Watkins Glen, Ithaca. Rates are moderate, averaging about $2.50 per day per person. No swank. Lakeside cottages are available by the week, month or season, but reservations should be made early.

FOOD: Restaurants are simple, unpretentious and about average in food and prices. Krebs' restaurant at Skaneateles is perhaps most famous: all you can eat for $3.50, open May to November.

CLIMATE: Typical of North Temperate Zone. In spring and summer, there are warm days, cool nights. The best time for sight-seeing: spring or fall.

MAP BY JOE KAUFMAN

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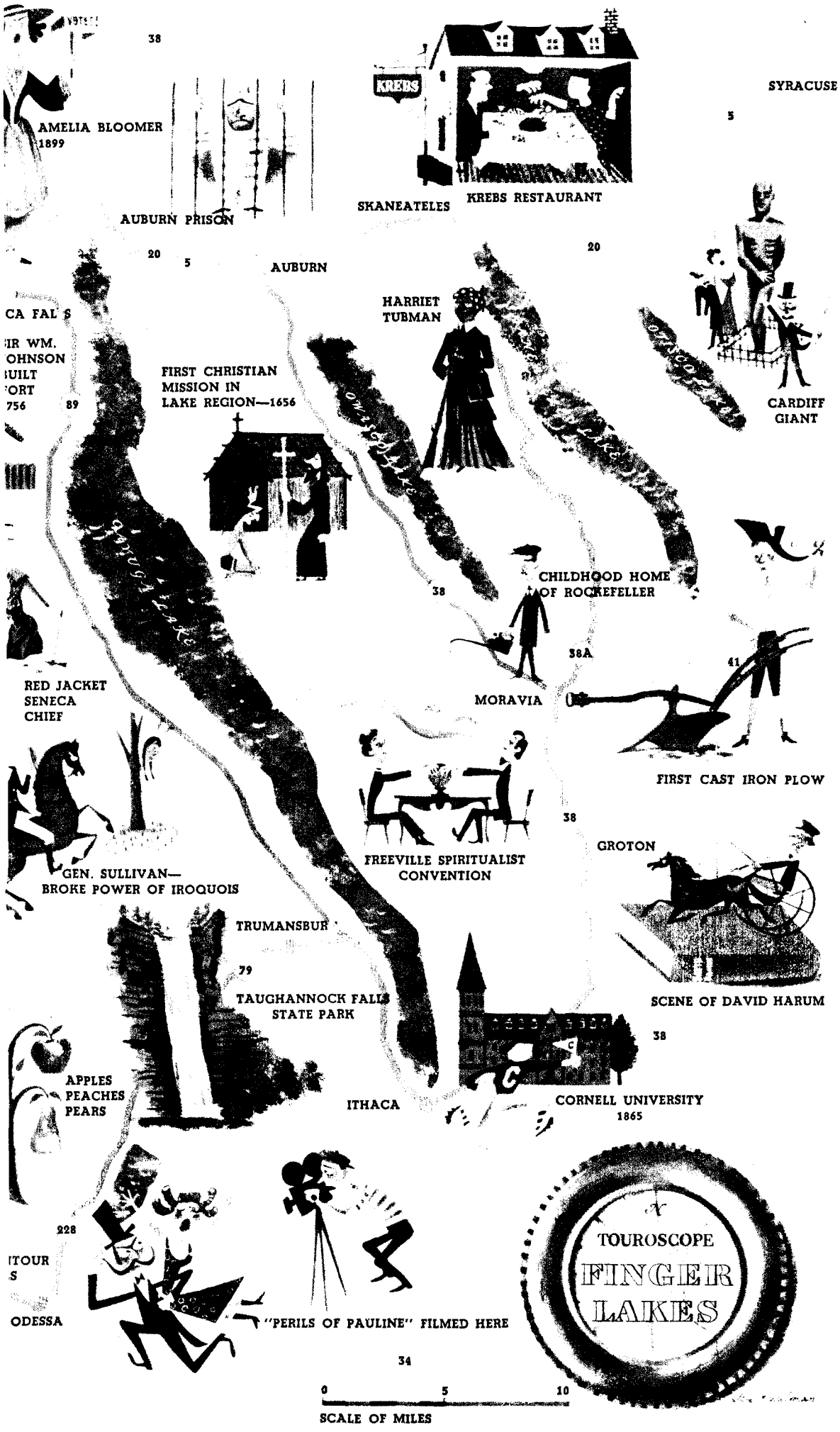

WHAT TO WEAR: For comfortable traveling and sight-seeing: flannel or gabardine slacks with tweed sport jacket, or a tweed or flannel suit. Brogue shoes or moccasin-type footwear.
WHAT TO SEE: Canandaigua Courthouse, where Susan B. Anthony was fined for voting in a national election. First Congregational Church in Canandaigua, dating from the early 19th century. The home of Jemima Wilkinson (near Penn Yan). Taughannock Falls, near Ithaca. Freeville Spiritualist Assembly, June to September. Scenic views throughout region.

WHAT TO DO: Public beaches and picnic grounds available in all lakeside towns; most have public golf courses and tennis courts. Boats for rent for sailing, cruising and fishing. Fishing seasons: April through September for brook and lake trout; July to November for largemouthed and smallmouthed bass; May to November for pike and perch. Licenses and guides available locally.
FOR FURTHER INFORMATION: Write Harry J. Melone, Finger Lakes Association, Auburn, N. Y.

stitutions as the sundae and the electric chair, teetotalers and silent movies, the Bloomer Girls and David Harum, the first airplane to take off from water and the driest of humor and champagne.

The first thing you notice about the lake country, and the principal tourist attraction, is, of course, the scenery; and this is not the variety today's Far Westerner would call "stupendous." After all, the entire lakes region—some 60 miles wide and 40 miles deep—covers little more ground than Greater Los Angeles. You can circle any of the lakes in two or three hours, and see them all during the week end if that's all the time you have. Distances are as short as memories are long; and the beauty of the region, like the temperament of its people, is a matter of intensity rather than grandeur.

The lakes are not large, but when you see them, you see them whole, as a jewel is seen when you snap open the lid of the box. Their blue, when they are blue, is no diluted reflection of the sky. The closest you'll come to it in words is "that old, sensuous, ramifying, interpolating, transboreal blue" that Mark Twain found in a piece of ancient ceramics. A passing cloud shadow can turn this same blue into ice green or pink wet coral or brooding bruise purple. And when the sun strikes the lakes again, the air over the hills is full of their flashing.

Mother Nature Does It With Mirrors

It's a country of mirrored light—the kind you watch rather than see—and the best times to watch it are spring and fall. Then, the sunlight slants under the turning leaves of woods and vineyards, and the effect is a kind of internal illumination of the foliage, as though light had taken the place of flowing sap. The sloping lakesides obligingly tilt their pictures up against the horizon to better your view.

Driving through this country on a fine spring day is like traveling over an earth as light and buoyant as a cloud. It's the lakes that make this illusion so real. They're like great gaps through which you can see the sky on the other side of the world.

"Don't grow potatoes though," a local farmer may tell you when you pull up into his barn lot to admire the view. If he feels loquacious, that is. People here do not unburden themselves for publication except at election time, when they vote the straight Republican ticket. As communities they live alone and like it, remaining more or less aloof even from neighboring towns. The summer residents, mostly from Syracuse, Rochester and Buffalo, are treated fairly and kindly but they are not slapped on the back and taken into the family. Nor do the lake dwellers take readily to innovations.

"They always get around to doing the thing," the editor of a local weekly tells you, "but they take a generation or so to mull it over first." He confesses, though, that he's still an "outsider," having lived here only 20 years. An "insider," Warren Hunting Smith, now of Yale University, puts it another way: "A gentleman," he quotes an old book of etiquette, "need never carry a watch. For what has a gentleman to do with time?"

Within the family circle of the community, however, there is an unusual amount of personal freedom, loyalty and tolerance for the little eccentricities that may crop out here and there: a Mrs. Birdseye who used to collect dead cats, dogs, canaries, even livestock and poultry to stuff and decorate her mid-Victorian parlor; a spinster mentioned by Washington Irving as "sweet little Nellie" who in later years used to say she wished she could run a locomotive down her back alley and kill all the children; a dowager who left her heirs 80-odd petticoats and 147 shirtwaists; the twittery little lady who used to play the organ in church and generally forgot to remove her fur gloves—these are a few of the characters who found understanding in Geneva, New York, as Warren Smith recalls in his Elegant but Salubrious Village.

Eccentrics are naturally no more numerous in Geneva or the lakes region than anywhere else, but they think they are happier and more useful. Consider, for instance, the woman-hating bachelor, William Smith, who used to exchange spirit messages with Socrates, Caesar and his "Aunt Sally," and who founded Hobart College for Women. Or the Hobart president, who would "casually confiscate any horse and carriage that he saw on the street" or "calmly stop fast trains on the New York Central by pulling the chain and announcing that he, the president of Hobart College, wished to get off at Lyons," a near-by stop. *(Continued on page 36)*

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FAIR EXCHANGE

BY MORT GREEN

"Darling, Mother asked you a question. Where are the bottoms of the pajamas?" I sank into an imaginary hole in the floor

The romance of Leona. A love story of which her mother by no means approves

LEONA'S mother is going to talk her into being *so* mad. Leona is my fiancée. How I came to be engaged to her in the first place is not easy to explain. Why try? I mean, since I first met her my whole life is a series of anticlimaxes. I thought I hated girls like her and then, all of a sudden—voom—I love them, Leona told me. Then her mother decided I ought to get something for Leona as an engagement gift. Which is what started everything.

It was a nice gift, I thought, when I bought it. A pair of genuine, imported, 100 per cent exorbitant, silk-looking pajamas, with a long top. Leona loved it, her mother thought. That is, until they unwrapped the package.

"It's so *long*," said Leona, brightly, holding the top up against herself. The salesgirl who modeled it for me had looked a shade better in it, perhaps, but that might have been due to the lighting in the store.

I said, "It's supposed to be New Look, isn't it? Anyway, it only comes down to—well, the upper part of your lower extremities." I got out of that one pretty nicely, I thought. Leona's mother only glared at me a little before she adjusted her horn-rims and sighted them in the general direction of the pajamas. "They're atrocious," she said genteelly. She sniffed around the box for a moment. "May I ask," she asked, "where are the *bottoms* to these pajamas?"

I glanced around the rug. Leona's mother's rugs match her ankles. Thick. There were no pajama bottoms on the rug. Leona carefully picked up an imaginary loose end of conversation. "Darling, Mother asked you a question. Where are the bottoms to these pajamas?"

I said, "That's what's so wonderful about this pair of pajamas, honey. They're only a top."

That's all, brother. I got out of the house with only a few minor bruises.

I TOOK the pajamas back to Marvin Brothers' Department Store to exchange them, like Leona's mother said. All the way down to the store in the cab, I rehearsed my speech to the complaint department. I knew for sure that the man in charge would turn out to be a lady who would turn out to look like Leona's mother.

"Lissen, you old crab," I would say, "hurry up and change these pajamas into an umbrella or something before I elope without your consent."

The cabby was a sympathetic type. He turned almost squarely around and said, "Will you kindly shut up? How can I work on my novel with you bellyachin' like a lovesick cow?" Without even trying, we just barely missed forever becoming part of a quaint little ten-ton truck.

We recovered in time to stop for a red light.

I said to the cabdriver, "Lissen, you old crab—"

"Yeah, yeah, I know," he interrupted me. "I should hurry up and change these pajamas for you before you elope without my consent."

"How did you know?" I asked, looking up at his picture on the cabby's registration card, just to make sure he wasn't Leona's mother.

"How did *I* know?" He snorted. "You been saying the same thing

ILLUSTRATED BY GILBERT DARLING

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over and over, ever since I picked you up. I oughta charge you extra. You're distractin' me from my work. In the book I'm writing, where the boy meets the girl, instead of kissing her on the lips, he's kickin' her in the teeth, and all on accounta the way you're talkin'."

We took a corner on two wheels, neither of them on our car.

"You see"—the cabby was talking into the rear-view mirror now—"in my story, it's different. Boy meets girl, boy loses girl, girl stays lost." He paused dramatically. We were drifting through a red light. "How do you like that for a real switch, huh?"

"You're nuts," I said into the mirror. "Who wants a lost girl?"

The cabby was belligerent. He turned a full hundred and eighty degrees from the front and pointed a well-chewed index finger at me. "Lissen," he said, "why must always the boy get the girl at the end? Why?"

I OPENED my eyes, expecting to find us bearing down on a truck or a pedestrian or a building. But we were standing still. I looked outside and saw the 39th Street entrance to Marvin Brothers' Department Store. We were there.

"I give up," I said. "Write it your own way. How much for the ride?"

"Fifty cents. And what kinda ending would you suggest, smart guy?"

A man in a blue serge suit with authentic New York City brass buttons on it, came over to ask us if we had permission to stage a demonstration.

My literary cabby waved him away. "Blow, kid, you bother me," he said. "I'm right in the middle of a book."

I peeled off a dollar bill and threw it. I was in a hurry, suddenly. "Goodby," I said, trotting up to the store.

The cabby yelled, "Hey, Swifty, wait a minute—"

Out of the back of my head I noticed the gentleman in the blue serge suit with the yellow buttons beginning to write a book of his own. "Don't worry! Keep the change!" I yelled back. . . .

The outer-office girl and I chatted very pleasantly while I was waiting to be admitted to the inner sanctum, the room in which I was to complain. She was strictly a gum chewer, and although I'm sure Leona's mother wouldn't have liked it anyway our conversation was not intimate, and lasted only until a buzzer buzzed and the secretary said, "You may go in now, Mr. Evans." You can see how far I got. She was still calling me by my last name.

So, anyway, I went in now.

Believe me, there could be no complaint about the Marvin Brothers' Complaint Department. It was a she. A masterpiece in red and cream. The interior decorator dashed that one off and then burned the blueprint.

She had red hair, peaches-and-cream complexion, blue eyes. She was crispy and crunchy, with milk and cream and sugar and fruit. She was bite-size. She was shot out of guns. She was the Complaint Department. Her name was Janet Carter. Miss. No rings.

She said, "Enjoying yourself?"

I said, "Immensely."

She said, "I understand there is some misunderstanding about a pajama top?"

It occurred to me that I would be quite happy to spend just about all my free time from now until my wedding day discussing misunderstandings about pajama tops with Miss Carter. And as an afterthought I allowed myself to dwell on what she might look like in the very pajama top under discussion.

She blushed right out to the ends of her red hair. I said, "I didn't even say anything yet."

"Never mind. Now, about this exchange, Mr.—?"

"Evans," I said, shyly. "But you can call me Lincoln—"

"Your first name won't be necessary—"

"—6-0947," I continued. "May I call you Algonquin 3 or Murray Hill 5 or something like that?"

She said, "The exchange is Beachview 4, and—" she flustered to a stop. "I seem to have said that without thinking," she admitted.

I said, "Look, possibly we can take Lincoln 6 and Beachview 4, put them together, and come up with Evans 2?"

"I laugh, grudgingly," she said. "But now, about that pajama top—"

I said, "Look, Miss Carter, I never thought, while I was working my way up through all the various departments of Marvin Brothers' Department Store telling my story over and over again to a long line of things swishing by in long skirts, that I would wind up in such an enviable position. But I promised myself that I would not go through this story again."

She looked unhappy.

"Unless," I added, "I reached the top."

"In the matter of complaints," she said hopefully, "I am the top."

"That's altogether fitting, Miss Carter," I said, eying her jersey bodice. "A few days ago, with no malice aforethought, I bought here a pajama top for my fiancée, strictly out of the goodness of my mother-in-law's heart. Now, she and my mother-in-law like the gift all right. It's just that they told me to exchange it for something that comes in two pieces. Or maybe an umbrella. But mostly they prefer something in two pieces, my mother-in-law said."

"How about a bow and arrow?" asked Miss Carter. She was looking studiously at a sheaf of papers on her desk. Reminded me of the Army. "I see by the sales slip that the item was monogrammed," she said, meaningfully.

I said, "Oh, well, if you want to believe everything you read in the sales slips—"

"You know, of course, that we don't usually exchange any merchandise which has been monogrammed. It's contrary to the accepted policy of the store."

"Listen, it cost $32.98, reduced already," I said wildly. "And the tax—"

"However," she said, "we might make an exception in this one case. If you'll hand over the pajama top, we'll exchange it for something of equal value. How's that, Mr. Evans?"

I said, "Oh, wonderful. That's wonderful, Miss Carter. But there's just one thing. About this exchange—well you see, the thing is, I don't have the pajama top to make the exchange—with."

"You mean—with which to make the exchange, Mr. Evans?"

I said, "Yes."

Suddenly it dawned on her what I was saying. "Wait a minute! Do you mean to tell me that you're trying to get us to make an exchange when you don't even have anything to make the exchange *with?*"

"With which to make the exchange, you mean—"

But she wasn't in the mood. "Of all the nerve!" she said.

"Well, you see," I said, "that's the crux of the whole situation. That's why I came all the way up to you. I had the pajama top, but I came here by cab. I think maybe I left it in the cab."

Miss Carter had a ready answer. "Go find it," she said.

"Listen," I said. "That's gonna take a little time. Maybe you could exchange it for me meanwhile, and I'll bring it back as soon as I find it?"

"We are not," said Miss Carter, "crazy. How do we know we'll ever see you again?"

I gave Miss Carter a long, slow, look. I thought: Are you kidding?

"All right," she said, "I know what you're thinking, but it won't do. It just won't do!"

"You," I said, bitterly, "are going to break up a perfectly wonderful triangle consisting of me, my fiancée and my mother-in-law. You will rue the day," I added, in what I fondly thought was a menacing manner. I got up and started for the door. But I was walking very slowly.

"Wait a minute," Miss Carter called to me. "I'll check with the vice-president in charge of—of things," she said. "Maybe something can be done."

I about-faced like they taught me in the Army and said, "When will you talk to him?"

Miss Carter thought a minute. "This afternoon. You come in again tomorrow. Meanwhile, if you can find that taxicab—"

I said, "How about cocktails this afternoon, and you can tell me what the vice-president said?"

THE vice-president in charge of—of things—for Marvin Brothers' Department Store, I learned from Janet over a moist dry Martini that afternoon, was a hard man to convince. Janet had decided that we might as well be very friendly, in a businesslike way, about this whole affair; so it was all right to call each other by our first names.

Janet promised to be very nice to the vice-president in the morning and make another try at it, while I tried to find my missing cabdriver. I took her home and then went and had dinner with Leona and her mother. It was a wonderful dinner, they told me.

My boss was an awful boor the next

(Continued on page 74)

We just missed becoming part of a ten-ton truck. The driver was a fine linguist

"You can get up now, darling. He's gone. Besides he didn't hit you that hard"

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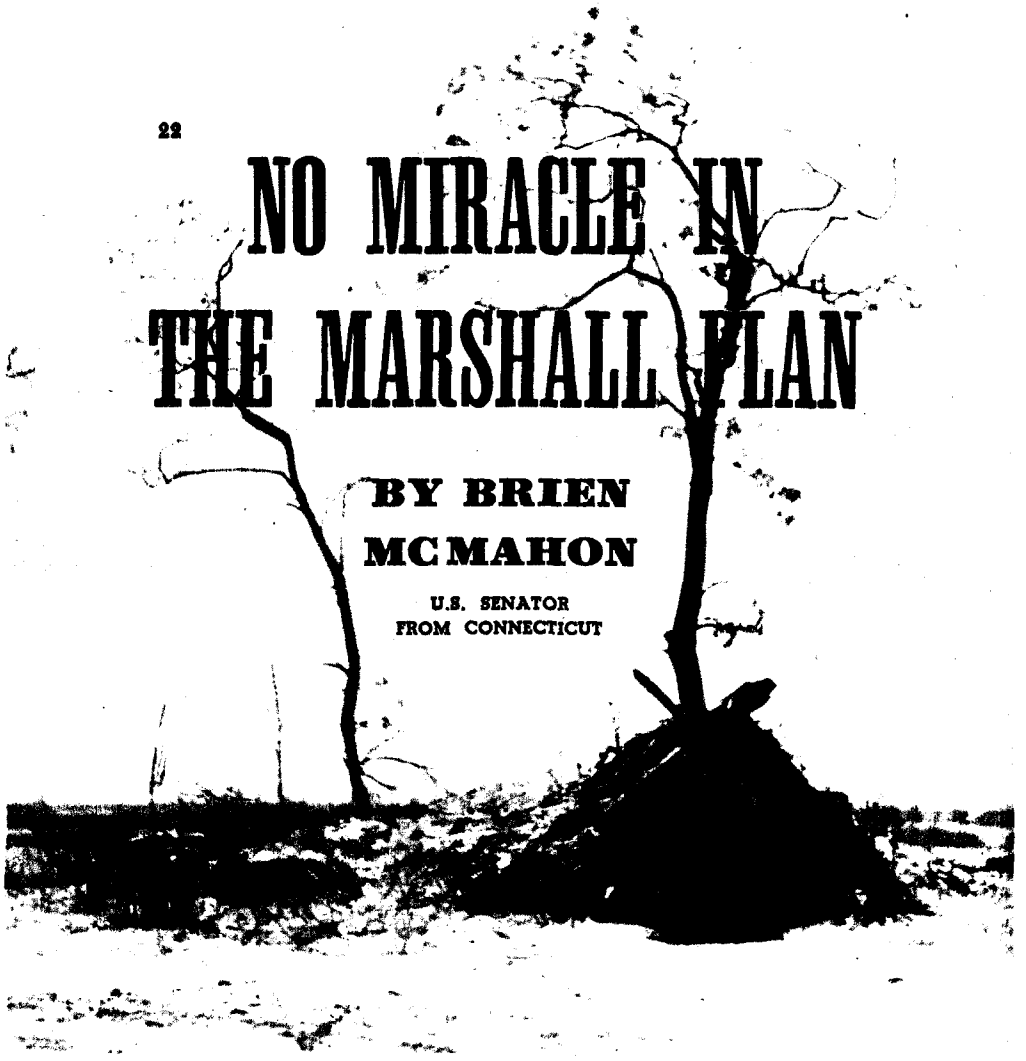
NO MIRACLE IN THE MARSHALL PLAN

BY BRIEN MCMAHON

U.S. SENATOR FROM CONNECTICUT



Unless we wage and win a vast war for men's minds in Europe the Marshall Plan will turn out to have been just another expensive stop-gap, says the author of the McMahon Act for the control of atomic energy

The picture story of Lucimia, Poland, shows a small-scale hint of what American aid as proposed in the Marshall Plan can do to lift the pall of hopelessness from Europe's devastated peoples. Lucimia was a village of some eight hundred peasants who were forced to evacuate as the lines of battle advanced on them. The war swept the land, destroyed every building and leveled the forests. Lucimia perished. But one day peace came again, and family by family the évacués picked their way back to the bare waste they still considered home. They built crude bunkers (above), and in them the families hovered about wood fires for warmth and light (below). Someday they would build houses, but that seemed depressingly far off, for they had no materials. Then, in mid-1946, an American Friends Service Committee truck lumbered into the village and deposited a great pile of building rock. Other trucks followed. Lucimia had been scheduled for first help by the Ministry of Reconstruction because of the thorough devastation it had suffered. The village again stirred with life

THE American people are being sold the Marshall Plan as the final step in a long list of save-the-peace measures. Bretton Woods, the United Nations, United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration, the British Loan—each one of these was bought by Americans as a separate and complete package. Each was important and necessary. Each was postulated on the belief in Russian postwar co-operation instead of the intransigeance and obduracy she has recently been showing. In each case our people thought they were making the final necessary contribution for peace. They were oversold.

Make no mistake: I am for the Marshall Plan. I believe it is absolutely necessary. But I do not believe it will accomplish what its supporters hope for it, unless it is accompanied by Operation Freedom.

Just as the Marshall Plan is intended to bring sustenance to the body of Europe, so Operation Freedom is designed to bring direction, meaning and hope to the minds of its people. Operation Freedom is my program of insurance for the Marshall Plan and for the avoidance of war.

The controlled splitting of the atom has brought a new age into being. This new age requires new understanding, new conceptions and new answers. The sooner the people of the world come to understand the fundamental nature of the revolution that has taken place in society, the better our chance for controlling that revolution and thus of surviving. To permit large masses of people anywhere in the world to remain in darkness as to the great evil and great good inherent in the use of atomic energy is to gamble with human destiny.

The conditions for survival have changed. It will be no violation of the spirit of secrecy which governs so many of our affairs these days, to make certain assertions concerning these new conditions.

The United States of America now has aboveground sufficient radioactive material so that, were it efficiently applied, all human life on the planet would be annihilated. We have on order various means for such applications. We have on hand now materials *and* means whereby if we chose we could extinguish nearly every living thing in an area such as my own New England. We have on hand now material means which, if used in certain fashions, would destroy the reproductive faculties of our whole nation, leaving the American people sterile and barren, or capable of birthing only monsters and sons and daughters with broken genes, so that our line would perish.

We have offered to internationalize these materials and means, so that they may never be used destructively, but our offer has been turned down by Russia alone.

Beyond all reasonable doubt Russia also has aboveground and on hand today radioactive materials enough to extinguish all human life. Beyond any doubt Russia has on order the means for applying such materials. Beyond doubt Russia has aboveground the materials which can bring about the genetic death of a nation; and the *means* for that are on order in Russia—beyond doubt.

All over the world the atomic furnaces are lighting up; they will not be extinguished while civilization anywhere endures.

I am not violating the spirit of secrecy when I assure you that behind the thick walls of our atomic factories, we have already ascertained a second set of facts to match those lethal discoveries I have outlined. We announce that the delivery of man from his hardest toils is at hand and that the engines for this delivery are on order. In our hands we hold power—physical power—in unimaginable abundance. On the day we are able to abandon concentration on military research we shall be able to proceed in a steady, fabulous transition to an age in which every man can be in private possession of such energies as hardly any men had dreamed of.

Atomic Industrial Progress

This transition can be made without injury to our economy. On the contrary, if and when we are able to take hold of these majestic instruments, there will ensue an expansion of industrial activities, of new enterprises and services, that will pale all the past records of industrial progress put together. What steam, gasoline and electricity have achieved will all seem trivial. And yet all these familiar facilities will be required abundantly in the age of infinite abundance.

In short, the alternatives are these: ruin or renaissance. A new earth—a paradise made for man with man's own ingenuity and integrity—or no earth.

Since the end of the war the United States has authorized $5.9 billion for the Bretton Woods financial institutions, $3.4 billion for UNRRA and other grants, $3.6 billion for relief and other aid, $9.2 billion in loans and property credits for foreign countries; a total of $22.1 billion.

Now the President has asked Congress for a current appropriation of $6.8 billion to carry the Marshall Plan, through its first phase, until June 30, 1949. We should not lead the American public to believe that the spending of this sum—or even the $17 billion asked for the full 4¼-year program—will bring Europe permanent prosperity or the world eternal peace. The Marshall Plan is worth every cent it will cost; it will accomplish a great deal but, unlike a certain well-advertised brand of soap flakes, it will not do everything.

It is important, in my opinion, that our people understand this now. In the dictatorship countries, the rulers plan programs, carry them out and let the people be damned. In a democracy the people must be sold. But they should not be oversold lest, in disgust, they throw up their hands when they should be working hardest.

I would rather that my fellow Americans realized now—so that they will not be disappointed later—that what the Marshall Plan can accomplish is to help Europe get back on its

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feet economically; that is, save the physical Europe, and in so doing, buy us that most precious of raw materials —time. But is Europe to be restored only to go back to the multinational rivalries and eternal wars of the old days? Is the physical body to be saved while the body politic is permitted to rot? Are we to help build up the countries of Europe only to give the Communists a richer prize?

If the European Recovery Program will buy us time, how much time do we get, and what are we to do with it?

The President's Air Policy Commission recently designated the end of 1952 as the date when other nations will almost assuredly have atomic bombs in quantity. (Some experts estimate that this condition will exist even earlier.) This roughly corresponds to the period of the Marshall Plan. In other words, in the years immediately ahead we have a limited interval during which the common problems of mankind may yet conceivably be settled by enlightenment, discussion and peaceful co-operation among nations. After that period, the use of atomic weapons will almost certainly be available to any nation intent on world domination.

If, at that time, the minds of men are still as misguided, as uninformed and as suspicious as they are today, it may then be too late to settle any issue other than by an atomic, biologic, supersonic war. And, of course, that will settle no issues for in such a war there will be no victor.

There is so little time and there is so much to do that it would be criminal not to utilize every available moment. Today the world seems to be rushing headlong down the armaments raceway onto the field of battle. Our every effort, in the time we have left, must be concentrated on ridding the world of its war psychosis, on seeking to create an atmosphere of peaceful co-operation. This, it seems to me, is a gigantic job of mass education.

For almost thirty years, there has been conducted upon this planet a systematic campaign to destroy all trust in democratic society, in human liberty, and in all the beliefs that are the sum total of Christian heritage.

Advertising in Reverse

I can, perhaps, give some notion of the damage that has been done everywhere on earth to American concepts, American purposes, and American achievements, by analogue. Suppose that all the billions we Americans had spent to advertise our products here at home these last thirty years had been spent with the same skill and enthusiasm to tell the people of this nation that those products were unfit for use, that the consumer was a fool to buy, and that our government, our courts, our Constitution and our schools were the institutions of malicious imbeciles.

The answer is self-evident. Not thirty years, but one year of such a campaign would wreck our confidence in ourselves, bring down our economy and blight the life of every person.

A similar campaign has raged against us all this long time and with just such results in the brains of hundreds of millions of human beings the world over. It is a marvel that there remains in other men as much confidence in America as they still exhibit. It is long past time to stop this pestilence of propaganda.

I have a plan which I call Operation Freedom. It is not intended as a substitute for the Marshall Plan, but to supplement it. Together, they will not guarantee peace, but they will give the world its best chance for peace; they will not guarantee an end to the atomic armaments race, but they will give the world its best chance for it; they will not guarantee atomic prosperity, but they will give the best chance for atomic prosperity.

Operation Freedom is nothing more nor less than a European education program. (There are many reasons why this program should not be confined to Europe but should be world-wide.) Its immediate purpose would be to save the soul of Europe at the same time that the body was being restored to health. It would have to be an education and information program so vast that in a few short years it could undo the damage perpetrated on the democratic way of life by Communism's thirty-year war of calumny.

A Vast Publicity Project

This is a program for which Americans are peculiarly fitted. Nowhere else has the art of advertising and selling been so extensively practiced. We can appreciate that such a program will require the utmost efforts of our most skillful personnel in the various fields of communications: the press, radio, television, motion pictures, periodicals, books and graphic arts. We would have to utilize the services of our best educators, psychologists and sociologists; our most expert public-relations and advertising specialists; our finest writers, actors and artists.

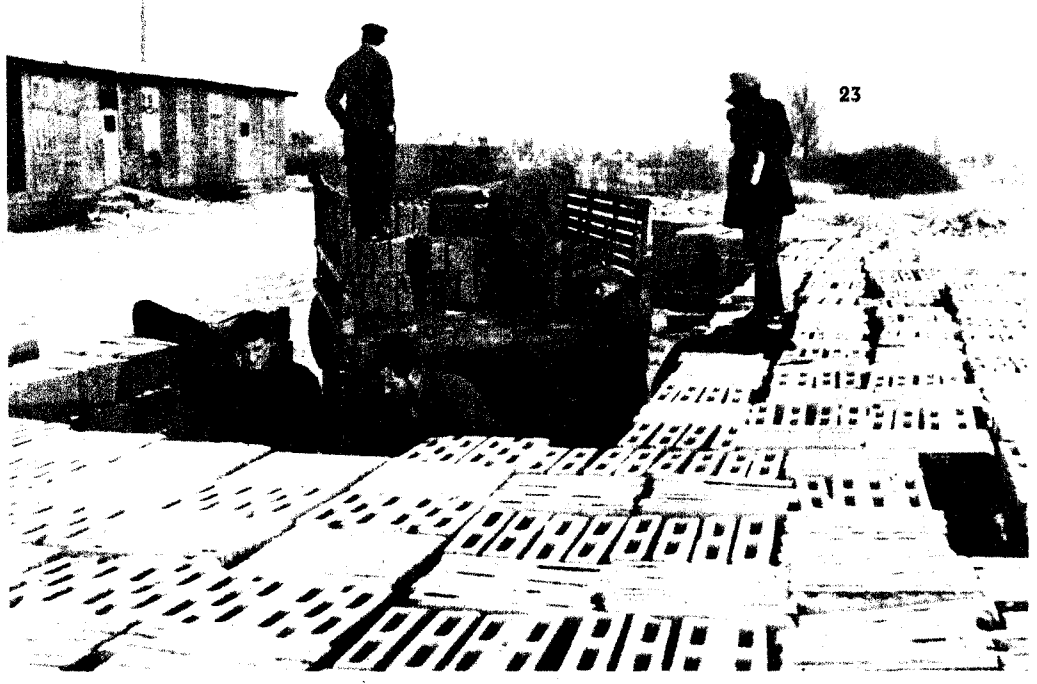
Practically, a public-relations program such as I visualize means the establishment in many lands of short and long-wave radio stations, utilized to broadcast 24 hours daily in all major languages. It means the widespread distribution of radio receivers throughout strategic areas where we want the people to hear our story. It means the opening of numerous information centers. It means aid to schools and libraries abroad and the exchange of many more students. It means the production and distribution of motion pictures to tell our story in terms suitable for exhibition throughout the world. It means the use of paid advertising in the foreign press and on local foreign radio stations.

It means the world-wide distribution of American books, magazines and newspapers, translated for foreign consumption. Nothing could bring a clearer picture of the meaning of American freedom to the average European than the distribution of thousands of regular issues of American newspapers and magazines. Anything less than this and we lose to the Communists the ideological struggle for the possession of men's minds.

The cost of such a program will, of course, be high. But it will be reckoned highest by those who do not realize the eschatological choice which the discovery of nuclear fission has forced upon mankind. I have estimated the cost at between two and three hundred million dollars a year. Roughly, one and one-half per cent of our present military budget, to preserve the peace if possible; to win us much-needed allies if peace is not possible.

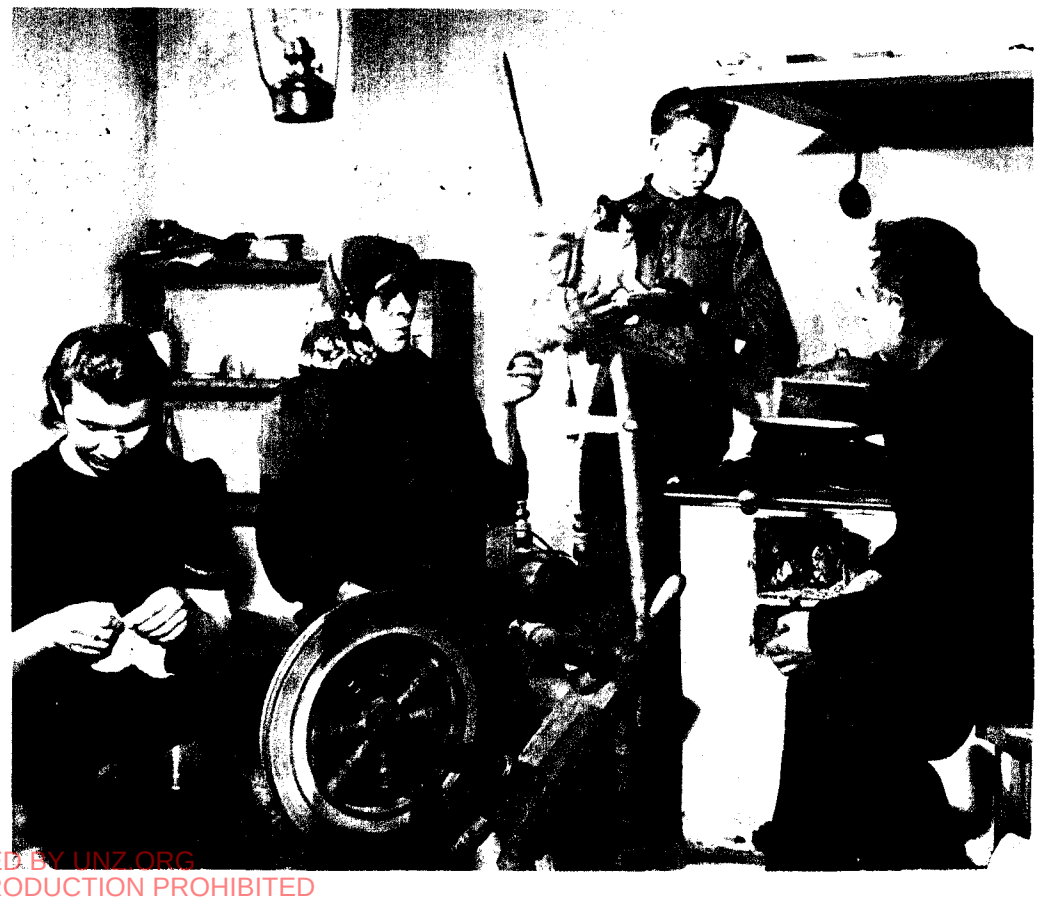
The purpose of this huge setup would be threefold: (1) to counteract the Communist canards against

(Continued on page 32)



The walls of Lucimia's new houses are made of cement blocks, each weighing 80 pounds. To simplify transportation, the Friends Committee hauled in the hand machinery and a wooden barracks for a "betonarnia," where the cement blocks are made. They kept it well supplied with cement and sand, and by spring of 1947 thousands of blocks were piled up ready for the beginning of construction

The Polish government provided the design and loaned the greater part of the building costs to the occupants. By winter some of the houses were completed (above), others were well on the way. Lucimia again is comfortably housed. Below is the home of the "soltice," or mayor, but it is not different from the other Lucimia houses. Inside, it is warm and clean, and the stove is a center of neighborhood social life. At the stove is Mayor Josef Ostrach; his wife Marianna is at the spinning wheel, and with them are two of their three children



PHOTOGRAPHS BY DICKEY AND TONY CHAPELLE

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The guide lighted the newspaper as the sightseers gathered cautiously round the hole. "Fair gives yer the creeps!" said the woman standing next to Mr. Martingale

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ILLUSTRATED BY A. HALLMAN

A PENNY FOR YOUR THOUGHTS

Mr. Martingale's business was risky but profitable—he was a self-made widower

BY LAURENCE KIRK

STANLEY MARTINGALE was a mild-mannered man of average height. He was also a wife killer. There was nothing passionate about it. The idea of killing did not come to him suddenly in a gust of anger; it was there all the time. The marriage was merely a means to that end. It was really a form of investment. He married a woman just as he might buy some shares in the stock market. Later he sold out by killing her. He was a house agent by profession and sometimes invested in real estate as well.

Like others of his kind he selected the women carefully. They were invariably rather plain to look at, not very young, and in possession of an income of their own. At the same time they must not be too rich, for that would arouse suspicion. About five thousand pounds was the ideal figure. It did not matter to him whether they were widows or spinsters. It was however a firm rule with him never to operate in the same neighborhood twice. Lucy, his first wife, was married in Liverpool and buried in Liverpool. Rose, his second, lived in Newcastle and died there. Ada, the third, was still alive after two years of marriage and lived with him at Golder's Green. Ada knew that he had been married to Rose, but she did not know about Lucy. In the same way when Ada went, his next wife would know about her, but not about Rose or Lucy. It inspired confidence and compassion to be a widower at the age of forty-five; but it did not do to have been a widower too often.

As he sat by the fire in the house at Golder's Green that March evening, Mr. Martingale was thinking that it was quite time that Ada did go. She was sewing opposite him by the fire while he was reading the evening paper. It was her house where they were living, and the room was grossly overfurnished, with pictures and knickknacks everywhere. Ada herself was as blowzy as the room, and she had a slight cold and sniffed occasionally.

Quite time, Mr. Martingale thought to himself as he turned the page. But he realized that he had to be very careful. Most people look back with horror at the risks they took when they were beginners in some form of activity: swimming, for instance, or driving a car or flying. Mr. Martingale was no exception; for he had been amateurish enough to kill his first wife with arsenic. It had been well done in its way, and there had not been a breath of suspicion that anything was wrong. But that did not alter the fact that it would never do for Lucy to be exhumed. As for Rose, he did not quite know how he stood in her case; for she had died naturally of pneumonia just when he was all ready for her to die in a manner of his own devising.

That manner, unfortunately, had been specially designed for Rose and would be no good for Ada. Rose had been going to die accidentally of carbon monoxide poisoning. She had a car which took a long time to warm up, and Mr. Martingale had noticed how she used to run it for five minutes in the garage with all its windows shut. It would only require a little tinkering with the exhaust to send the fumes into the closed car instead of out of it, and Mr. Martingale had had it all worked out when the pneumonia supervened. But that would not do for Ada who did not drive a car. All that he had decided so far was that this time it would happen on their holiday which they always took abroad.

Mr. Martingale put down his paper and stared into the fire for a moment. It was when a piece of burning coal fell off into the grate that something clicked in his mind. As he bent forward and put it back on the fire with the tongs, he was thinking of another occasion, years ago, when he had seen something burning, falling and falling, down and down, until he could follow it no longer.

A little gleam came into his eye as he went on staring at the fire, then Ada interrupted.

"Well, my dear, a penny for your thoughts!"

Mr. Martingale did not reply immediately.

"I was thinking," he said at last, "that it would be a good thing if we took our holiday early this year."

Ada replied in her usual brisk manner.

"Well, that would suit me, I'm sure. But we must go abroad, of course, as usual. Remember you promised."

"I haven't forgotten, dear. As a matter of fact a man was talking to me today, saying how attractive it was in Touraine, France, and quite cheap."

"Touraine?" Ada looked up. "That's the château country, isn't it?"

"Yes, dear, and the lilac and wisteria would be out if we went in May."

Ada bit noisily through a piece of thread.

"Well, dear, it sounds like a pleasant change. But you mustn't expect me to do too much; my feet aren't getting any younger."

Mr. Martingale got up and put the fireguard in front of the fire preparatory to going to bed.

"I'll make some inquiries in the morning," he said quietly. It was only then that he remembered the name of the château which he particularly wanted to visit. Loches. Yes, that was the place. Loches.

THE Martingales arrived at Loches by bus at half past three on a Wednesday afternoon. They could have done all the châteaux in a conducted tour, but that would have been too tiring for Ada as well as difficult for himself. So they stayed a night or two nights at each place and did their sightseeing independently in their own time. The lilac and the wisteria were out, and the weather was fine and warm. Ada was enjoying the rich food in the hotels, and also complaining about her feet.

Ada normally had a nap after lunch, and as she had not been able to have it this particular day, Mr. Martingale was relying on her having it when they arrived at the hotel. She did not disappoint him; and he left her lying on her bed eating sweets while he went out for a walk around the town. They always occupied separate rooms, and Ada did not know that he changed his jacket and his hat and put on a pair of dark glasses before he went for his walk.

It was over twenty years since Mr. Martingale had been in Loches. He had been there on a bicycle tour the last time, and the pretty town with its white houses and blue slates, its gay château and grim dungeons, had made quite an impression on him. It was the dungeons which had brought him back now. Loches had been the Buchenwald of its time, and he seemed to remember a dark cell there with a round gaping hole in one corner, which went down and down into the bowels of the earth. An oubliette was what they called it, and the guide had said that if anyone ever did fall down there the body would never be discovered. Mr. Martingale proposed to make a reconnaissance now to see how well his memory had served him.

There were a few sight-seers waiting in the courtyard by the entrance for the next conducted tour. Mr. Martingale joined them unobtrusively and when the hour struck, a guide appeared and led them all down a passage in the massive walls. The guide was exactly like the one that Mr. Martingale had had during his bicycling tour. He was an old man with a white beard, and he took a genuine pleasure in describing the horrors that had taken place there. He must have been a different man, but his patter was exactly the same and no doubt had been handed down by his predecessor. For after dwelling on the particular torture of some particular victim in some particular cell, he would pause a moment to let his words sink in and then stump on down some steps into an even darker dungeon, saying, "Mesdames, *(Continued on page 43)*

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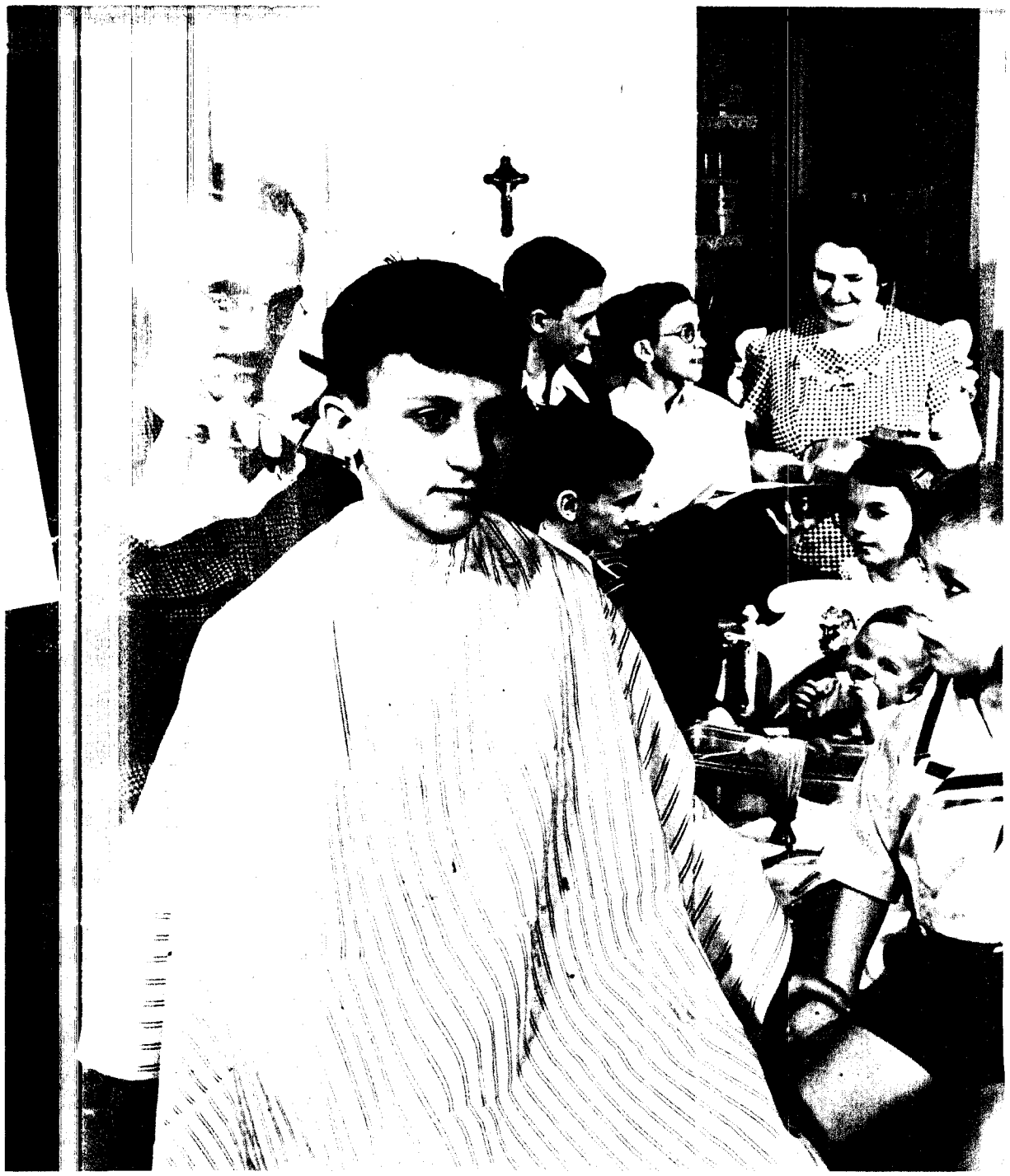
HIGH PRICES MAKE CHEAP LIVING

BY LESTER VELIE

The inflation is hitting hardest at the economic and political heart of America, its middle class. Here's the story of how it is cheapening the normal standard of living of some typical families



Mail carrier Richard Mantsch has trouble raising his eight children on $61.35 a week. One of his economies is cutting the youngsters' hair, as he is here doing to Bob, while the others wait

WHEN his flock of 165 souls has a bad case of headline jitters, Reverend Arthur Schroeder preaches a consoling sermon on the trials of life and the advantages of faith. But recently in the twenty-seven-year-old clergyman's own household, disaster took a form for which no Biblical text seemed adequate. His only pair of pants gave out.

Thus stricken, Mr. Schroeder and his wife, Audrey, consulted the old hosiery box in which they keep their budgeted cash. It contains six compartments: food, coal, doctors, debts, family gifts, future, and into it the Schroeders distribute their $180 monthly income.

There was no use looking in the clothing compartment. With one-year-old Dorcas and now two-week-old Christine to bring up, the budget allowed for no clothes. Hopefully, the young couple looked into the food compartment and into family gifts. Maybe something could be snitched for a down payment on a suit. But with another twelve days to go before the monthly payday, the food compartment held only $1.15.

In the "future" compartment, there were three hopeful nickels. Not even a penny brightened the emptiness of the others. In his budgetary crisis the young minister turned to his Lutheran synod and borrowed $350, bought a suit and repaid debts.

The Reverend Mr. Schroeder is minister of the Christ Memorial Lutheran Church in Milwaukee, Wisconsin. Milwaukee is a solid industrial town where more people are at work, and pay rolls are higher than they were during the war. But prices are higher too.

The young minister was not alone in his efforts to stretch his salary over his living expenses. Many white-collar and wage-earning families had to learn new tricks of cutting down and doing without to balance the budget—even as you and I. They were skimping on clothes, restaurants, movies, furniture, and even so were running in the red. The result was that living in America was cheapened as people were forced to cut out the normal things which make a nation's standard of living rich. Economists call this process consumer resistance.

In Milwaukee, this resistance movement, American style, was already making itself felt in February. Restaurants, movie houses, department stores were feeling it to such an extent that businessmen were becoming worried. Unless the fall in the commodity markets presaged tumbling retail prices, too, troubled economic weather seemed to lie ahead.

Who suffered most from high prices? When Republican Senator Flanders of Vermont probed the effect of high living costs on Americans in cities throughout the nation, he found a new twist to an old economic story. No longer was it Franklin Roosevelt's submerged third of a nation that was suffering. Now it was a big chunk of the middle class itself—America's political and economic balance wheel. Representative families in Milwaukee showed what inflation does to the way Americans live. A young minister, a school principal, a railroad rate clerk, a bank teller, a mail carrier, a welder, a coat presser, disclosed the ingenuities and anxieties that go to keep homes together these days.

In only three other cities—Washington, D. C., Seattle, Washington, and New York City—according to government officials, does it cost more to live than in Milwaukee. To live moderately there, neither at subsistence levels nor in luxury, a government agency figured it would cost a family of four $3,317 a year or $63.79 a week, only $30 less a year than is required to live in New York City on a similar budget. Family Service of Milwaukee, a social work agency, figured a minimum subsistence budget would take $50.50 weekly for a family of four.

But our young clergyman's income after deducting $20 monthly for his synod loan comes to $160. Here's what that means:

Audrey Schroeder, wife of the minister, had bought no store clothes during three years of marriage. She makes her own and the children's dresses from material her mother gives her on birthdays. Audrey has bought but one pair of shoes since 1945.

Milwaukee social-work experts figure a family of four living on a subsistence budget would need at least $85.25 a month for food. The clergyman's family has a monthly food budget of $60. But Audrey keeps a garden and supplements her store purchases with home-canned fruits and vegetables.

With this sort of food budget the Schroeders "kind of stretch" their meat allotment, which consists of three quarters of a pound of chopped beef three of four times a week. Even so, the last week before the monthly pay check arrives usually finds them completely broke and "cleaning out whatever remains in the house."

"We saw in the papers," said the minister's wife, "that prices would come down if people would eat less. That struck us as funny and we laughed. How could we eat less?

"But we're plenty happy," she added. "In fact, we can't understand why we're so happy. One thing that helps a lot is the attitude my husband has taught me about money."

"The Lord will provide," Clergyman Schroeder chipped in.

How the Lord provides was illustrated by the Christmas story the Schroeders told me. Out of a clear sky, an undertaker called.

"What'll you have," he asked, "a goose for Christmas or a turkey?"

"A turkey and how!" the minister replied. Then two chickens arrived as gifts from parishioners. "We had so much fowl on Christmas, we thought we'd sprout wings," the Schroeders related.

The Schroeders felt they had much to be thankful for: a snug cottage parsonage, bright and cheerful for all the secondhand furniture which it contains.

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY HANS KNOPF

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Two bouncing children. A newly built sandstone church.

And yet they miss the things that once meant much to them. The Schroeders used to eat out occasionally. But not any more. They haven't been to the movies for four months. But most of all they miss music. Hopefully, they drop nickels into their budget box. "Eventually, there should be something for a choral concert," Audrey said.

Like the Schroeders, John Singer, war hero, his wife, Mary, and their two boys also bump their elbows against their ever-present budget.

An Air Corps lieutenant, John Singer piloted a B-17 on 35 bombing missions over Europe, won a pocketful of medals and the nickname Lucky Singer, because none in his crews ever suffered as much as a bruise. Then he returned to a job as rate clerk for the Chesapeake & Ohio Railway, and to as grim a task as any he had faced in the war: the task of finding a house for Mary, and five-year-old Johnny, Jr., and furnishing it, amidst postwar shortages, from scratch.

How he did it might be summed up as the story of the eight envelopes. When Johnny Singer gets his $290 monthly take-home pay, he and Mary spread eight envelopes on their living-room floor. The check, converted into paper money and coins, is stuffed into the envelopes: $66.75 into the one labeled mortgage, to pay for the $8,400 cottage John bought on a G.I. loan plan; $26.50 into the loan envelope to repay hospital and doctor debts; $22 in the milk envelope; $17 (per week) in the food envelope; lesser sums into the insurance, utilities and John's pocket-money envelopes.

John Singer, an earnest, apple-cheeked young man of twenty-eight laid out his envelopes for me.

"Where's the clothing envelope?" I asked.

"There is no clothing envelope."

John, it turned out, was still wearing his Army officer's coat because he can't afford a new one. He is still wearing his G.I. shorts. John bought one suit when he came home, and this he supplements with several pairs of slacks.

"Once in a while I buy a blouse," Mary said. She fingered her cotton skirt. "I wore this when we were courting."

John showed me about his two-bedroom cottage. It was the typical, painfully economic job with closet-sized kitchen and vestibule-sized dinette by which America will long remember the housing shortage.

"It costs me $92 a month, mortgage, heating and all," John said.

An Army cot served as Johnny, Jr.'s, bed; furniture was out of reach of the Singers. The plaster walls were neat but unpainted. "No money for paint," John said.

On his $71 weekly, John and his family eat meat five nights a week, varying the chopped meat with pot roasts, beef hearts and pork. With butter at 86 cents a pound, they haven't had butter for six months, buying 59-cent oleomargarine instead. John knows all about prices, for he does the shopping, shuttling between three competing stores to get the best deals.

A provident man, John Singer sold his car to help pay the $750 medical bills for his wife and Johnny, Jr., last year, and it worries him that he can't save, nor even afford, $2.50 a month for Blue Cross hospital insurance. Every penny is accounted for. He spends 30 cents for lunch, enough for a bowl of soup. In 1941, on $120 a month, John and Mary had a car and went to dances with their friends, but that was before the children came and prices rocketed. Now they seldom go out; John occupies himself with his night-course studies, and he and Mary have not been to a movie in two months.

And They Send Bundles to Europe, Too

For all that, the Singers say they are better off than many other folks.

"Tomorrow," Mary confided, "I'm going downtown to see about helping a family in Europe. You know, send them bundles. After all, we're not starving."

Richard J. Mantsch, forty-one, a pinched man of 125 pounds who has been a mail carrier since 1929 isn't thinking of adopting a family. He has a family of his own. Every two weeks he brings home $122.70. And on $61.35 a week, inflation notwithstanding, he and his wife, Esther, are bringing up eight children, in a modest but by no means poor neighborhood on Milwaukee's south side.

In the bitter, near zero weather, the mail carrier's home was warm and bustling with activity. Five or six kids tumbled about the battered living-room furniture which the Mantsches bought when they were married 17 years ago.

A blue-eyed, towheaded boy of three climbed on my lap, and Mantsch groped for the boy's name.

"Always got to think a bit," he apologized. "His name's Peter."

Mrs. Mantsch, a sturdy woman with strong arms and a pleasant face, laughed heartily.

Mantsch then went down the list of his brood, starting with Jimmy, fifteen, going on to Robert, thirteen, and Thomas, twelve, to the two girls, Ruthie and Janet, and so on down to David, nine months.

Jimmy, the oldest, was at Mass at the Holy Ghost Roman Catholic Church near by. He was hoping to be a priest. Bobby, the thirteen-year-old one, was puttering with his violin in his room; he has been playing the fiddle for four years. The Mantsch family of 10 was a going, busy, happy concern.

We plunged into the family's money affairs.

"A budget with all these children?" Mrs. Mantsch laughed. "We just pay what we have to pay first. We eat and we pay our rent and we buy shoes for the children—six pairs every two months. That takes care of the budget."

Rent, including fuel and utilities, costs the family $55 a month. Milk, at the rate of six quarts a day, took $28.50. The Mantsches bought it by the gallon from one of the dairy stores that ring the city's limits. The family saves 13 cents a gallon over the cost of delivered milk that way.

"We have meat every day but Friday, including meatless Tuesday," Mrs. Mantsch said cheerily. "Mostly chopped meat, lamb stew and meat loaf. Costs us about $70 a month.

"This gang puts away two loaves of bread a day," she went on, "and I keep up with them by baking three times a week." She also does the family washing and ironing two or three times a week, scrubs the floors at least once, and rises at 5:30 A.M to make her husband's breakfast.

"There are 25 hours in my day," she summed up.

How had they financed all these children?

"Let me tell you how to *(Continued on page 40)*

A hosiery box houses the Rev. Arthur Schroeder's budget with room to spare, since the end of the month usually finds all compartments bare. But the family is happy

Minor household repairs help war hero John Singer stretch his $290 a month over his family's needs. He had to sell his car to pay medical bills for Johnny, Jr.

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MIRANDA PRESIDENT

CONTINUING A STORY OF LOVE AND INTRIGUE IN THE WHITE HOUSE

BY JAY FRANKLIN

The Story:
MIRANDA BRUCE, beautiful young widow, has been elected Vice-President of the United States under JONATHAN BECK, weak-spined but faithful Party man who is President. When Beck suddenly falls mentally ill a few weeks after the inauguration, and is unable to discharge the duties of his office, Senator JAMES HUNTOON, treacherous Party boss whom Miranda outwitted at the national convention, asks Miranda to resign her post; so that Secretary of State ALEXANDER HARRISON may become President under the old law of succession which Congress has again made effective. Miranda refuses and courageously takes the oath as President of the United States.

But Huntoon, wanting a rubber-stamp Party man in the White House, continues to plot against Miranda with the help of Harrison, who hates career women and feels that Miranda cheated him out of the Presidential nomination at the convention.

In the meantime, ARTHUR URN, young press secretary to Miranda Bruce, is falling in love with MARY SMITH, Mrs. Bruce's redheaded private secretary. Arthur has been secretly studying judo to impress Mary, who once broke his collarbone when he good-naturedly kissed her. On a Sunday walk, just as Mary is about to kiss him and admit she loves him, Arthur triumphantly throws her with a judo hold, sure that Mary will be pleased at his skill. Instead, she is furious at him, and immediately leaves Washington without telling anyone where she is going. Arthur traces her to New York, but there, an F.B.I. agent, thinking Urn is a Communist kidnaper, shoots Urn just as he and Mary are reunited on Fifth Avenue. Frantic with worry, Mary rushes *him off to a hospital.*

IV

THE doctor adjusted the bandage and straightened up. The patient's veins were seething with a scientific cocktail of penicillin and plasma, with just a dash of morphine, that ought to see him through the night. The shock condition was still marked, though not serious.

"He ought to do now," the doctor said. "You'd better go home yourself, Miss Smith, and get some rest. You look tired out. We'll take good care of him."

"No," said Mary.

He looked at her for a moment, then nodded.

"Okay," he agreed. "The thing he needs most is a restful night. If you notice any change, ring for the night nurse. The special won't be available until midnight."

After the doctor had left and the night nurse had gone through the usual sheet-smoothing, bed-tucking, chart-reading routine, Mary crossed and looked out of the window. Far *(Continued on page 50)*

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

The roll call was loud, dignified and almost irrelevant. When the final tally was complete, Huntoon was on his feet. "Mr. President, I move to reconsider," he stated

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Party Line

LISTENING in on a party line may not be polite, but you *can* learn things. You might, for example, hear some good neighbor inviting guests to drop in for a whiskey-and-soda . . . mentioning that the whiskey would be Four Roses.

The enthusiastic acceptances would tell you how most folks feel about Four Roses—the whiskey with the different, *distinctive* flavor, so delightfully smooth, so richly mellow, so truly satisfying.

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BROTHERS IN CRIME

BY DAVID DRESSLER

The four Reno brothers and their outlaw band held the rough frontier terrorized. Until frontier justice and the Pinkertons showed they could get rough too

ON THE evening of October 6, 1866, an eastbound train of the Ohio & Mississippi Railroad, an early broad-gauge line which in later years became a part of the Baltimore & Ohio system, stopped at the little southern Indiana town of Seymour, in Jackson County. When it left the station a few minutes later, there were four new passengers in the coach—John, Frank, Simeon and William Reno; all, according to local legend, big, powerful and handsome men, popular with the ladies but not very good citizens.

The four brothers remained quietly in their seats until the train had gone about a mile up the line. Then they made their way toward the express car, forward. They stopped for a moment in the vestibule, and then entered the car, each with a gun in his hand and a mask over his face. The express messenger heard the door creak shut, and looked up to see four pistols pointed at him. He didn't hesitate when John Reno ordered him to hold up his hands.

While one of the brothers held a pistol to the messenger's head, John Reno took the man's keys and opened the express company's safe, from which he tumbled $13,000 in currency to the floor. There was a second safe in the car, but the messenger's keys wouldn't open it. John Reno demanded another key.

"Ain't no key," said the terrified messenger. "That's a through safe. It can't be opened till the end of the run."

"We'll take the safe," said John.

Under his direction, the loot from the first safe was stuffed into a bag. Then one of the brothers pulled the bell cord, and the unsuspecting engineer brought the train to a stop. The robbers dumped the unopened safe out of the car door, again pulled the bell cord, and themselves leaped to the ground as the train moved forward. Other members of the gang joined the Renos, and they tried to carry away the safe, but were able to move it only a little distance. They abandoned it when a posse from Seymour appeared and chased them into the woods.

This was probably the first train robbery in the United States, and it more or less set the pattern for some of the later and more celebrated exploits of the James boys and the Daltons. The crime aroused a great commotion, not only because a considerable sum of money had been stolen and a new method of robbery introduced but because the raid had been engineered by brothers. Around Seymour, however, there was very little surprise; virtually everyone in Jackson County had known for a long time that the Renos were crooks.

The four Renos were neither the first nor the last brother gangs that have flourished in this country. Before them were such criminal monsters as Micajah and Wiley Harpe, better known as Big and Little Harpe, homicidal maniacs who slaughtered at least 30 people in Kentucky and Tennessee around 1800. And after them, besides Jesse and Frank James and the Daltons, came such noted brother combinations as the Cooks, who took over the Dalton gang; the Siscovitches, who were forgers; the Sontags, who were safe blowers; Al and Ralph Capone, of prohibition fame; the Barkers, the Mad Dog Espositos, and many others.

John Reno and his three brothers are among the least known of the brother gangs, largely because their depredations covered a comparatively brief period—less than three years—and history has neglected them. But in viciousness and ingenuity they have seldom been surpassed.

Moreover, so long as they confined their activities to their own countryside, in Jackson County, they were virtually immune to punishment, for they shared their loot with the politicians and controlled the local government. After every exploit they returned home and swaggered about the gin mills and low taverns, spending money lavishly. No upright citizen dared protest, lest his house be fired and his cattle slaughtered.

Three Arrests—No Trial

The gang displayed its power after the O & M robbery. So many outside interests were involved that the county officials had to make a gesture. So they arrested John and Simeon Reno and one Frank Sparks, who may or may not have been on the train. The three men were solemnly indicted, and that was the end of it. The case was never called for trial.

The Renos lived on a farm at Rockford, near Seymour, on the eastern edge of Jackson County, where the Ohio & Mississippi Railroad crossed the tracks of the Jeffersonville, Madison & Indianapolis. Most of the gang's train robberies were committed on these roads.

Besides the four criminal brothers, there were four other members of the Reno family—the parents, who had come west to Indiana some years before the Civil War; a fifth brother, Clinton, and a sister, Laura. Clinton remained an honest, hard-working farmer, a fact which so astonished the people of Jackson County that they dubbed him Honest Reno; he was so known all his life. Laura was a famous local beauty, an expert horsewoman, and a crack pistol shot. She never participated directly in the crimes of the four brothers, but she sympathized with them, and helped them whenever she could.

Like all criminals, the Renos were products of their times. Although Indiana had been a state since 1816, in some sections local governments were poorly organized and inefficient, and crime and ruffianism flourished. The southern portion of the state, where the Renos flourished, was a tough section before the Civil War, and its toughness increased during that conflict, when the Knights of the Golden Circle and other organizations of Confederate sympathizers were active.

By the time the war ended, law enforcement had practically broken down, and many of the southern counties fairly swarmed with horse thieves, cattle rustlers, burglars and crooked gamblers. Some of the worst of these outlaws operated in Jackson County.

During the war the four Renos became bounty jumpers; they enlisted in the Union army, collected the bounty and then deserted, to re-enlist elsewhere under another name, collect another bounty, and so on.

As long as the war lasted the four Renos prospered, and when it was over they felt no inclination to return to the humdrum life of a farmer. So John began making plans to continue getting easy money, and three of his brothers listened to him. Clinton said he guessed he'd stick to farming.

At first the Reno boys were petty thieves; they robbed corncribs, stole harness from unguarded barns, sneaked away with an occasional pig, and even replenished their wardrobes from clotheslines. From this they graduated into burglary, horse stealing and cattle rustling. But John was ambitious; he wanted to make a real killing. He decided to rob a railroad train; he knew that the express car always carried plenty of cash and that it was seldom guarded save by a lone messenger.

The O & M was a natural victim, and so in 1866 the Renos carried out their first big job. Meanwhile, John Reno had organized his gang, composed of some of the most notorious ruffians of the period, men who could ride hard and shoot fast. At least twenty gun fighters are known to have been members of the Reno gang at one time or another, among them two other sets of brothers, the Rittenhouses and the Ogles. Every one was a killer.

When they became tired of robbing trains, the Renos began a series of raids upon the offices of various county treasurers, which were usually located in sleepy little towns and poorly guarded. They got away with these crimes, too, until they dashed into Missouri and raided the courthouse at Gallatin, in Daviess County, Missouri, which was a long way from Jackson County, Indiana. The bandits rode up, jumped from their horses, dashed into the treasurer's office, grabbed the county funds, and rode furiously out of town firing warning shots into the air.

The Renos are said to have stolen considerable money on this raid, but it didn't turn out to be a very smart operation, for the Daviess County authorities promptly hired Allan Pinkerton to work on the case.

Pinkerton, who had organized his detective agency in Chicago in 1850 to protect the railroads from robbery, and had later organized the United States Secret Service, was already America's most famous detective. It was easy enough to learn who had committed the robbery, for John Reno had been recognized. But Pinkerton knew that if any member of the Reno gang was arrested in his home county in Indiana, he would never be sent to Missouri for trial. So the detective resorted to deception.

Enter the Affable Stranger

One day an affable gent wandered into Seymour, said he liked the place and began making plans to open a saloon. A little later a second stranger came and got a job at the railroad station. And then a third, who said he was a gambler, arrived and settled down at the local hotel. The gambler soon became one of the popular men about town, and, of course, made it his business to be friendly with the Renos. He was soon in John's confidence.

Then Pinkerton instructed the "gambler" to decoy John, on a certain day, to the railroad station when the O & M passenger train stopped there. On the train riding in from Cincinnati would be Pinkerton himself and six Missouri deputies, led by the sheriff of Daviess County. The sheriff carried a warrant for John's arrest, and a requisition on the governor of Indiana. Only John was named, for he was the only one of the bandits against whom positive proof was available.

On the appointed day, the gambler managed to meet John on the street, and after chatting a while suggested that they go down to the station to watch the O & M train come in. John agreed, and the two joined a crowd of townspeople on the station platform. The train pulled in, and passengers got off to stretch their legs. Slowly and unobtrusively, Pinkerton and his posse converged upon John, forming a circle about him.

Sensing danger, the outlaw whirled, to find two guns pressed against his ribs. Handcuffs were snapped on his wrists, and before he could cry out to his friends he was hustled across the platform and onto the train. Pinkerton followed just as the conductor yelled, "All aboard!" and the train moved out of the station.

Reno protested bitterly that his arrest was illegal, but the Missouri courts ordered him tried. He was convicted and sentenced to 25 years in the penitentiary, and his career as an outlaw was over.

Now Frank Reno became leader of the gang, and the last three train robberies—there were four altogether—were carried on under his direction. During the first half of 1868, they raided across all of southern Indiana and Illinois in a sweep that left communities breathless and law enforcement officers fuming in helpless rage.

In March, the gang was looting in western Iowa. Among others, the county safe at Magnolia, in Harrison County, was robbed of $14,000.

(Continued on page 69)

DRAWING BY GEORGE HARRINGTON

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Now the construction of highways, airports, flood controls and all the other public works which America needs for continued prosperity and progress can be speeded up—under the bulldozing power of the TD-24.

TUNE IN
James Melton on "Harvest of Stars." See newspapers for time and station.

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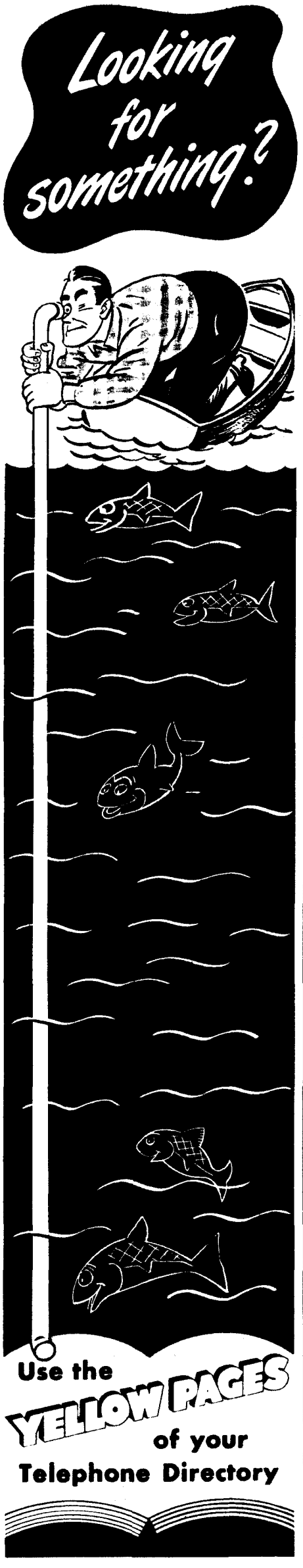


NO MIRACLE IN THE MARSHALL PLAN

Continued from page 23

America and to propagate the truth about the democratic way of life, (2) to help Europeans understand the advantages of a free and united Europe, and (3) to bring to the people a realization of the revolutionary meaning of atomic energy both as a weapon of destruction and as a constructive force.

I will take up these aims individually. Anyone who has traveled in Europe since the war, who has listened to foreign broadcasts or read the foreign press, knows to what extent the European mind has been contaminated, first by Fascist and now by Communist propaganda. It has been estimated that the Soviet Union is now spending the equivalent of $120,000,000 to $180,000,000 for its propaganda machine.

In a deliberate and cold-blooded campaign the Communists have pictured our people as materialistic warmongers, selfish money-grabbers, and imperialistic slavers. They have painted our country as strike-, starvation- and depression-ridden and our democratic form of government as a snare and delusion for the masses who are exploited and expropriated by the real rulers of the country—a small group of capitalists at the top.

Make All Europe Know the Truth

With such lies the Cominform hopes to destroy our moral position in the world and wreck the Marshall Plan. To counteract it, we need only tell the truth—but we must tell it so it can be heard and understood in every corner of Europe. This truth should make known to every worker, peasant and intellectual the facts about America: that our system, imperfect though it may be, has brought to the masses of people a higher standard of living than ever before has been enjoyed by so many people in the history of human society; that nowhere else in the world do so many people enjoy so much political, religious and social freedom; that in no other country are the doors to opportunity open to so many.

We have given generously of our wealth to aid the war-torn peoples of Europe and have sought not one inch of territory from it. Yet Communist propaganda has successfully sold many Europeans on the idea that we are selfish imperialists and exploiters. An American newspaperman who has lived in Italy for the past three years has estimated that the Communist party there would not have attained one tenth its present strength if the Italians had been properly informed of American contributions to their welfare. The same story is true in country after country in Europe. Up to now we have lost the war of words, primarily by default.

The advantages of the second aim of Operation Freedom—to promote European unity—are so obvious to Americans as to need little elaboration here. We have only to look at our own vast country, free from customs barriers, to realize the advantages which could accrue to Europe were national rivalries diminished without loss of cultural autonomy. This might begin, as Churchill and Bevin have suggested, with a League of Western Nations intent on preserving Western civilization. Its most immediate effect would be to make more certain the purposes of the Marshall Plan.

As to the third part of the educational program—to make the masses of European people aware of the meaning of atomic energy—that seems to me the most important of all. Last May, I pointed out in an address in the Senate that unless complete and effective control of the weapons of mass destruction, including atomic weapons, is accomplished, it will be impossible to lay the foundation of a prosperous society and a peaceful world. Wherein lies the value of rebuilding the cities of Europe only to have them destroyed by atomic bombs?

It is the tragedy of our times that so many people have failed to understand that atomic weapons are not only different in degree from other weapons but different in kind; that so many have failed to realize that nuclear energy is not merely a more powerful energy, but that it is the basic energy of life on earth.

The necessity for continued secrecy and the concentration of our financial, industrial and scientific resources on the production of mass-destruction weapons, must inevitably retard the development of atomic energy in ways which might make the lives of men and women everywhere longer, richer and more free.

So long as there is any possibility that education in the meaning of atomic energy, both behind and outside the Iron Curtain, may result in international control, we must emphasize such an educational program. Such education should be designed to show first the finality and the universality of atomic warfare; second, the advantages of an Atomic Age free from the danger of destruction; and third, the justness and the generosity of our proposals for international control, which the majority of the United Nations have approved.

At the very least, the people of Europe will then know that in offering atomic energy to the world we have made an expression of brotherhood and faith in humanity unequalled in the history of international relations. The moral conscience of the world will be on our side. If, in spite of our efforts, war comes, we will have won many much-needed friends. That is payment enough for the cost and the effort.

Now there is one more point which, I know from my correspondence and from my conversations with people, needs clarification. This point is the fundamental one of why we are so concerned with Europe in the first place. Apparently, even two world wars have not been enough to teach some people that what happens in Europe concerns them as directly and personally as though their next-door neighbor's house were on fire. Thousands of our young men know from experience that Europe is only as far away as the nearest draft board.

Furthermore, so long as Europe remains on the brink of wars and revolutions, your taxes and mine must pay for national preparedness. Should Europe go Communist the price of national security would most certainly skyrocket. Bureau of Budget figures show that since 1915 about 85 per cent of our total federal budgets have been spent for war, or preparation or payment for it. Then, too, so long as Europe remains cold, hungry and unproductive, we cannot prosper for it is impossible to do business with the inmates of a poorhouse.

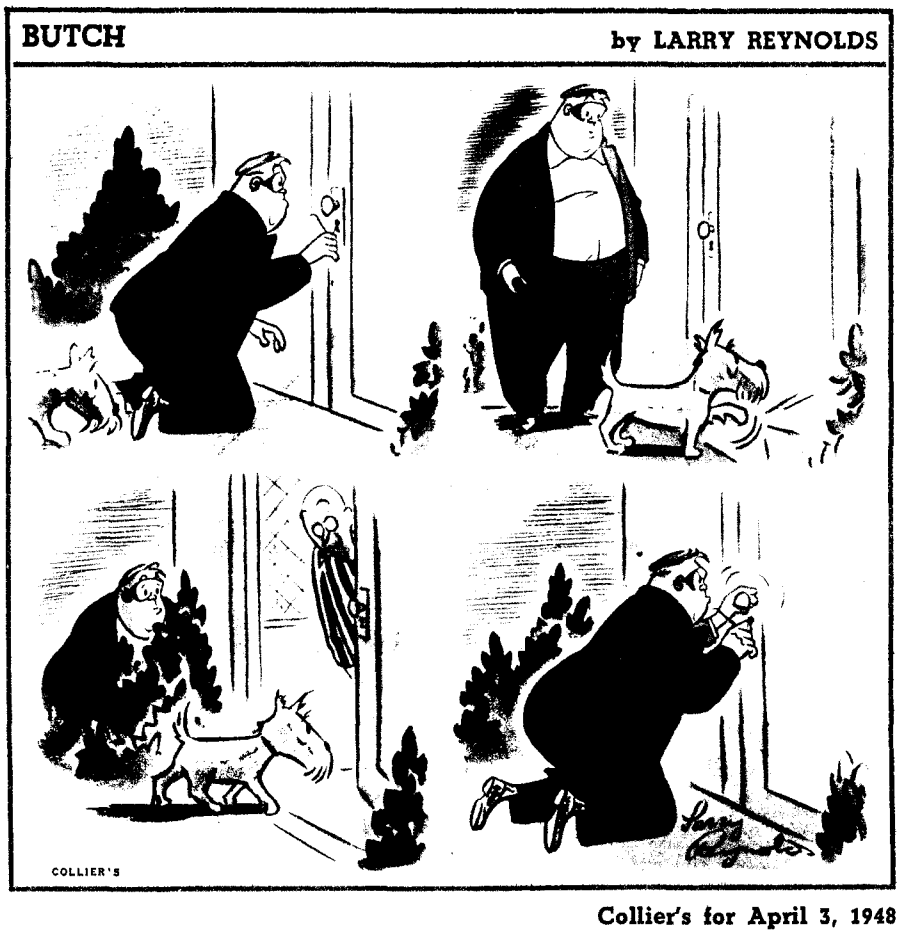
It is undoubtedly true that, as a people, we would prefer to concern ourselves solely with our own problems in our own land. We have never shown any disposition to be empire builders or colonial exploiters. It is, indeed, largely due to the fact that we have renounced such imperialism that we owe our unique moral position among the community of nations. Nevertheless, power has come to the United States and destiny always follows power. For the first time in world history, a nation stands at the pinnacle of world power and is not enjoying it.

In spite of our national desires, then, we must assume the burdens of world responsibility because our standards of living and our way of life cannot survive in a chaotic or anarchic world. We must accept world responsibility because, as a country, we could not live in peace or security as a democratic island in a Communistic sea. We must accept world responsibility because, as individuals in a world of atomic warfare, we could not survive at all.

America changed the course of human history by setting off a chain reaction of atomic fission. We are now challenged by that history to set off a chain reaction of understanding which will sweep the world in the cause of universal peace and human fusion.

Whether or not America meets this challenge is up to you. For you are America!

THE END



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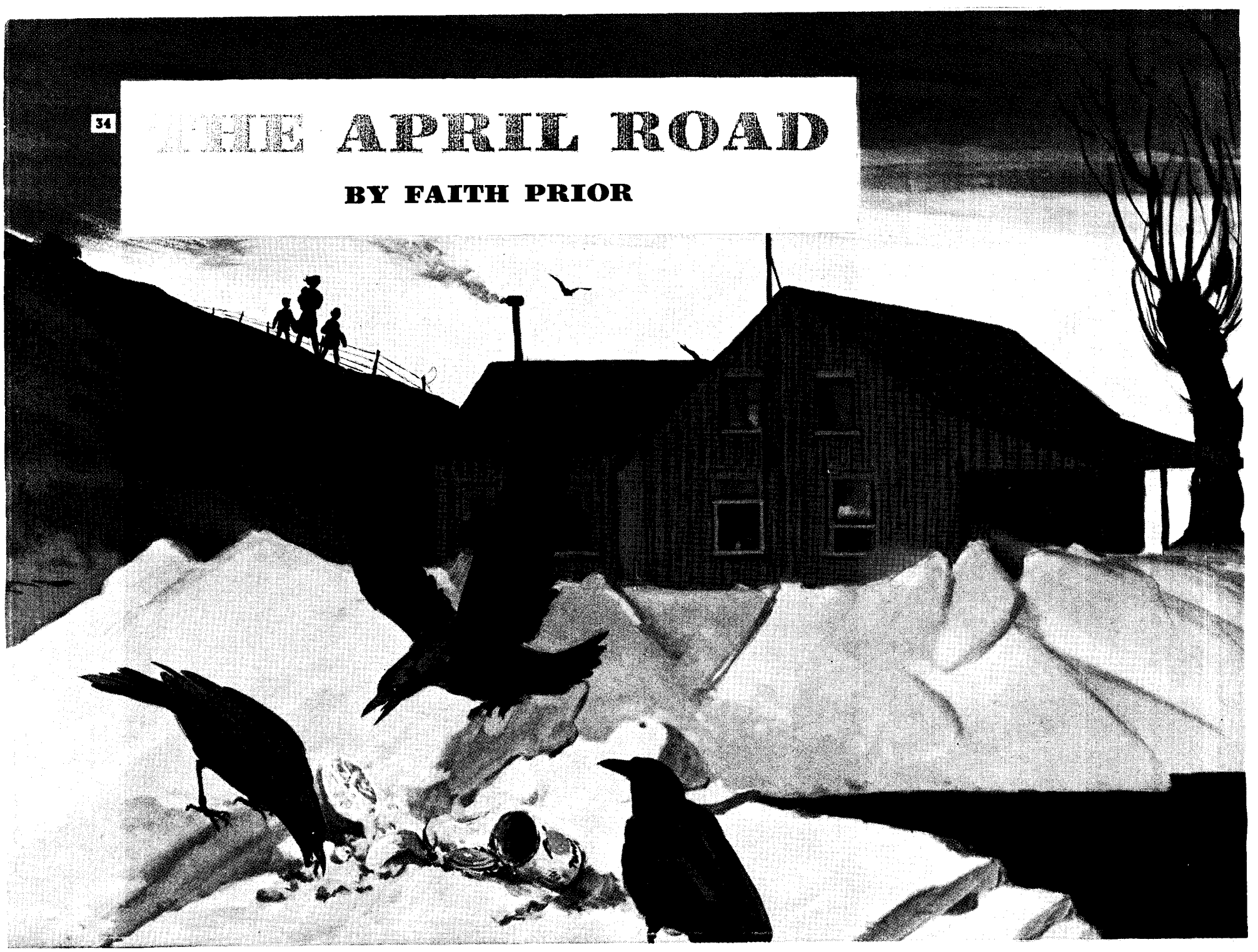
THE APRIL ROAD

BY FAITH PRIOR



Jagged cakes of ice crashed against the back walls of the house as they moved up the wet road. "Ma, let's hurry," begged Ora

THE crow, finished with his meal from the pile of rubbish on the ice, rose above it, circled once and flapped away up the river. Watching him, looking into the sun, the woman at the window frowned. Her gaze returned to the gray ice, the heaps of garbage and ashes on it. A tin can rolled gently along, nudged by the wind. The edge of the ice was perhaps four feet from the thin brown gravel of the shore, and between the two lines—the jagged edge of the ice; the uneven, spongy shore—ran a rapid current of black water. The woman measured again, with her eyes, the distance between the house and the water. Eighteen, perhaps twenty feet, no more. At least a foot nearer than it had been at noon. She sighed and, still frowning, turned away from the window.

To her sun-dimmed eyes, the interior of the house was dark, and the corners brimmed with a silent emptiness. The alarm clock on the shelf above the sink said ten minutes to four. She glanced at it, frowned again, then went into the pantry and counted out eight potatoes from a dusty bag, feeling the unpleasant dryness of the potato dirt under her nails. She peeled them, standing at the iron sink. From the pail of water on the sink shelf she sloshed a dipperful over them, put them on to boil. She felt the diapers hung on the line over the stove; they were chalk-dry, and she took them down and folded them into ready squares. Finishing, she stopped and listened, then opened the door into the bedroom off the kitchen. The baby had awakened, and as she came toward him he stopped bouncing in his crib to look at her and laugh. He was very wet, she felt the wetness soaking through the front of her dress when she picked him up. Before she finished changing him, sitting beside the kitchen stove, the back door opened and the other two came in from school, slamming the door without quite latching it.

"Close the door, Ora," she said. He returned to the door and slammed it again, standing on one foot to take off his rubbers. The girl, perhaps nine, came over and squatted down in front of the baby, shaking his bare foot and making him squeal. They were little cogs in her life, these three, but they did not people its emptiness. "Take the baby, Francie," she told the girl. "I got to change his bed before suppertime, before your father gets home."

She looked out the window again, in the bedroom, seeing how the angle of the afternoon sun deepened the contrast between the pale ice and the dark water. At home, at home in the hills, she had known little of rivers. Ora came in and stood beside her.

"The water's coming up, huh, Ma?"

"Not fast," she answered. "Not fast at all."

"At school they said we'd be flooded again."

"We'll see what your father says."

The sun was still warm through the back windows as she set the table. Francie stood looking out, the heavy baby braced on one skinny hip. "Will we have to go again, Ma?"

"Probably not. If it's no higher than last year we won't."

"I hope we won't. The water'll spoil all our garden again, and it was a good garden last summer, wasn't it, Ma?"

"Yes, a good garden. A fine garden." If only these children were people to talk to, to share fear with!

The baby banged on the glass at two crows working on a pile of garbage. The frying pan stood, smoking slightly, on the back of the stove, waiting. On the back steps, Joly Hazen stamped his feet, banged open the kitchen door.

"Water's not so bad as I thought," he said.

"You *didn't* forget the meat, Joly?"

"Oh, hell—I knew there was something. I stopped at Riley's to see if they'd had any news on the river, and then I forgot it. Want Ora to go for it?"

"No, everything else is ready. I'll open some beans."

"I meant to bring it, much as could be, Marty. Thought about it just before I went into Riley's."

"It's all right. It doesn't matter. What did they say at Riley's?"

"Radio said a while ago that folks had to leave up along LeGrand. Don't mean we'll get it, though."

"Ice broken anywhere?"

"North. But there's no danger this year. Been too cold." He washed carelessly at the sink, slopping water on the floor. "I've known this river too long to be fooled by it."

"Then we won't have to go this year, Pa?" Francie looked up from feeding the baby.

"Course not. You just believe your pa. He's seen this old river coming up a good many years, and he knows when to worry and when not to."

"Supper's ready."

"They said at school today this was the worst winter in twenty years."

"Fifteen," corrected Francie. She handed the baby to her mother, who took a cloth from a nail above the sink and wiped off his face, holding him against her side, under one arm.

(Continued on page 48)

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM REUSSWIG

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WONDER OF THE WORLD!

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Say **Seagram's** *and be* **Sure** *. . . of Pre-War Quality*

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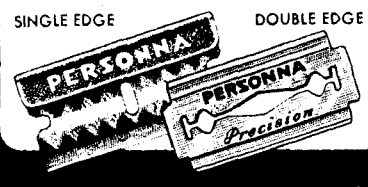

PERSONNA
Precision Blades

DETOUR TO A PARADISE LOST

Continued from page 19

Like the champagne produced in the grape region around Lake Keuka, life among the lakes has been aged, so to speak, in the bottle, and little influenced by the changes visible in the world outside. This has had several effects noticeable by tourists—among them the preservation of an old American flavor.

Throughout the Finger Lakes area Labor Day occasions more public celebration than any other, including the Fourth of July; and if you happen to spend the day in Skaneateles, eastern "gateway" to the Finger Lakes on Highway 20, you'll witness at least one event that comes straight out of frontier days—a foot race between an Indian and a white. Every year, they race around the main block of the town until 10 miles are completed. The record of winners, so far, is about even.

The celebration in Skaneateles (pronounced skinny-attil-iss and meaning "beautiful squaw") starts with a parade, featuring the volunteer firemen and their equipment and led by undertaker Jack Fitzgerald on a white horse. Sometime between the parade and the closing fireworks over the lake, the firemen indulge in another old American sport—one of the most robust ever invented—a hose fight in which competing fire companies try to knock each other out with high-pressure streams of water.

Another good old American custom fostered in the town is overeating. Most tourists do their overeating at Krebs, a restaurant nationally famous for serving a bewildering variety of excellent food in amounts far greater than anybody can possibly eat. The Kan-ya-to Inn, only a block from Krebs on Highway 20, prides itself on its cuisine, too, but the proprietor, Chester Coats, is used to having his guests ask him to reserve them tables at his competitor's sprawling white bungalow. Krebs was started as a boardinghouse by a penniless Alsatian caterer and his wife 47 years ago.

The food prepared by "Aunt Cora" and "Uncle Fred" was so good that many a housewife gave up cooking altogether and took her family to eat there. But today visiting gourmets far outnumber the town's 2,000 population.

Oldest Church's Bell Rings First

Farther west on Highway 20, at Canandaigua, a custom which still persists shows how age is deferred to. The oldest of the churches is the First Congregational built in 1810. Out of respect for its seniority, the other churches wait on Sunday morning until it has sounded its bell before ringing their own.

On Saturday afternoon in Penn Yan, on the eastern prong of Keuka Lake, families from the vineyard country come in from miles around, and while the women shop and gossip the men squat on the heels of their felt-topped boots, side by side on the sidewalks with their backs against the store fronts, and "visit." Because Saturday is such a big night throughout the Finger Lakes, the stores all close up tight on Wednesday noon for a half holiday.

David Harum, the banker, philosopher and horse trader of fiction, would still feel at home in any of these Saturday-night get-togethers, though in all fairness it must be said not everybody would subscribe to his motto: "Do unto others as they would do to you—and do it first!" The real-life counterpart of David Harum was David Hannum of Homer Village on the eastern fringe of the lakes country—and he practiced this version of the golden rule in at least one case that is stranger than fiction.

Hannum was principal owner and chief promoter of the famous Cardiff Giant, a ton-and-a-half "petrified man" dug up in near-by Cardiff, New York. One of the other five owners was the father of Edward Noyes Wescott, the author of "David Harum."

The Cardiff Giant was a national sensation for years—no mere passing aberration like the flying saucers of last summer, but a genuine, bona fide hoax, and a highly profitable one to boot. When the stone corpse was removed to Syracuse for exhibition, New York Central trains stopped for 10 minutes to permit passengers to view the marvel. P. T. Barnum tried unsuccessfully to buy or lease it, and finally had a duplicate made.

After considerable stalling Hannum permitted scientists to drill holes through the 10-foot giant's head and viscera. Ralph Waldo Emerson and Oliver Wendell Holmes were among those who participated. They found the giant was made of pure gypsum of a variety common in Iowa—where, of course, the statue had actually been commissioned a few years before by one George Hull, brother-in-law of a Cardiff farmer, William Newell, who "discovered" it during excavations for a well. From Iowa, Hull had shipped it by rail, then hauled it to Newell's farm by night in a large wagon, and together they buried it under the future well site.

For years after the Cardiff Giant was exposed, dozens of copies toured America in carnivals and fairs. The original is now in a private museum in Iowa.

As a horse trader, though, Hannum hardly stacks up with a Finger Lakes neighbor of his, Auburn's own William H. Seward, Lincoln's Secretary of State, who picked up Alaska for $7,200,000. And as a promoter, he can't hold a candle to Jemima Wilkinson, the beautiful and rather terrifying lady still referred to around Penn Yan as "The Friend."

At the age of eighteen, this Rhode Island farm girl got out of bed after a bout of fever to announce that she had died during the night, and returned to earth as "The Publick Universal Friend" with the purpose of saving as many sinners as possible from eternal hell-fire. The fact that converts, many of them well-to-do prominent citizens, were all too willing to renounce spouse, children and property soon made things uncomfortable in New England, and Jemima directed her followers to go build her a Jerusalem in the wilderness north of Keuka Lake. Jemima followed in a gilded yellow carriage built specially for the trip, and under her iron rule the community prospered mightily.

Just south of Penn Yan (4 miles up State Route 273 from near-by Branchport) you can still visit the big barnlike New England house where the stern but lovely saint held sway. She was a large woman but shapely. Her eyes were black and her hair, combed back off her forehead in a severe pompadour, hung down her neck in glossy black ringlets. While meditating on eternal truths before a large boudoir mirror—monogrammed with the letters "U.F." denoting "Universal Friend"—she never forgot to douse herself liberally with perfume.

The effect on her followers was startling. At a nod from her and the soft command, "The Lord hath need of this," rugged pioneers signed away their worldly goods and joyfully performed any menial labor required of them.

Some Believed Without Seeing

But even in the wilderness she made enemies, and these may have started the legend of her two attempts to "walk on the waters" of Lake Keuka. The first time, the water splashed about the shapely ankles; Jemima blamed it on doubters in her midst. The second time, before a selected handful of her faithful, she asked each in turn if he had the slightest sinful doubt. None had. Then, said Jemima, there is no need to waste the Lord's time proving the obvious—and sent the believers back home.

In saving Indians, though, Jemima had little success. At one of her meetings with them, the old chief asked questions in three Indian dialects. Naturally she couldn't reply. "Madame," he told her then in English, "I merely ask you why, if you are Jesus Christ, you cannot understand one language as well as another." The entire tribe got up and followed their chief into the woods.

By a strange coincidence, the power of the Universal Friend waned with her beauty and when she "left time" at the age of sixty-one, her followers were already squabbling over their shares in the redivision of property surrendered for the common good. Today, you can inspect her gilt yellow coach at the Historical Museum in Canandaigua. In the library at Penn Yan you can see one of her thronelike chairs, her silver-trimmed saddle, and her well-frayed whip. But do not ask to see her grave.

Only two persons in Penn Yan—one

"I'm not very thirsty—I believe I'll have a dry Martini"

COLLIER'S HENRY SYVERSON

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To prove a point with actual figures... In the foreground, you see a fabulous custom-made foundation: shaped to shimmering beauty, cobwebbed with hand-run lace. In the background, you see a trim young girdle for slim young budgets: prettily whittled in palest yellow.

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of them a woman—know where The Friend is buried, and this is a secret handed down to them through eight generations of "chosen ones." And who are the two chosen ones of this generation? Everybody in Penn Yan is convinced he knows, but nobody's telling outsiders.

The Finger Lakes country may feel isolated and unspoiled, but it's actually one of the most easily accessible beauty spots in the country. The chances are better than one in three that it's no more than a long day's drive from your front door, for some 60,000,000 Americans in the United States and Canada live within 500 miles of it. Like beans from the vine, five of the six lakes dangle off Highway 20, one of the main East-West traffic arteries.

When excursion trains and lake steamers were the only way of seeing the Finger Lakes, this was one of the country's busiest resort spots—and one of the wealthiest. Among the great of several eras who stayed at fashionable spas along the shores were Washington Irving, President Grant, General Custer, Jenny Lind, Admiral Farragut, John D. Rockefeller, Sr., and General John J. Pershing.

After the Automobile Came

The automobile turned the lakes country into a paradise lost. There are no more big resort hotels and few tourist accommodations outside the towns. Lake commerce gave way to trucking, and small industries which used to keep the lower lake towns busy and prosperous moved to the region's northern fringe along the highway. Industry is now concentrated in five main centers: rope, Diesel engines, farm machinery and carpets in Auburn; pumps and rulers in Seneca Falls; furnaces, cutlery, corsets and optical goods in Geneva and Canandaigua; and boats, bus bodies, wine and baskets in Penn Yan.

The fruits of Finger Lakes' virtues are many and widely felt by society. But none has changed American life quite as radically as the woman's rights movement which had its beginnings at Seneca Falls, on Route 20, just west of Cayuga Lake.

Here, just a hundred years ago next July, Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton, wife of the town's state senator and leading lawyer, called the first woman's rights convention in the old Wesleyan Methodist Episcopal Church. It was the deputy postmaster, a Mrs. Amelia Jenks Bloomer, whose husband was postmaster and editor of the Seneca County Courier, who lent her name to the uniform and banner of the suffrage movement—the long, baggy pantaloons which inspired the children to throw snowballs at its wearers and shout:

"Gibbery, gibbery gab
The women had a confab
And demanded the rights
To wear the tights
Gibbery, gibbery gab."

As for its influence in other fields, the whole region abounds in "firsts." The first cast-iron plow was invented by Jethrow Wood near Moravia. In the same town, John D. Rockefeller, Sr., earned his first dime selling turkey chicks located by following a stray turkey hen into the woods. Geneva's Hobart College graduated the first woman physician, Elizabeth Blackwell, in 1849, and later introduced the first "English Course."

Only 36 years ago at Hammondsport on Lake Keuka, Glenn H. Curtiss, who used to run a bicycle shop there, made aviation history with the first successful take-off from water on Keuka Lake. The result for Curtiss' home town was two exciting decades as the "cradle of aviation" culminating in boom-town mass production of Curtiss' famous World War I Jenny. The first outdoor electric lights were tried out on the Cornell campus years ahead of Broadway. And in the notorious state prison at Auburn, just north of Owasco Lake, electricity had its first use as a means of capital punishment 57 years ago.

Another American institution, the sundae, was invented just 56 years ago by a Unitarian clergyman in Ithaca, though this honor is disputed by at least a score of other towns all over the country. After his heated Sunday-morning service, the Reverend C. H. Heizer used to drop into the back room of C. C. Platt's drugstore for a cooling drink.

One Sunday, instead of his usual phosphate, he poured the sirup over some ice cream and spooned it down with such gusto that a group of Cornell undergraduates, also habitués of the drugstore, insisted on the same concoction. Had the dish been named after its inventor, the Reverend Heizer might have become an American immortal. Instead he modestly suggested they call it a "Sunday" in honor of the day, and an anonymous clerk's misspelling on the frosted mirror behind the fountain added a new word to the English language.

If you're an old movie fan, you've probably had some lurid glimpses of the Finger Lakes without knowing it. For Ithaca on Lake Cayuga was the motion-picture industry's original "Hollywood."

It started in 1912 when the Wharton brothers, Theodore and Leopold, chose Cornell University campus as background for a college picture Dear Old Girl of Mine starring Francis X. Bushman and Beverly Bayne. The beautiful hillside town with its gorges and waterfalls and views of the lake offered so many natural backgrounds that the Whartons built their studio on Lakeside Renwood Park—and were soon followed by International, Metro and the Norma Talmadge Corporation.

Lionel Barrymore, Pearl White, Jean Sothern, Warner Oland and Irene Castle made pictures here. So did scores of other stars whose names are as silent now as their films. But the year after the Armistice, after five years of hectic shooting, the movie industry left Ithaca. The reason was weather.

When it comes to climate, grapes are even more pernickety than the movies, and the air-conditioning effect of the lakes makes the southwestern lake region ideal for vineyards. In the summer, cooling winds off the lakes keep the tender vines from shriveling under the sun. On crisp fall nights, the heat stored up in the water during the day is released in protective mists which fill the valleys to the brim. In fact, you can get one of the region's most spectacular sights by climbing up on some high place and watching the morning sun dissolve away the wasteland of mist and reveal the good earth underneath. "It's like watching the creation," says a local wine grower.

Grape growing was introduced to these hills by a strait-laced clergyman, the Reverend William Bostwick; and the temperance movement, which swept the country later, had no stancher supporters than among the vintners themselves. The only real issue for a time was whether to abstain partially or totally; and in Hector, where it came to a vote, the majority marked their ballots with a "T" for "total," thus coining the word "teetotalers."

You won't run into any Bacchanalian festivals during the wine season, but it's a pleasant sight to watch the armies of girls moving slowly through the vineyards, filling their long flat boxes with heavy clusters of Catawbas, Isabellas, Dianas, Elviras, Ionas and Concords.

On the Champagne Highway

In the old days the grapes were hauled down to the lake shore and picked up by the side-wheel steamboats which used to stop everywhere along the shore. Now they're hauled by truck to the wineries, most of them large, ivy-covered stone buildings set over quarried caves in the hills along the 20-mile stretch of highway between Bath and Urbana on Lake Keuka. This is known locally as "The Champagne Highway," just as the 10-mile-long Bath and Hammondsport railroad, one of the country's shortest, is known as "The Champagne Route."

About half of our domestic champagne comes from this small area of the Finger Lakes, and the Big Three among the champagne cellars—Taylor Wine Co., Great Western and Urbana—attract almost as many tourists as Taughannock Falls and Watkins Glen. The tour through their plants is a leisurely ramble, generally conducted by the president or vice-president of the company. Starting in the attics where the grapes are loaded into hydraulic presses a ton at a time, you are led down through the rows of huge oak casks where the juice is fermented and stored, and on down to the cool cellars where millions of bottles are tended as carefully as incubator babies.

Maybe it's true, after all, the way the Indians explained those long, slim lakes as fingerprints left by the Great Spirit. Maybe the famous "lake guns" booming along Seneca's shore are actually the great chief Agayentah returning to the war path—and not merely the sound of natural gas escaping from rifts along the bottom of the lake. Maybe Jemima Wilkinson did walk on Lake Keuka. Maybe, for all you know, the Cardiff Giant once climbed these hills, and Harry McConnell did find that grand piano at the end of his line. In any case, it's something to remember when the steam heat goes off in your city apartment—that detour to a paradise lost.

THE END

FEET FIRST

Shopper

COLLIER'S JOHN ART SIBLEY

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HIGH PRICES MAKE CHEAP LIVING

Continued from page 27

lick the high cost of having babies," Mrs. Mantsch laughed. "We have a system.

"I work right up to the last day, maybe the last minute," she said. "Even do the wash and baking sometimes. Then when my time comes, I climb into bed and have my babies right here at home."

Her husband added his bit. "I always take my two weeks' vacation when it happens."

"And I lie in bed and direct things while my husband cooks, cleans and runs the house," Mrs. Mantsch said.

This saves hospital bills, but doctor costs are another matter. When Jimmy was born during the depression, the doctor bill was $35. The bill for the last baby, David, was $60.

Death of OPA Causes Hardship

The OPA's death dealt a hard blow to births in the Mantsch home. When Mrs. Mantsch shopped for diapers for David (now nine months) she found that prices were up $1 a dozen from OPA levels, that pajama material and flannel had doubled. The cheap $1.49 children's shoes she used to buy had been discontinued, and the more expensive $2.49 variety had jumped to $3.69.

"And baby foods!" Mrs. Mantsch exclaimed. She'd find the price on the container crossed out three times, indicating that many boosts after the baby food reached the store.

The result for the Mantsches was a pattern of living that was becoming familiar among Milwaukee families: They cut down and did without. There was little money left over for clothes and none at all for household replacements, for recreation and savings. And still, they were falling behind.

For the children, the Mantsches relied on clothes from friends and relatives which "were too good to throw away." Mantsch has bought one suit in six years, but he must spend $17.50 every six months to buy new trousers for his mail carrier's uniform. Mrs. Mantsch bought her last "going out" dress in November, 1946, although she does buy about three house dresses a year.

The last time the Mantsches were to the movies was on New Year's Eve when Jimmy, who has a paper route, treated them.

A family of ten wears things out. The Mantsches need sheets, pillowcases, replacements for their battered furniture. But the mail carrier's $61.35 per week won't stretch that far.

During the war when prices were lower and Mantsch had overtime, the family broke even, and the two older boys were able to save $450 between them out of their paper route earnings. But in the last year the Mantsches have been forced reluctantly to borrow most of this from the boys to keep the family afloat.

"We're in the red definitely," said Mrs. Mantsch.

"If we don't get a break pretty soon, I don't know what we'll do," her husband added.

The same break would be welcomed by James Scott (that is not his name) a school principal. Scott's most taxing paper work has nothing to do with classrooms. Nightly he spreads the business section of the evening paper before him, and from reports on crop and livestock prices, wholesale egg and butter trends, seeks clues as to how food prices will move in the stores over the next several days. Then he maps the family's food-buying strategy. If eggs are piling up in Milwaukee warehouses or lots of butter is moving into town, James Scott halts egg and butter buying and awaits a price drop.

Since prices soared, food buying for the Scotts and their two children has become so serious a business that the head of the family must give it his personal, masculine attention. Thus the school principal, market basket under arm, saves a few pennies on a dozen eggs here, a penny or two on potatoes there. On occasion, he has even saved a couple of coppers on gasoline.

Studying prices nightly and stretching pennies is a new and grim business for James Scott, whose income is $4,200 yearly or $71 per week after taxes. And he can't help reflecting that it was not necessary when, as a teacher, he was earning only $45 a week.

Scott, who is forty and served as a lieutenant in the Navy, has learned how to live frugally. His family has cut out cream for their coffee and the frozen desserts in which they once took great delight. They usually have none but the cheapest cuts of meat. Once it used to be steaks and chicken occasionally for dinner. Now it's the familiar hamburger with an infrequent roast for Sunday.

Clothes? Mrs. Scott sews the children's dresses, and her own last purchase was a $9 dress bought at a sale. Scott built up a store of shirts and underwear in the Navy, and luckily his civilian clothes still fitted when he returned. Last year he bought a pair of shoes at a "factory odd-lot" store where shoes with slight defects are sold at bargain prices.

"You see a lot of schoolteachers there," Scott said.

Recreation? The Scotts have their Pontiac which they bought secondhand for $500 in 1940. They like to pile the children into it on Sunday and drive along Milwaukee's gold coast on Lake Michigan. Sometimes, the Scotts drive out to the housing developments sprouting in the city's suburbs and look for a house. But each trip, says Scott, "makes me feel more frustrated than ever." The Scotts once took great pleasure in dining out, but the high cost of eating at home has ruled out eating in restaurants, and the last time they had this sort of treat was while vacationing last summer in Minnesota.

The Scotts haven't been to a concert since he left the Navy, and although they could afford occasional movies, "the quality is getting so thin," says Scott, "that it's no sacrifice to cut them out."

School principal Scott and his family live in a five-room flat at a cost of about $60 monthly including heat. The rooms are sparsely furnished, because Scott has been reluctant to buy furniture at current prices. The dining room has only the bare essentials of table and chairs. A bridge table and folding chairs serve as kitchen furniture.

Scott saved $2,800 while in the Navy, and has already used up $1,000 of it. Six hundred dollars went for household essentials such as a refrigerator, stove and linoleum. Four hundred made up the difference between Scott's salary and his living expenses.

This year he may just break even. To do so he must say "no" to every outside want. Sometimes it's hard for the Scotts to say no. For years they had longed for a phonograph, and one day the paper advertised a $125 instrument for $75. Their first impulse was to grab it. But the budget won.

The Case of a Bank Teller

Doing without and running behind is as true of bank teller Sam J— as it was of the Scotts. An employee for 11 years, Sam had to borrow $100 from his bank and cash his terminal leave bond to eke out his $55 weekly earnings and pay for the insurance that protects his wife and two children.

To make ends meet, Sam disclosed, about one third of the tellers in his bank have taken extra jobs outside. They clerk in stores on Saturdays and evenings, work odd hours in filling stations. Sam hasn't looked for extra work because it would interfere with his night classes in

"I'll hang up all my clothes, Mommy, I'll hold still while you comb, Mommy, I'll stop calling Father 'Butch,' Mommy, I'll eat my cereal to the bottom, Mommy. . . ."

COLLIER'S PERRY BARLOW

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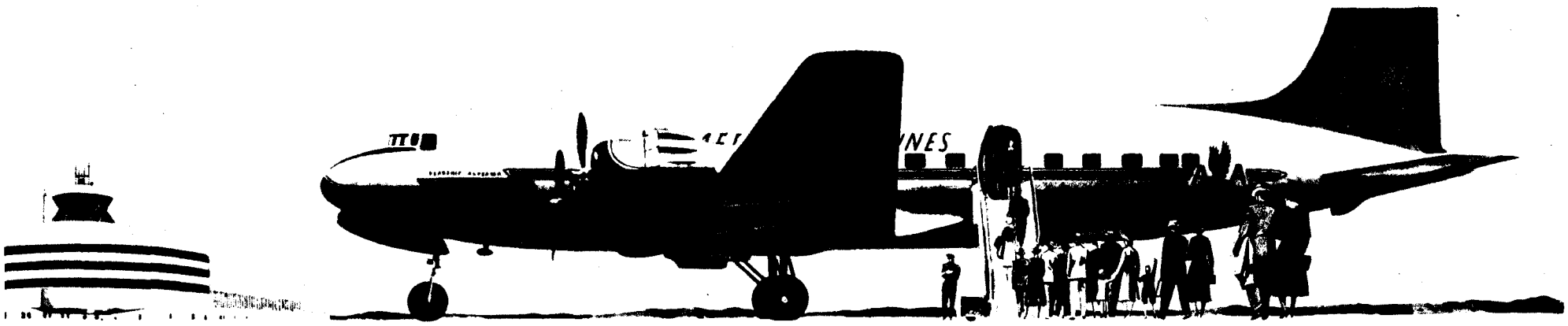

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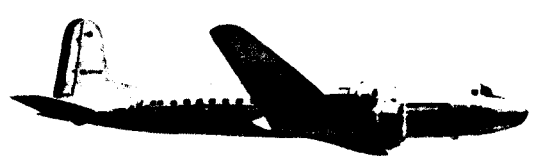

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The patterns are highly original... their colors are eye-popping! The fabric is the famous Ripplewave cloth. Price? A peewee $1.50.

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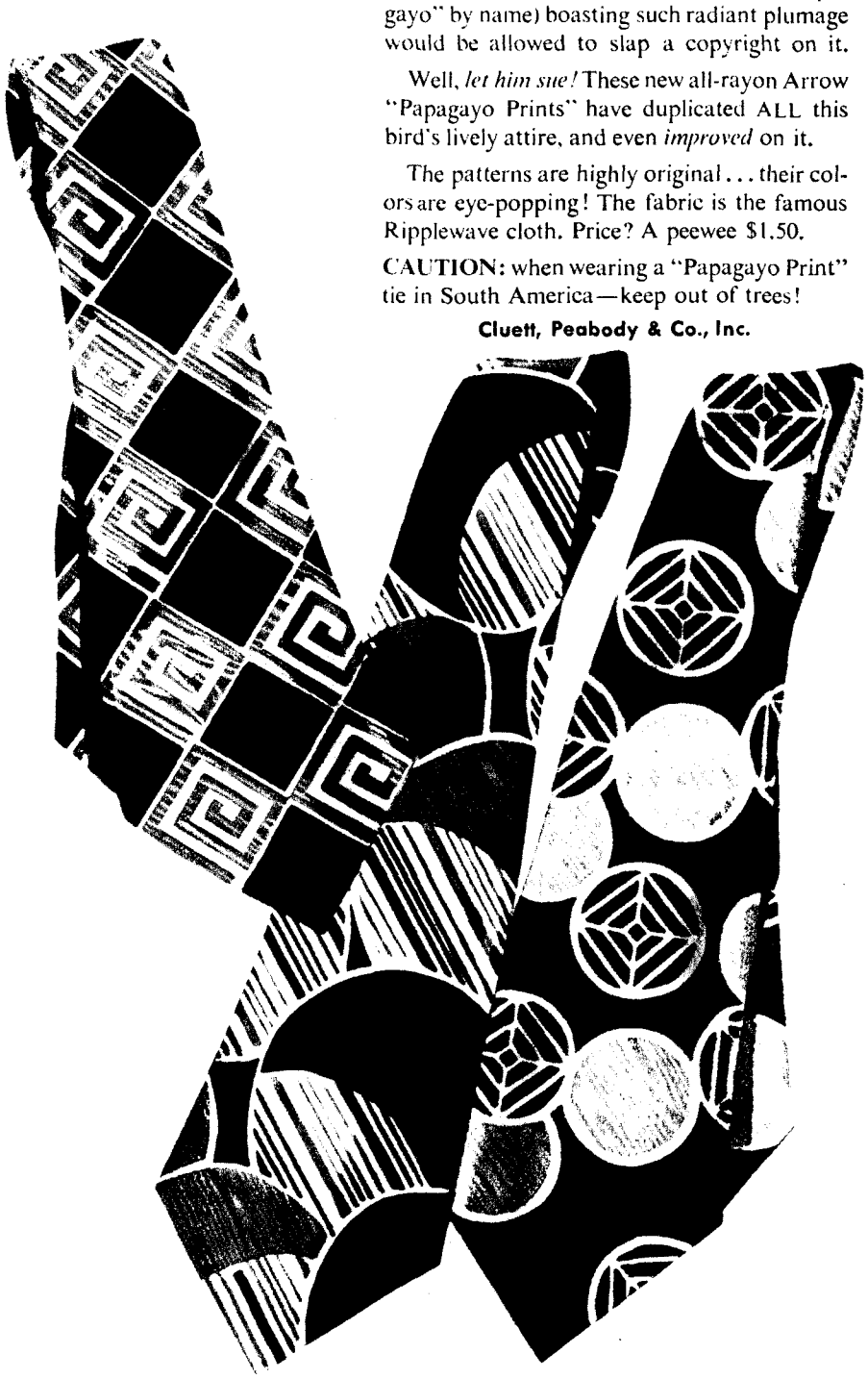

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ARROW TIES

PAPAGAYO PRINTS $1.50

banking. But his life is tyrannized by mean restrictions. He can't send his clothes to the tailor, must press them himself. He can't have lunch out, must bring his own peanut butter sandwich to work. His wife and he have given up orange juice for breakfast, cream for their coffee and haven't been to the movies since last September.

The white-collar, middle-class families were hard hit. What about the industrial worker?

The Milwaukee Journal asked three wage-earning families with incomes ranging from $45 to $55 a week to keep track of their expenditures "down to the last penny" for a month. The newspaper found the families were running behind and using up bonds and other savings to care for deficits.

"All in all," the Journal reported, "the three families felt they came through (the month) with an exceedingly dim view of the months ahead."

Wage Scales in Factories

The average factory worker's weekly wage in Milwaukee during February was $59. Some wage earners such as certain highly skilled packing-house workers earn more than $100 weekly under incentive piecework. Other wage earners take home considerably less than $59 weekly.

Take, for instance, Herman Steffes, a $1.68-an-hour welder and president of his United Automobile Workers (C.I.O.) local. Herman, his wife, Clementine, and their three children provide a short short story of the contrast between prewar and postwar life in America. From 1938 to 1943 Herman earned $40 a week and with it bought and paid for a $4,400 house and saved $450 besides. Now with weekly earnings at $68, he has used up the $450 savings.

Tom La Vora, a $50-a-week presser in a coat factory and member of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers Union (C.I.O.), who had to cut four quarts of milk weekly from his three children's 14-quart allowance, put his plight this way:

"You never get off the spot. During the depression you eat less, because there ain't enough work. And during inflation you eat less, because there ain't enough money. How do you beat this thing anyway?"

But there was another question, too. The white-collar family and the wage earner alike were cutting out clothing, radios, furniture, restaurants, movies. What was keeping our economy going?

Before asking Milwaukee businessmen I called on the Community Fund and Council of Social Agencies. The Community Fund, its executive secretary John D. Wellman disclosed, had failed to reach its yearly money goal by $250,000. Contributions fell short in well-to-do as well as modest neighborhoods. This meant that budgets of dependent social agencies would have to be cut at a time when they needed more money because of higher costs and greater demands for their services.

The Milwaukee Children's Hospital, which has a national reputation, was one such dependent institution.

"Before the war," Alma Vaupel, its superintendent, said, "it cost $5.10 per day to care for a child. By early 1947 this cost had risen to $10. At the time of the budget cut, the cost per child per day had soared to $15.

"But that isn't all," she added. "During the war when money was easy, about 65 per cent of our patients were paying, private patients, and 35 per cent were on the house. Now the ratio between paying and house patients is about fifty-fifty.

"We're running a deficit now, and I just don't know how we can go on."

Miss Vaupel called in a staff pediatrician.

"People are cutting corners on doctor bills," the doctor said. "They try to get advice over the telephone and hesitate to call a doctor to their homes. It has us worried. You take such children's ailments as meningitis, or appendicitis or even a common cold. A day's delay to save a doctor's fee or even a few hours' delay, as in the case of appendicitis, may spell disaster for the child."

Over at the office of The Family Service of Milwaukee, a social agency that helps iron out family problems, it was indicated that high prices were causing troubles of still another sort.

Lucia Clow, the executive secretary, had this to say:

"High living costs are creating such strains and tensions that family breakups are on the increase. We're having more marital friction, separations, divorces and insecurity of children.

"Inflation is like a depression: Both undermine the stability of home life. Children are growing up in an atmosphere of frustration and uncertainty which not only increases family troubles now but sows more troubles for the future." There are quarrels about money, about managing the house, about the money spent for an occasional drink, she said. Mothers tie latchkeys about their children's necks and leave them while they work to eke out the family income. Fathers, too, are doing part-time work in addition to their jobs.

This has meant that there are more people working in Milwaukee than during the war. Pay rolls, too, are higher. Yet savings bonds are being cashed in at a faster rate than new bonds are being bought, government officials told me. Savings accumulation, according to a leading bank, had virtually ceased. And in the face of the city's greatest boom, the town's businessmen are worried.

Saloon Business Is Hard Hit

First to feel the consumers' cutting down were the saloons. There's one saloon to every 2,500 men, women and children in Milwaukee, and even some residential neighborhoods sprout as many as four or five per block.

Said one saloonkeeper in disgust, "A couple of months ago, you could look down the bar and see nothing but 40-cent whisky shots. Now it's 10-cent beers, and not even many of those." Saloon business is off about 40 per cent and many bars are thinking of closing.

Movies are hard hit. A local newspaper reporter who had the weekly side line of gathering attendance figures and relaying them to a movie trade journal in Hollywood was asked to discontinue. The Hollywood paper found the figures too disheartening.

Restaurants which boomed with Milwaukee's great wartime industries are serving one third less meals than they did in 1946.

In the big department stores, executives are still taking comfort from figures that show dollar sales are about 2 per cent better than last year. But the dollar sales figures shouldn't fool anybody. Actually since prices are now much higher considerably less merchandise is being sold.

Most significant straw in the troubled wind was a piece of information unearthed by the Milwaukee Journal's consumer market researchers.

In 1945, the Journal asked a cross section of 8,000 Milwaukee families, "Do you intend to buy a new car?" Two of every three families, 66 per cent, stoutly answered, "Yes." Early this year, the Journal asked a similar cross section of families the same question. Seven per cent already had bought cars since the war. But now, only an additional 20 per cent said they intended to buy new cars.

And that, considering the importance of the automobile—and similar—industries in our economic scheme of things, was something for plenty of people to think about.

THE END

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A PENNY FOR YOUR THOUGHTS

Continued from page 25

Messieurs here is still more horror!"

It was all coming back to Mr. Martingale as he followed the party around: the iron cages where Louis the Eleventh kept his special enemies, the bishops' cell with its crude carvings, the iron instruments of torture hanging on the wall. It was all there except what Mr. Martingale wanted. True, the guide had pointed out several oubliettes, but they were all well covered over and no good at all. Mr. Martingale was just deciding that his memory had tricked him and that he would have to think again, when they came to the place.

They had come down some steps feebly lighted by electric light, and the guide had given them his usual warning: "Mesdames, Messieurs, here is still more horror!" At the bottom it was quite dark, and the guide told them to stand still while he flashed his torch round the ceiling. Not a window, he pointed out. Not a light anywhere. What would *they* do if they had been flung down those steps and the door barred behind them? They would grope their way round the wall, wouldn't they, to see if there was any way out? Well, there was a way out and the victim always found it. Then, and not till then, the guide flashed his torch at the gaping hole in the floor. And to make sure that they missed nothing, he then lighted a piece of newspaper as the sightseers gathered cautiously round the balustrade which guarded the hole. They saw the light falling and falling until it was hundreds of feet down and it was still falling when it went out.

"Fair gives yer the creeps!" said the woman standing next to Mr. Martingale.

Mr. Martingale said nothing. But another man remarked that it was a disgrace to have such a flimsy ballustrade at a place like that, and they had all better stand back.

Mr. Martingale still said nothing although he was glad the remark had been made. There was just one more thing he wanted to see. Would the guide stay till the last as the sight-seers went back up the steps? It was rather important. But the guide, after letting the first half dozen go in front, went with them talking about the next horror; and the rest wasted no time in getting out of that dark and sinister chamber.

IN SPITE of what the earlier guide had said Mr. Martingale was not relying on the body's never being found. He was simply relying on its never being identified. With this end in view he had already removed the maker's name from both the coats Ada was likely to wear. Laundry marks he had also dealt with and she wore no jewelry that could be a clue. She had two gold fillings in her teeth, but there was nothing he could do about that. There only remained the question of her handbag. For that he had alternative plans. If possible, he would persuade Ada to leave it in the hotel on the ground that it would be a nuisance to carry. If that failed, he would throw it down one of the other oubliettes. He did not want the handbag to be found with the body. Still less could he afford to be seen coming out of the dungeons into the bright sunlight carrying a lady's bag.

There was also another thing that had to be thought of. It would never do to come back and lunch at the hotel alone; they would have to appear to move on. It was here that he got into difficulties. Ada firmly refused to agree to take the midday bus on to Amboise: What! Miss

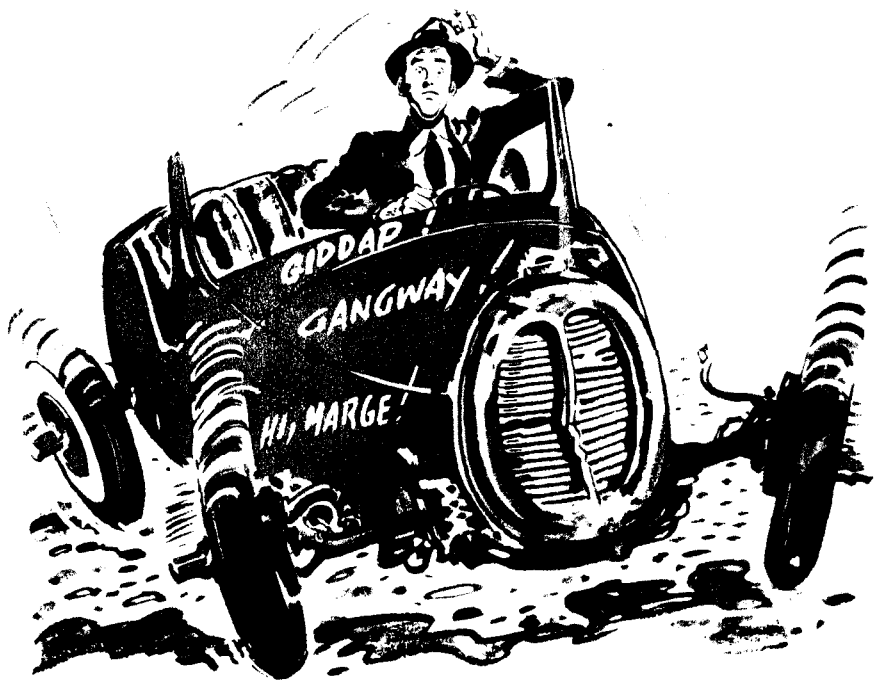
NED HILTON

SPORTING ODDS

A lion stepped into a recent cricket match in Nairobi, Kenya, to pile up a tremendous score. The batsman had slammed a hard one to the edge of the field and as the fielder attempted to recover the ball a lion leaped out of the brush and began to play with it. The umpire refused a claim of lost ball as the ball was in full view. As the fielder attempted to shoo the lion away, the two batsmen kept on running and scoring. (In cricket the batsmen continue to make runs until put out.) The lion continued to play, the batsmen continued to run and the score climbed. By the time the lion was driven off, the exhausted batsmen were walking between the wickets, and the score had reached such heights that the match was called off.

—Hamilton Platt, New York, N. Y.

COLLIER'S will pay a minimum of $25 for each acceptable contribution to Sporting Odds. Address Sporting Odds, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. (Contributions cannot be returned.)



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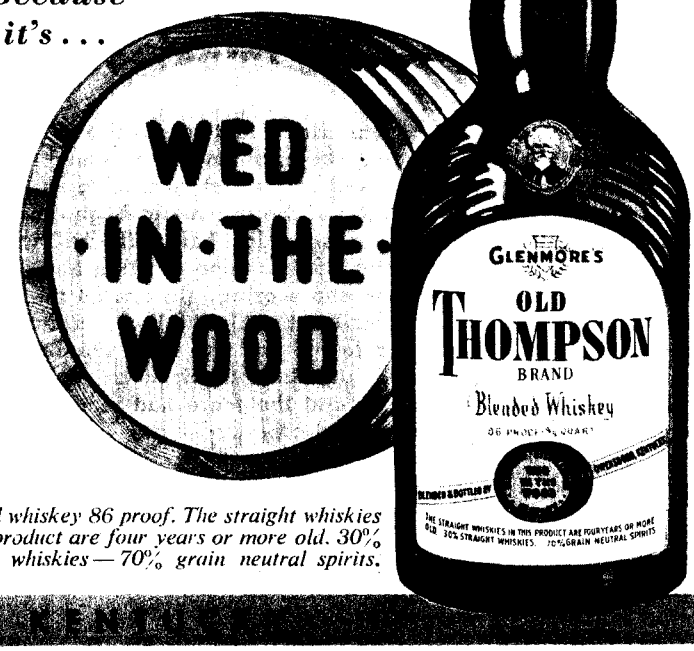

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that good lunch they would have there! Why, it was the best hotel they had been in, and they'd stay on another night. What was all the hurry about?

Fortunately Ada spoke no French and left all the arranging to him. So he told the hotel that they would be leaving by the midday bus and packed all his own things. He could not pack Ada's but thought he could do that without being noticed afterward. He did not like having to arrange it that way, but there was nothing else that he could do. And at least, Ada did leave her handbag behind.

The tour of the dungeons took exactly forty minutes, and they were at the entrance punctually at eleven with Mr. Martingale in his normal clothes. There was a larger party waiting this time, mostly women; and presently the bell rang and the tour began.

Mr. Martingale was perfectly calm. He made a few remarks to his wife in between the patter of the guide, and she made a few remarks to him, generally about her feet. The horrors of the place did not seem to impinge on her at all. And as usual she dragged behind the party and sat down whenever she could. Mr. Martingale was relying on that. Lucy had always annoyed him by walking two paces in front of him. Ada annoyed him just as much by walking two paces behind; but now it was an essential part of his plan that she should do so.

The guide was in good form with his: "Mesdames, Messieurs, here is still more horror!" and at last they came to the dark room down the steps. He used exactly the same words as he had used before; asked what they would do if they had been thrown down the steps; then flashed his torch on the hole in the floor and did his trick with the piece of newspaper. Mr. Martingale was careful to stand close beside Ada while this was going on.

WHEN the guide had finished there was a scramble to get away from the place. As before, the guide went with the first half dozen, and the rest were left to follow in the feeble light of the one electric globe on the stairs. Ada was still beside Mr. Martingale when there were only three other dim figures left at the bottom of the steps; but then to his dismay she started hurriedly up the stairs with those other three ahead of her. He snatched at her sleeve, missed it, and by then she was four steps away from him and moving quickly. He thought the opportunity had gone and in desperation called, "Ada!" in a low urgent tone.

It was his last chance. The rearmost of the retreating figures halted, made some inquiring sound, and stepped back again; and Mr. Martingale, who was standing round the corner in the darkness, pulled her toward him from behind with his hands tight on her throat. One swift firm knock of her forehead against the stone wall made her senseless. Then as the sound of the feet on the stairs grew more distant, he dragged her in the darkness across the floor until he felt the balustrade with his hand. One heave from there, and it was done. The whole thing took less than a minute.

Nobody seemed to notice Mr. Martingale as he came up with the party again. Thanks to his reconnaissance of the evening before he was able so to arrange it, by missing one dungeon, that he was at the head of the party when he appeared again. The guide finished his patter and held out his hand; and very soon they were all coming out into the sunlight, blinking, with Mr. Martingale at the head of them. He drew a deep breath of the warm fresh air and was just going to walk casually down the hill to the hotel, when there was an angry call from behind him.

"Stanley!!"

He turned round; and there was Ada, panting with indignation and very much alive.

"Stanley!" she went on loudly. "Whatever do you think you're doing? Taking me to that dreadful place! And leaving me to find my way out all alone! I don't know what's come over you."

People were looking now and listening. Mr. Martingale did his best to lead her away, murmuring something about being dazed by the bright sunlight.

"Well, that's no reason to leave me there in the dark," she complained. "With those black holes in the floor, and all those stairs! I just don't know what you were thinking of."

He appeased her as best he could, but there was more trouble when they got back to the hotel. Their rooms had been let and they could not stay another night. The only explanation that Mr. Martingale could offer was that the manager must have misunderstood what he had said in French. But that did not satisfy Ada. She had been looking forward to truffles and *foie gras* for dinner again that evening, and she nagged all through lunch and all the way in the afternoon bus to Amboise. Each outburst always ended up with the statement that she just did not know what he had been thinking of.

Which was quite true. She didn't. . . .

Mr. Martingale did not sleep well for the next month: In fact, he never slept well again. All through that lunch while Ada was nagging, he was wondering who the woman could have been that he had killed. Was her name Ada, too, or did she think he had cried, *"Aidez!"* for help? More important, did she have a husband or a friend with her? Was she French or English? How soon would they notice that somebody had disappeared? The only gleam of hope was that there was no motive for her murder, and it was the motive that always first pointed to the guilty person. But what would Ada think if it became known before they left Loches that something more had happened in the dungeons than his inattention to her?

HE FELT better in the bus on the way to Amboise and better still when the holiday was over and they left France for good. That was just five days later. He had spent those five days, whenever he could get away from Ada, in buying newspapers and studying them to see if there was any account of an accident at Loches. But there was none, and it seemed that he must have had the luck to have picked on someone who had no friends with her. He felt no pity for his victim, of course; in fact, when Ada continued to nag at him, he thought bitterly that he was the one who had been grossly wronged.

For a change for the worse had come over Ada. She had always been a little inclined to nag; now she nagged incessantly. She could not forgive him for his neglect in the dungeons; and when they got back to Golder's Green she used to describe the incident to her women friends and make disparaging remarks about Mr. Martingale in front of him. It was at this point that he made another unpleasant discovery. He had felt no personal malice toward his wife before the visit to Loches. But now that he did feel the personal malice—and with every reason—he found that he could not make up his mind to do anything about it. He tried to think out new ways of getting rid of her, but his brain refused to help him. And he had to confess in the end that his nerve had gone. It was no good making plans; for he no longer had the determination to carry them out. His career was ended, and there was nothing in front of him except an endless vista of Ada's nagging.

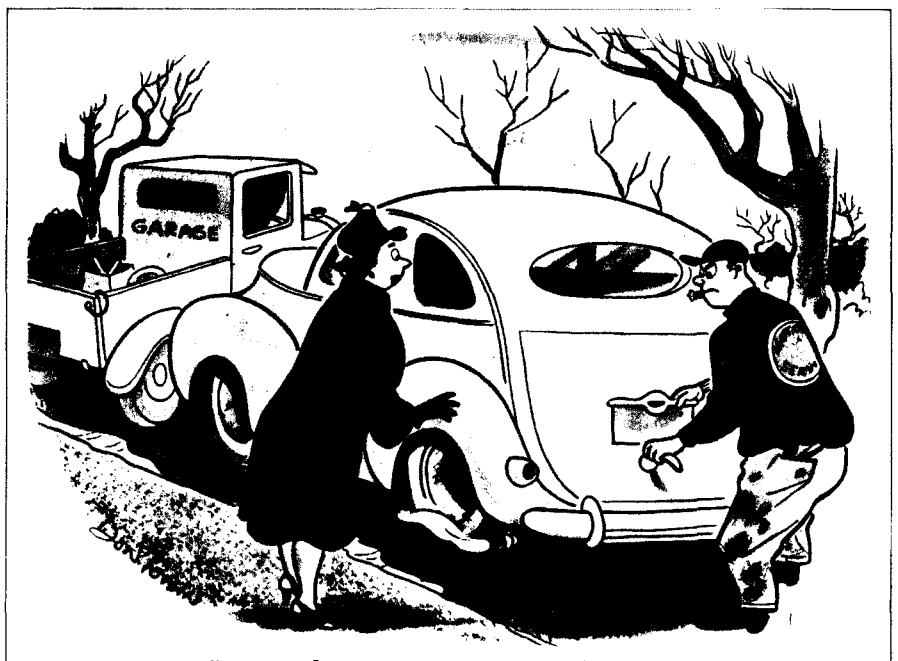
But actually there was more in front of him than that. It was toward the end of June that, while reading the evening paper, he noticed a small paragraph at the bottom of the front page. The paragraph ran as follows:

BODY IN DUNGEON

The body discovered in the deep oubliette at Loches in France has been identified as that of Madame Cécile Vestiers, a widow, whose home was in Bordeaux. Madame Vestiers is believed to have visited the dungeons on the morning of the 21st May.

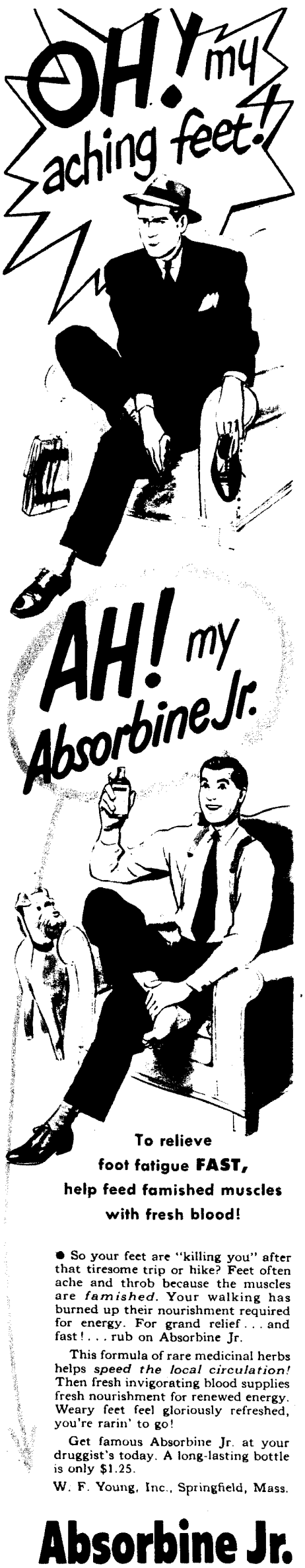
It was the last sentence that disturbed Mr. Martingale. If Ada read that, she might begin to put two and two together; for she knew perfectly well that the 21st of May was the day on which they had been to the dungeons. There and then Mr. Martingale's determination got going again. He would have to kill Ada, and kill her quickly. Fortunately she did not read the evening papers, but she did read the morning ones and this item of a body at Loches was news and likely to be referred to again. That night was a Wednesday; and by the time he had gone to bed—after burning the evening paper—Mr. Martingale had decided to push Ada in front of the train on the underground when they went on Friday to visit her cousin who lived at Harrow.

But when he came back from his office the next day, Ada was not in. There was no sign of her having packed anything to take away; but she was not in, and it was an unheard-of thing for her not to be in in the evening. Mr. Martingale was very worried indeed. He began to



"My goodness, you must mean that little key I always keep in the dresser drawer"

COLLIER'S DON TOBIN



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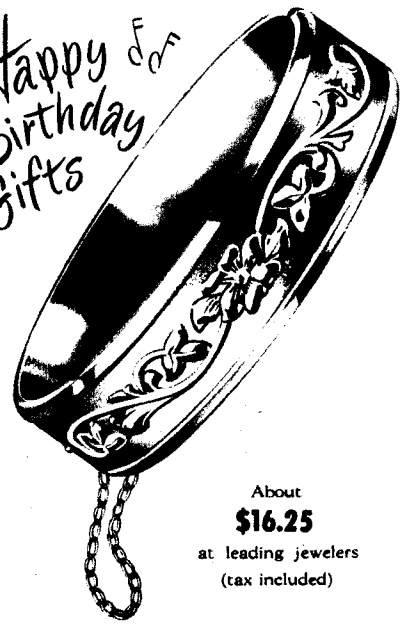

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wonder whether his brain was going. Had he already killed Ada and forgotten about it? It was uncanny the way she turned up when he thought she was dead, and disappeared when he thought her alive. She did not come back that evening and he stayed up all night wondering what he ought to do about it. And he still had not made up his mind in the morning. He knew he ought to go to the police, but he did not want to go near the police. So he did nothing all the week end, and on two occasions when her women friends rang up, he said she had gone away to the country. They both remarked that it was funny that Ada had not told them. . . .

It was Monday evening when a police sergeant and a plain-clothes man arrived at the door. One of them was carrying a coat that belonged to Ada. It had been handed in to the police station, he said, and they would like a word with Mrs. Martingale as to how she had lost it.

"I'm afraid she's out," Mr. Martingale said.

"Could you say when she will be back?" asked the sergeant.

"I—er—she's away for a few days."

"When did she go, Mr. Martingale?"

"On Thursday."

"Then perhaps you'd give us her address?"

Mr. Martingale changed his tactics.

"I don't know her address, sergeant. I'm very worried."

At this point the sergeant produced a notebook.

"Have you taken any steps to find her, Mr. Martingale?"

"I—no—not yet. I didn't really get worried until this morning. And then your bringing the coat!"

"The coat was found in a carriage on the Southern Railway, Mr. Martingale. Just left behind. There's nothing very worrying in that."

"No—but . . ."

"You've rung up her friends, I suppose?"

"Only two of them," Mr. Martingale lied. "And they didn't know where she was."

"And you didn't do anything else?"

"What else could I have done?"

"You could have come to us, Mr. Martingale. We're there to help. Do you think she's lost her memory?"

"I—I don't think it's likely."

"Was there any quarrel of any kind?"

"No. We've never had a cross word."

FOR a moment, the two policemen looked at each other, then the plain-clothes one made a suggestion.

"Do you think she could have gone abroad, Mr. Martingale? The coat was found in the Dover train."

Mr. Martingale shook his head.

"Any friends in Dover?" the man went on.

"No."

"You did go to France in May with your wife, didn't you?"

"Yes, for a short time."

"What part of France, Mr. Martingale?"

"Touraine."

The two men looked at each other again, and it was the uniformed one who went on.

"Well, don't worry, Mr. Martingale. We'll make some inquiries, and I'm sure it will be all right. Now you were married in Liverpool in 1939, weren't you?"

Mr. Martingale started at the word—Liverpool.

"No," he said quickly. "I was married here in London in 1945."

"Oh! Then the Stanley Martingale who was married in Liverpool wasn't you?"

"No, certainly not."

"Well, I think we've got all we need. Don't worry, Mr. Martingale. We'll find Mrs. Martingale for you."

It was all very well to say that; but Mr. Martingale did worry. With the police on to Liverpool and Touraine, it was the breaking point. As a result it was on a Tuesday and not a Friday that a body was found on the underground; and the body was Mr. Martingale's, not Ada's.

THE police had advised Ada not to return to her house at Golder's Green for the time being. It would be much better, they said, if she went away for two or three months until the story of her husband ceased to be news. But Ada liked news and liked being the center of it. She was guarded in what she said to the reporters, but it was a different matter when her women friends came to see her and brought chocolates to loosen her tongue.

Two of the friends were the two who had rung up, Mrs. Seymour and Mrs. Padwick; and the third was the rather prim Miss Bridle. They all gathered round the sofa where Ada was sitting within easy reach of the chocolates; and when they were settled she began.

"Well, it was in the Daily Mail that I first saw it. Body in dungeon, it said, and it gave the place and the date. I might not have noticed it if it hadn't been for the date. But I remembered that date, and it fair gave me a turn with Stanley sitting there at the table, drinking his tea and eating his bacon, just opposite."

"You didn't say anything to him, Mrs. Martingale?" asked Mrs. Padwick.

"That I didn't," Ada replied. "Not that I suspected him then, even though he had acted so peculiar when he came out of the dungeon. It was after breakfast that I really began to think. He was in the hall then, with his hat and coat on, and I was halfway up the stairs when I suddenly heard him call, 'Ada!' It was that that gave me the start."

"Didn't he always call you Ada?"

"Yes, he did; and when I'd answered what he wanted to know I could hardly get up to the landing. You see, it brought me right back to the time in the dungeon. I was halfway up the stairs then in just the same way when somebody behind had called, 'Ada' or something like it. I didn't pay any attention at the time, because I didn't recognize his voice and thought he was in front anyway. But I knew then that it was the same voice on both occasions."

"Well, I never!" Mrs. Seymour said.

"Gave me a start it did!" Ada was warming to her work. "But I still didn't think . . . I just wondered, if he was behind and not in front at that time, what he was doing and why did he want to call, 'Ada.' It wasn't till an hour later when I was using the vacuum that I thought of it. 'Ada,' I said. 'It was *your* body he intended to push down that gaping black hole. *You,* who had always been so good to him!' Think of that!"

"What did you do then?" Miss Bridle asked.

Ada took another chocolate.

"Do?" she repeated with her mouth full. "I put on my hat and coat and went to the police. I wasn't going to stay another minute in this house with him around. And the police wouldn't listen at first; said I was imagining things. But when I told them my name was Ada, and what the dungeon was like and what I'd heard, and how peculiar Stanley had acted when we came out, they began to show a little interest. After all they couldn't get away from that dead body in the dungeon. So they told me to come back the same evening when they'd have made some inquiries and telephoned to France. And when I did come back, they said it might be a good thing if I disappeared for a time while they made still further inquiries and watched how Stanley behaved."

MRS. PADWICK spoke acidly. "Well, we all know how he behaved. Just as if nothing had happened!"

"That was him all over!" Ada said harshly. "Deceitful! When I think of all the trouble I've taken to make him comfortable! The queues I've stood in and the cooking I've done! It fair makes you lose your belief in human nature. A little mouse of a man like that!"

"There, there!" Mrs. Seymour said soothingly. "It's all over now. And you won't go marrying again, I dare say."

"That I won't," Ada snorted. "I'm going to look after myself for a bit."

"I hope you won't have to give up this house?" Miss Bridle murmured.

"It's my house and always was," Ada said tartly. "Stanley never provided anything except the housekeeping money, and he might have provided twice what he did with the fifteen thousand pounds he left."

"Fifteen thousand pounds!"

"Yes. I shan't be so badly off."

"I wonder you can touch it!" Miss Bridle said primly and shuddered.

"Not touch it!" Ada said. "Why not?"

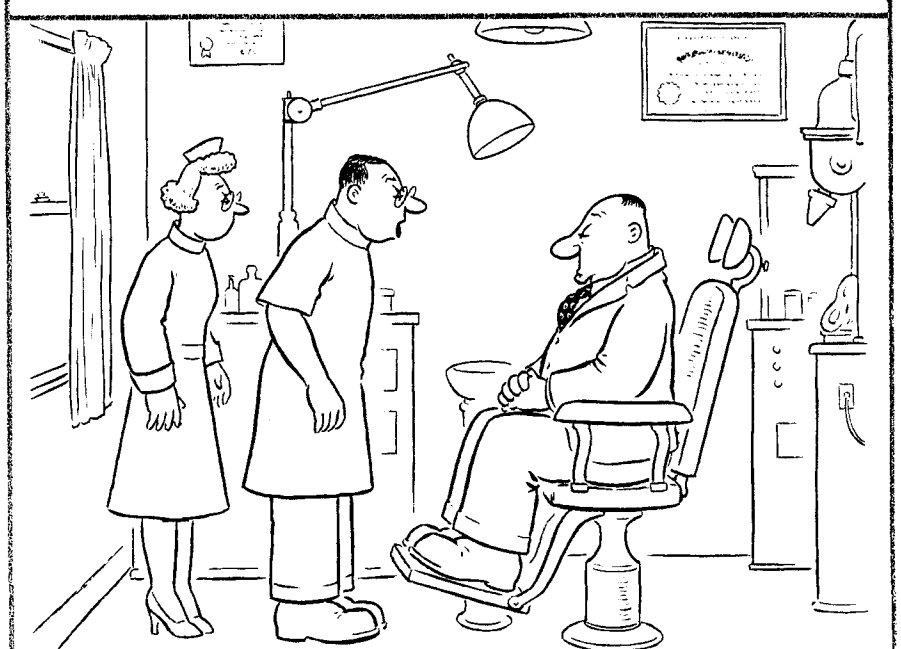
"Well, it's the money he got from the other women he killed, isn't it?"

Ada started on another chocolate.

"What if it is?" she ended loudly. "Who's got a better right to that money than I have, I should like to know?"

THE END

ALFRED by FOSTER HUMFREVILLE



"There was positively no sense in coming to have your teeth examined, Alfred, if you're going to sit there and refuse to open your mouth"

COLLIER'S

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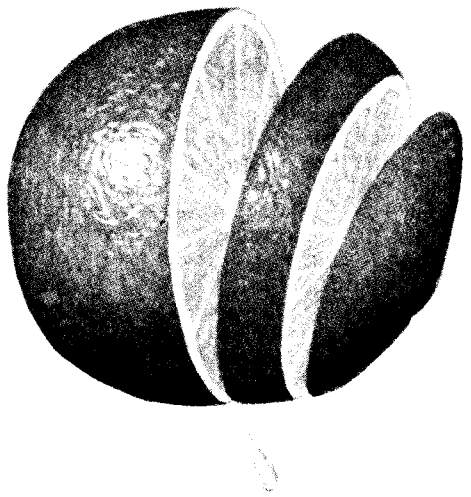

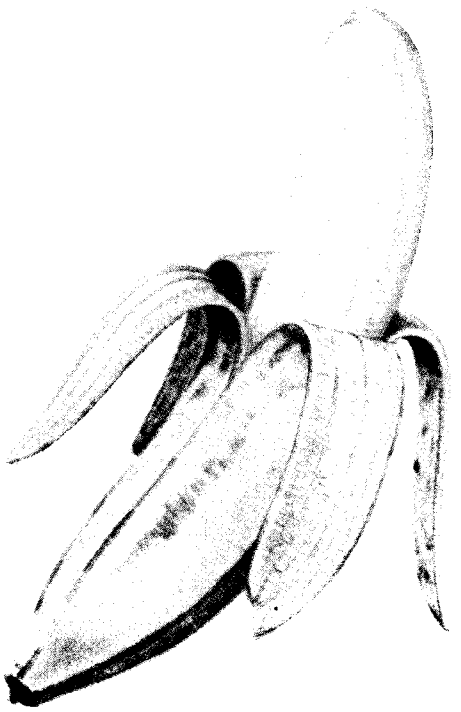

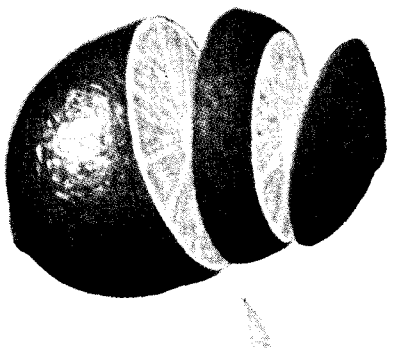

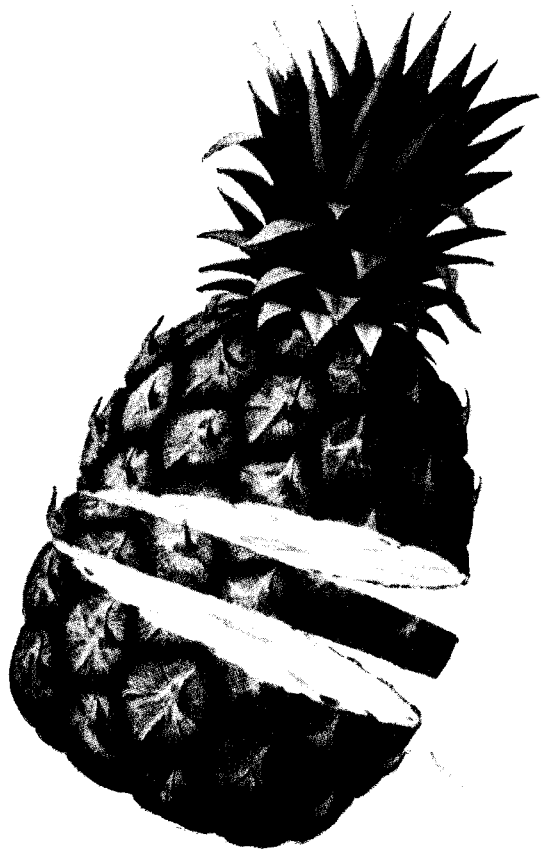

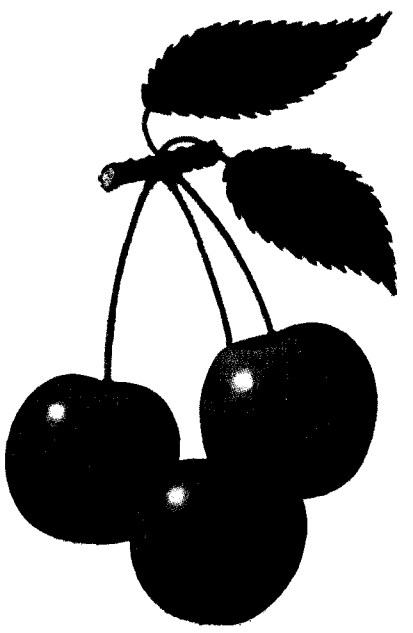

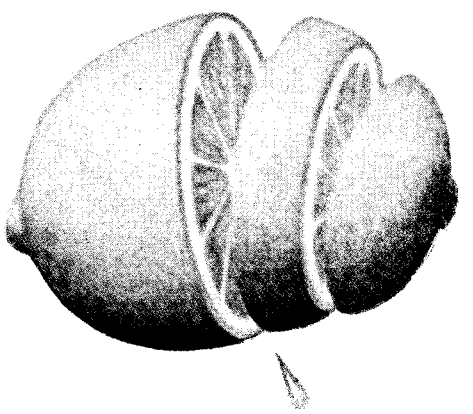

Question: Which one of these fruit flavors don't you get when you get this

Answer: Yes - we have no bananas!

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Continued from page 34

"Marty, aren't you ready to eat?"

"Soon as I put the baby down. Go ahead, I'll be right there."

"Pa," persisted Ora, "if it *was* the worst winter, wouldn't that mean there was more snow?"

"Been too cold to make any difference, Ora. Thaws too slow." Joly Hazen spooned a soft mass of beans onto his plate.

"But when it *does* melt, there'd be more water and the river'd be higher. Wouldn't it, Pa?"

"Look, Francie. Stands to reason, don't it, that teacher's been here one, maybe two years. All she knows about rivers is what she reads in books. Now, I lived around here all my life—we lived right here, right in this very house ten years now. This old river can't fool me."

Francie considered, buttering a slice of bread. "How many times we had to go?"

"Well, let's see. Three times, I guess. M-mm, three."

"Four." Marty sat down, reached across the table and put half the chunk of butter on the side of Ora's plate back on the butter dish.

"That's right. Four, if you count that time we were gone just part of a night. Water didn't really chase us out that time—didn't do any hurt."

"No hurt at all, Pa?"

"Oh, little mud on the floors maybe. Nothing much."

Marty silently crushed a boiled potato under her fork, salted it, poured on some milk. She stared into her plate, listening to the talk.

"If the ice went all at once, then maybe we'd have some cause to worry. But warm days and cold nights—the snow and ice'll go slow. Water hasn't come up any to speak of today, has it?"

"No," she said. "No, not much."

AFTER Joly was in bed Marty stood at the bedroom window watching the river, the strip of water blacker in the moonlight.

"Joly, when you going to look for another place to live? The water's come in a good five feet since noon. How long we going to have to worry, worry every spring, never know whether we'll have a house after the ice goes out?"

"Oh, Marty, you worry too much. You said yourself at supper the water hasn't come up much."

"You think I want the kids never to sleep at night? Bad enough to think about it by daylight. Joly, I can't stand it another time. Last year, and the year before. Yes, and all the years before that, you said we'd go. You've always said, ever since we came here, it was just for a while, just till we could find another place."

"It's money, Marty. Most of all it's money. It costs money to get another house, to move."

"It costs money to lose everything you own. We will someday, too. Look, just look at that river creeping up out there, just look at it. Makes my skin crawl to see it reaching out, makes me sick to my stomach to think about that black filth over everything. The floors, you said. The beds, the blankets, the mattresses, you should have said. All the clothes. All the food spoiled, the cans broken, all full of filth." She turned around and sat down on the bed beside him, thin under her nightgown. "Joly, please. Please, this time. Please, Joly."

He looked up at her. "All right, Marty. All right. Tomorrow, right after work, I'll look. But don't talk about it—" He laughed suddenly and pulled her down to him. . . .

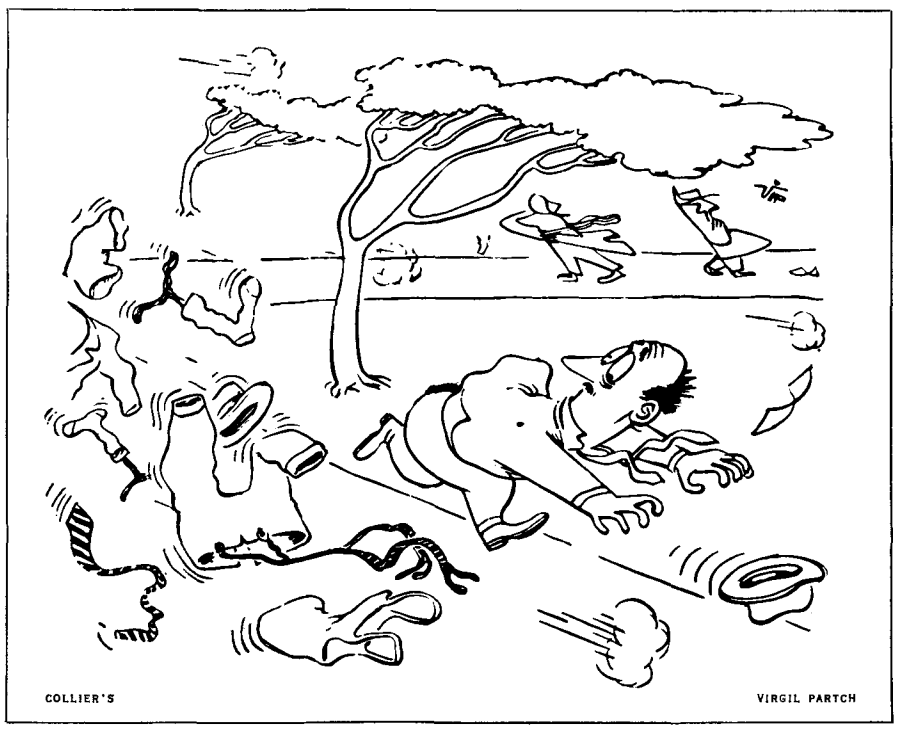
When the alarm burned through the darkness she automatically put out her hand and silenced it, then lay back with her eyes closed for a moment. The rest of the house was dark and silent and damp. She got up and looked in the baby's crib—he was wet, of course, but sleeping. She moved to the window, shivering in the thin stale air of the heatless house. The water lay, smooth and dead-looking, about six feet away, only a little blacker than the ice and the earth. She stared into it, as into the eyes of a lone enemy, for a long time. In the kitchen, she built a fire and put on coffee; then she dressed and woke Joly.

"The water's up a lot, Joly."

"It won't come much higher."

"Joly, you haven't even looked at it."

"I've seen this river all my life, Marty. There's no danger this year. Now don't worry. It's melting slow. The ice isn't breaking up. Next year we won't be here,



COLLIER'S VIRGIL PARTCH

and this year we won't flood out. So for God's sake, don't worry."

After Joly left the house, she took up the baby and changed him, then laid him on the bed and went to the window again. She could swear the water was nearer now. Or was it only that it looked so, in the daylight? She opened the window and wrapped the baby in a blanket, holding him up in her arms and letting the fresh morning flow over them both. She could hear a robin, somewhere out of sight, and the crows were gathered on the ice again. Suddenly a new sound crept into her consciousness, a grinding, grating sound that froze her whole body.

Out in the middle of the river a roughness appeared, like piled gray snow, moving in a flat belt, moving faster, wider. She watched it, fascinated, listening to the river ice grind itself to death. Then, as though coming out of a hypnotic sleep, she stared around her at the room, the child, the river. She shuddered and walked quickly through the kitchen, through the front room, to the other bedroom.

"Francie, get up. Don't go back to sleep. Don't ask any questions—get up and get dressed."

She went back to the front room where Ora was asleep on the couch, the blanket dragging on the floor, his brown legs and arms, smooth and round under the gray underwear, flung wide. She shook his shoulder. "Ora, get up. Hurry. You've got to help." The boy sighed and buried his head in the pillow, rolling on his side. She felt anger pour over her, anger at the careless sleep of the children, the helplessness of the baby.

"Ora!" She shook him harder, pulling him partly off the couch. "Ora, wake up. Wake up and get dressed!" She waited only until she saw him dazedly pulling his pants on, then she went back to the bedroom and put the baby in the crib. He's wet again, she thought, he's always wet. Outside the window the ice was moving faster now, its roar filling her ears like solid substance. The water had moved in beyond her line of vision. Leaning out, she saw the black line licking the edge of the house, and she closed the window quickly. Then she pulled the blankets off the bed into a heap and carried them to the other bedroom. Francie was tying her shoes.

"Take the blankets, yours and Ora's, and all the clothes up in the attic. Don't do anything but just drop them there. Hurry, Francie! The river's coming up—we'll have to go again."

Ora stood in the doorway, rubbing his eyes. "The river, Ma?"

"Yes. Don't ask questions. Go up the ladder and take all the things we give you. Just take them. Ora, *move!*" They were not children at all, they were wooden dolls on strings; she must make them move, she must jerk on the strings over and over again. They were only wooden dolls who understood nothing of hills and rivers and loneliness. She must think for them, and she must think alone.

She put clothes for the baby, and his bottle, in a paper bag. Then she carried armfuls of glass jars from the pantry to the bedroom, handing them to Ora on the ladder. He dropped one, a jar of beets, as he set it down on the attic floor, and the juice dripped down like blood. He began to cry, ashamed of breaking the jar, and afraid of the river. She felt the anger mounting again, then she thought: He's only a little boy. I've got to remember he's only a little boy. He's doing the best he can. She said, "Don't cry, Ora. We'll be all right."

Francie asked, "Will we go to Aunt Fran's again, Ma?" No, to the hills, back to the hills, she wanted to say, but she answered, "I suppose so. Yes, we'll go to Aunt Fran's." She remembered now that there wasn't any other place.

In the pantry, Francie suddenly called, "Ma! There's water coming through the floor! Ma!"

"We'll go now," said Marty. She wrapped the baby quickly, while the children put on their coats.

As they closed the door behind them, water crept through the kitchen floor. Outside, jagged cakes of ice crashed against the back walls of the house. "Ma, let's hurry," begged Ora.

They moved up the wet road, and Francie turned and walked backward, looking at the house. "Ma, there's water part way up to the—"

"All right, Francie. All right. Come on." She remembered suddenly that the mattresses were still on the beds. It will take days to dry them out, she thought.

They reached the main road and stopped for a moment, looking back. "Ora," said Marty, "go and find your father. Tell him we had to go, we're at Aunt Fran's. Then go to school. But find Pa first." He ran off, important to himself and glad to be free of them, and she was glad to see him go.

"Ma, have I got to go to school today?" Francie kicked at a stone.

"Of course. Why not?" Suddenly she wanted to say, "No, don't go—stay with me." To have a wooden child is better than to be alone.

"I just wondered. Maybe I could help with the baby."

"You can carry his bag of things to Aunt Fran's with me, then go to school. Come on, now. The baby hasn't eaten." As she said it, she realized that she hadn't eaten either, none of them had, she'd sent Ora to school without any breakfast. Back in the house the coffeepot was still on the stove.

Along the road, toward the village, they joined others, all looking curiously alike. They had, except the babies, all traveled this April Road before.

"Ma," said Francie slowly, "I thought Pa said we wouldn't have to go this time. Pa did say that, didn't he? He said it was a slow thaw, and the water wouldn't come up bad. Didn't he say that, Ma?"

Marty looked down at her daughter, and felt a sudden desire to share her knowledge, like a warning. "Yes, he said that. But—" It was a terrible thing to betray a man to his children. "But, Francie, Pa's not always right. Things don't always happen just as Pa says. He *means* for them to happen. He *thinks* they'll happen, but he don't always know. Do you see how it is, Francie? Pa *means* good; things just don't happen like he plans. Do you see?" But she could see that Francie didn't understand—she shouldn't have tried to explain how it was with people like Joly.

THE river went down, two days later, and Joly Hazen's family went back down the road, Joly carrying the baby, Ora scuffling beside him. Marty, her eyes dark with defeat, walked behind with Francie. "Goin' home, goin' home to the river," sang Ora tunelessly, over and over.

Joly laughed. "Yeah, goin' home, Ora. We fooled it again. Every time that old river tries to drive us out, we fool it. Maybe someday we'll have another house, but it won't be the river that drove us out. That old river don't scare us none, does it?"

Francie moved closer to Marty, almost, but not quite, touched her hand. Then she whispered to her, and Marty smiled suddenly, smiled so that even the remote, defeated places behind her eyes was warmed. They walked on then, silently, their hands nearly touching. And in her ears, as she faced the river, Marty heard the whispered words saying themselves over and over, filling the emptiness: "When I'm big we'll never go back to the river, Ma. When I'm big I'll get us a new house—a house on a high, high hill."

THE END

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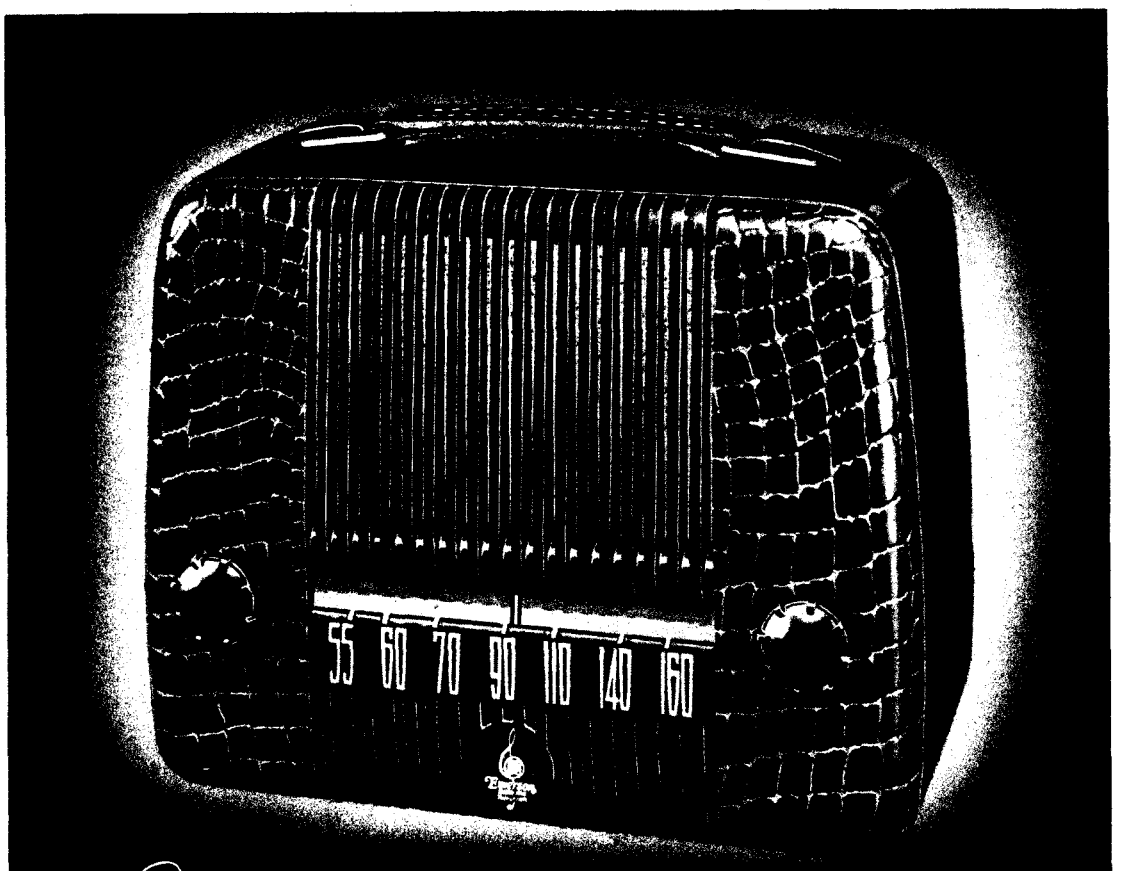

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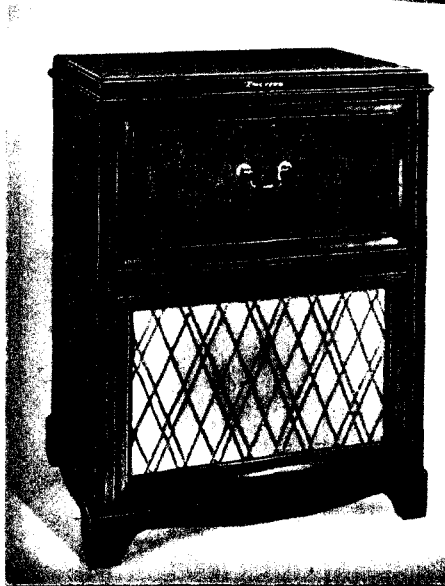

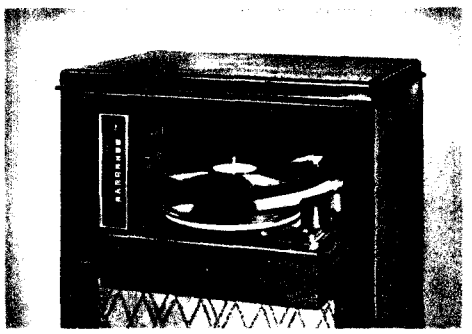

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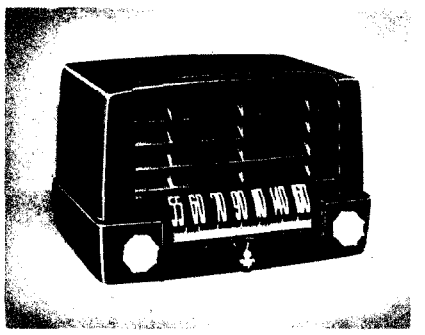

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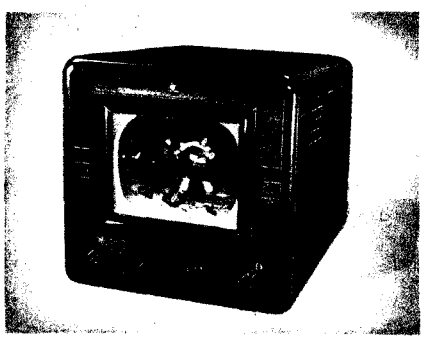

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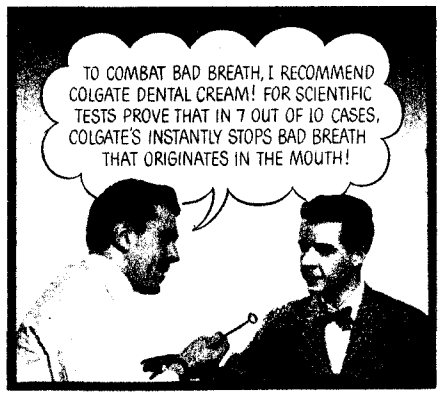
NO YOU DON'T! SIS SAYS NO DATES—TILL YOU SEE YOUR DENTIST ABOUT BAD BREATH! SO WHY DON'T YOU SEE HIM, DICK?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Always use COLGATE DENTAL CREAM *after you eat and before every date*

MADAM PRESIDENT

Continued from page 28

below she could see the lights of the boats on the East River and the sweep of the Queensboro Bridge. She adjusted the night light and sat down beside the high, sanitary hospital bed. He looked cold and, well, terribly alone. She felt lonely, too, and tired.

Arthur stirred in his sleep and moaned. She moved the chair closer and took his hand in hers. After a while her head nodded and inclined toward the pillowcase. It was very restful. She closed her eyes.

He stirred slightly. His left shoulder was beginning to throb and his whole right arm felt warm and heavy. A steady sound aroused him and he turned his head carefully, so as to avoid stretching the wound. His eyes widened as he realized that the sound consisted of a diminutive and definitely friendly snore. Then he noticed the head on the pillow beside him. With a sense of startled tenderness, he gave one deep sigh.

"Smith!" he muttered and fell sound asleep.

At midnight, the special looked in at her patient. She had crossed to the bed before she noticed that there were two heads—one sandy brown and one flaming red—on the pillow.

"Oh-oh!" she thought.

Then she touched the patient's cheek. It was cool and he seemed to be sleeping naturally—no fever. Well, if that was the way it was, that was the way it was. She'd darn' well better see they snapped out of it before the six-o'clock inspection.

DAWN was fingering the windows and the lights were paling over the river when Urn opened his eyes again. It wasn't a dream: She was still there.

"Smith!" he whispered.

Her breathing became uneven and she burrowed her head deeper into the pillow.

"Smith!" he repeated.

She opened her eyes and looked up at him.

"Why did you do it?" he asked.

"I'm so comfortable. Do what?"

"Did you have to shoot me?" he asked. "I would have come along quietly."

"Shoot you!" she exclaimed indignantly. "I was walking down Fifth Avenue, minding my own business, and the next thing I knew, there you were—shot! Ouch!" she added. "I'm stiff!"

He tightened his grip on her hand.

"Let me go!" she ordered. "I don't want to compromise you with the nurse."

"Only if you kiss me first," he said.

She disengaged herself gently, so as not to disturb his shoulder, leaned over and kissed him on the lips.

"Gosh!" he said. "Gosh!"

"That's more than you deserved," she told him.

"Look here, did you sit up all night, holding my hand? That must be love."

Mary giggled. "More like sheer foolishness," she said. "My arm's still asleep."

He took her hand again and kissed it. "Say, what happened to me, anyhow, if you didn't bop me?"

"Let go! It was just the G-men," she told him. "They thought you were a kidnaper and plugged you. If you'd only keep your shoulder out of trouble, I'd take you to the city hall and nail you down."

The special came in and looked at them very tactfully.

"Good morning, Mr. Urn," she said. She had a pleasant smile and a dimple. "How's the shoulder? I hope you slept well."

"Fine!" both answered in unison, then looked at each other and laughed. The nurse laughed, too.

"Ouch!" Arthur complained. "It hurts when you make me laugh like that, Smith. Clear out and get your face fixed before the doctor comes. Miss—" He looked inquiringly at the special.

"Talbot," she said. "Annie Talbot."

"Miss Talbot has to do things to me, I guess. Anyhow you don't look therapeutic. The doctors wouldn't approve of that, would they, nurse?"

"You'd be surprised," the special replied enigmatically, "but if I don't get you washed and ready for inspection, there will be trouble."

There was a tap on the door.

"Is your patient presentable, Miss Talbot?" the night nurse asked. "We have a visitor."

"Visitor!" The special was horrified. "It's not six yet. He isn't even ready for inspection. He can't see visitors yet."

"He'll see this one," the night nurse said. "The superintendent says it's the President of the United States."

"Omigosh!" Urn exclaimed. "Smith, why didn't you at least fix your hair?"

"Arthur! How *are* you?"

It was Miranda, slightly dazed as only a Pullman passenger can be after an overnight run to New York.

"Hail to the Chief!" he said. "You shouldn't have come, Madam President. I'm really all right. Smith and Miss Talbot are taking good care of me. I'll be back on the job—"

"When do I get to do that rope-skipping you made me practice?"

COLLIER'S — BO BROWN

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"It's refreshing to see people that get such pleasure out of simple things"

COLLIER'S — GUSTAV LUNDBERG

"Mary!" Miranda looked at her private secretary, whose face was an open and rather charming book.

Mary crossed the room, put her arms around the President and gave her a hug that nearly cracked two of the Chief Executive's ribs.

"I'm so glad!" Miranda gasped.

"Smith!" Urn ordered. "Let her go before you smash her. Yes, Madam President, we're both of us all right. And we're going to be married as soon as—"

"Why, you never even asked me!" Mary protested.

Mrs. Bruce then showed her sense of executive judgment. "I'm so happy for both of you," she said. "Now, Arthur, I'm taking Mary back to the hotel for breakfast with me and we'll leave you with Miss Talbot. No, don't worry. I'll send Mary back to you a little later, but I'm sure the hospital will have to take charge for a while. And don't worry about the office. I'll be back in Washington this noon and you are not to think about anything except getting well as fast as you can."

On the drive back to the Ritz-Carlton, Miranda said nothing. She simply held Mary's hand tightly, while the motorcycle police escort scattered the traffic, awoke the sleepers and raced through red lights. In fact, it wasn't until after they both had had a bath and breakfast that the President turned to Mary.

"What on earth happened?" she asked. "There was almost no news about it and it wasn't until the ten-o'clock broadcast last night that I heard he had been shot. So I took the first train."

"It was the F.B.I.," Mary explained. "Miranda, you'll simply have to do something about them. They thought Arthur was a Communist or a kidnaper and they shot him in the shoulder."

The President frowned. "Oh, dear!" she said. "That's why they kept it off the air so long. Have you seen the morning paper? Wait, I'll read it to you.

"Here it is: After prolonged questioning at F.B.I. headquarters, Special Agent Robert I. Muggins of St. Louis, Missouri, satisfied federal authorities that the discharge of his weapon was entirely accidental.

"A man in the crowd jostled his arm as he was keeping Mr. Urn covered as protection against possible Communist kidnapers and caused him to fire one shot, Muggins said. He was unable to give a description of the individual responsible for the accident.

"Regional Director Laurence Halburt announced that he was satisfied that no legitimate criticism could be brought against Muggins or the Bureau and expressed his belief that the medical authorities at Metropolitan Hospital described Mr. Urn's wound as superficial."

Mary considered carefully.

"I don't believe it," she declared. "They nearly killed him by sheer stupidity and now they're lying. Miranda, you've simply got to do something about it."

The President hesitated. "I'll take it up with Alex—" she began.

"Alex?" asked Mary. "Oh!" and was startled to see the Presidential cheeks mantle faintly.

"The Secretary of State," Miranda amended. "He's handling our relations with Congress during this fight for the Human Rights Bill. It's going to be difficult because the F.B.I. is sort of a sacred cow with the newspapers. Perhaps he can use this so as to help pass the bill. We're facing strong opposition on that, as you know."

"Do you trust Mr. Harrison?" her secretary inquired. "I mean, he's a politician and—"

Miranda remained silent for a long moment. "Yes," she answered at last, "I trust *him*. I think he's fundamentally decent though he still has a lot of little-boy smartness. He is a nice man."

Mary smiled. "I agree," she said, "a very nice man. Are you sure it will be all right for me to stay here until Arthur's really better?"

The President relaxed. "That's perfectly all right, dear. Minnie Oglala will help handle my personal correspondence until you get back, and first thing when I reach Washington I'll see that something is done about the F.B.I."

WHILE Senator Huntoon was finishing his breakfast, he wondered what Harrison wanted to see him about that was so confidential that the Secretary of State insisted on talking about the weather until the maid had withdrawn.

"Well, A.H.?" he asked, when the domestic coast was clear. "Go ahead. There are no dictagraphs here."

The Secretary of State lighted a cigarette, leaned back and considered the impassive, aristocratic figure across the breakfast table.

"How's the Human Rights Bill going, Jim?" he asked.

Huntoon frowned. "It's a close fight," he said. "I don't know whether we can beat it, even though it's not offered as a Party issue. What I'm aiming at is to pass it in such shape that the courts will knock it out, and you can tell Madam Miranda that from me."

Harrison grinned. "We can beat it on the floor of the Senate, Jim," he told the boss. "I've got the winning cards."

The senator's eyebrows climbed slightly toward his silvery hair. "I thought you were managing the bill for the President, A.H.," Huntoon observed. "Are you planning to cross her?"

"I'm planning to beat this bill, Jim," the Secretary of State told him. "Mi-

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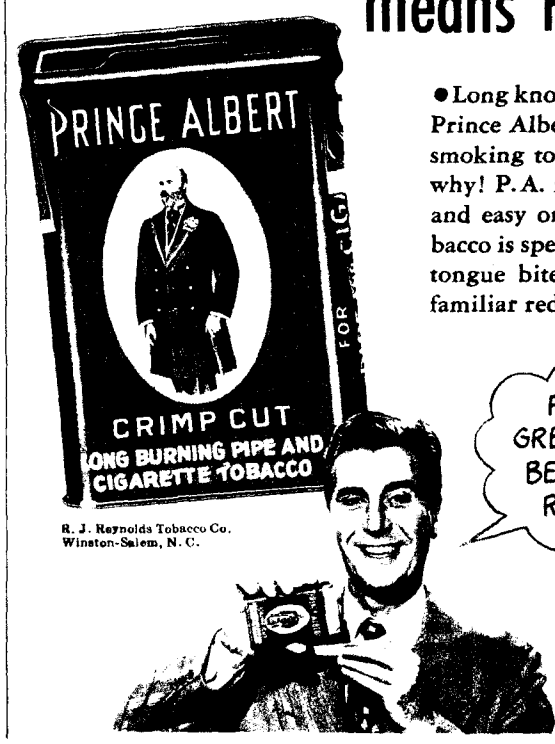

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randa or no Miranda, the country's not ready for it."

"How will you do it? The Senate's split eighteen ways on Human Rights, whatever they are."

"It's this F.B.I. shooting of young Urn. The President wants a special investigation by the Senate Judiciary Committee. You've seen the editorials, haven't you?"

Huntoon nodded. "Damn' pack of radicals!" he commented frigidly. "But how does that help?"

The Secretary of State snorted. "Elementary, my dear Watson. It gives us a trading point. There are two kinds of investigations possible. One will look into the shooting and whitewash the F.B.I., with maybe a slap on the wrist for the guy that fired the gun. The other will shoot the works and turn out the F.B.I. files. You know as well as I do that there are at least a dozen senators who wouldn't feel happy about *that*. Their own records aren't so pure and they'd be afraid to take the lid off. Now, my idea is to pass the word that we'll investigate the F.B.I. nicely, so that nobody gets hurt, if they vote against the Human Rights Bill. Otherwise, we'll go to town and dig up the records on members of Congress."

Huntoon studied the Secretary of State with some surprise. "So you're going to double-cross Ma Bruce on her bill and on the investigation, too? Using one to do the other? Is that it?"

Harrison blew a puff of smoke toward the chandelier. "You can put it that way if you like, Jim," he agreed. "Anyhow, that's the way I propose to handle it. If you'd rather not get mixed up in my end of things, I'll tackle it myself."

The boss nodded. "That ought to do it, A.H.," he agreed. "I'll handle Mangoon, though, and see that the Senate gets the point. How will you keep the White House from catching on to the game? I hear that you and Ma Bruce are pretty cozy these days."

"Don't believe everything you hear in this town, Jim," the Secretary of State advised him. "I suppose those snappy little Secret Service girls have been blabbing. Listen! At Chicago you asked me to string along with Mrs. Bruce and I didn't. Well, now I see the point. This way I know every move she's making, and half the time she asks me to make them for her. Old Cadwallader was right about the way to handle her. You catch more flies with the old applesauce."

Huntoon leaned back and thoughtfully lighted a slender cigar. "And then what?" he inquired. "You still figure that you can drive her out and take over yourself? She's a stubborn witch, you know!"

Harrison considered carefully. "Politics is a tough game, Jim," he admitted. "I'm not forgetting what happened at Chicago. It shouldn't have happened to a dog. The White House ought to sing bass these days. Sopranos belong on the radio."

The boss smiled. "We'll have to do some planning on this operation. First of all, let's kill this damned socialistic bill of hers. Federalization of motherhood! Who'd have thought there'd be so much support for a crazy notion like that? Why, it would cost billions!"

IT WAS typical of Jim Huntoon that, after Harrison had left for the State Department, his first move was to telephone Judge Cadwallader and Secretary Nearing and arrange for a conference that same morning. The other two members of the Old Guard Triumvirate responded like fire horses, and the senator outlined Harrison's plan for defeating the Administration program.

"I don't like it, Jim," Cadwallader ruled somberly. "I fear the Greeks even when they bear gifts. Governor Harrison will never forgive you for that Chicago business. On the face of it, he's untrustworthy, since he admits that he's betraying the President's confidence in his loyalty to her."

"That screwy dame!" snarled Nearing. "Jim, I usually go along with the judge here, but this time I think we'd be smart to play it Harrison's way. We've got the goods on him now and we can blow him higher than a kite at the White House any time you say. We got to kill that cockeyed bill of hers, and this way we can kill off Harrison, too, if he don't play ball."

Huntoon leaned forward. "You see, Judge, we really have no choice. Harrison is ready to use this F.B.I. angle in any case, and it would be effective. The Senate is closely divided on the bill right now, and some of our amendments might be beaten unless he can swing three or four votes our way. Anyhow, I told Harrison I'd go ahead with his plan."

Nearing whistled appreciatively. Once again, he had successfully figured the way the boss' mind would work and had given the right answer.

Judge Cadwallader sighed. "Very well, Senator," he agreed. "It's your decision and I understand why you made it. I still believe you'd be wise to put no trust in Governor Harrison. If he would betray the President, he'd betray you."

"Who ever said anything about trusting him, Bernie?" the boss asked coolly. "He has his price. He wants to be President. If we can force Mrs. Bruce to step out, he'll take over, but this way we'll have a record on him that will make him keep in step once he's in the White House, if we let him get there. *If*," he repeated significantly.

After Cadwallader gloomily withdrew, Nearing turned expectantly to the powerful senator.

"So what now, Jim?" he asked.

"So we take that woman out of the White House," Huntoon told him. "We've got her and Harrison split now. We use him to smash her and use her to smash him and then we take over."

Nearing heaved himself to his feet. "Okay," he agreed. "What do you want me to do next?"

"Just keep a line on Ma Bruce through the Secret Service, Bill," Huntoon advised. "We've got to know what's going on in the White House. As the judge said, Harrison could be trying to double-cross us too."

"I'd sure like to see anybody double-cross Jim Huntoon," the Secretary of the Treasury chortled. "I'll tell Flynn to keep in touch with those gal operatives of his. Say," he added, "there's an idea. Why don't we get Clyde Morrow to start using the F.B.I. on Congress? Like Harrison told you, they're scared of G-men. We ought to get something on every Opposition so-and-so up there and make 'em sing for their supper."

Huntoon gave him a wintry smile. "It's an idea," he agreed, "but don't say anything to Clyde just now."

"You're the doctor," said the corpulent Nebraskan, with feudal fervor.

THE United States Senate was engaged in its final debate on the Human Rights Bill, and the floor was firmly held by Senator Justin Crossman, wheel horse of the Huntoon machine in the Senate.

"And then, Mistah President, I think of my beloved mothah who birthed nine young 'uns—and I was the ninth, Mistah President—without a-turning to Uncle Sam for his advice and consent. She was a God-fearing, hard-working woman, Mistah President . . ."

"Will the senator yield for a question?"

"My beloved mothah was—"

"His beloved mother scratched fleas with her hind legs," an A.P. girl muttered over her copy paper.

"Sh! Nellie," I.N.S. was indignant. "You can't insult dogs that way."

Arthur Urn slipped into place in the press gallery beside Charlie Bascom, his replacement in the Washington Record bureau.

"When are they voting, Charlie?"

"Five o'clock. Unanimous consent. Let's get out of here for a bit. A little Crossman goes a long way."

Leaving the senator braying inexorably onward—his maternal ancestor had just been laid to rest in a humble little burial ground in the piny woods, and Uncle Sam had not been asked to dig her grave—they withdrew to the press gallery lounge.

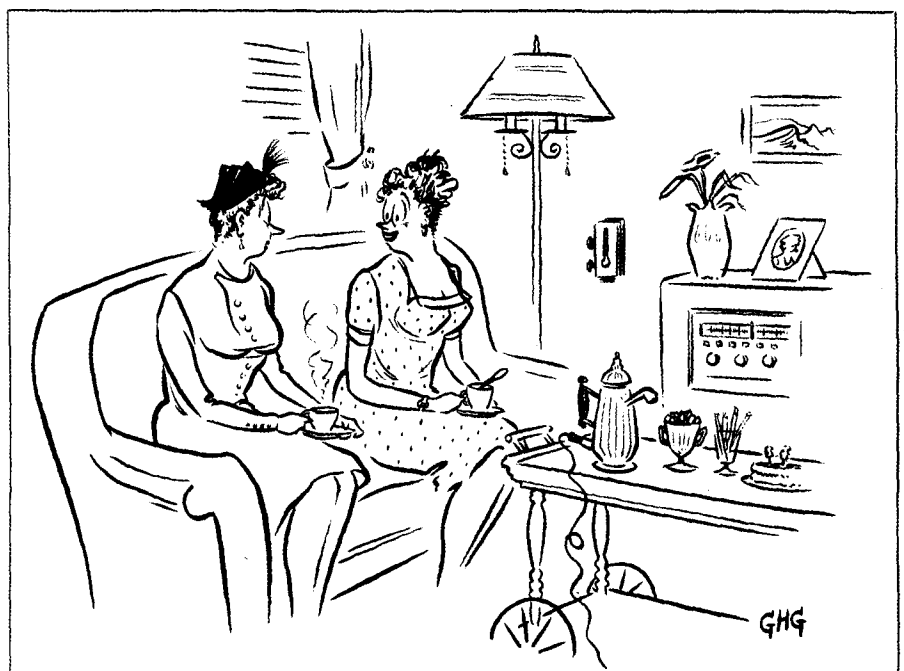
"How's the shoulder, Art?" asked Bascom. "Still hurting you?"

"It itches more than it aches but I can't say that it bothers me much. The doctor says it ought to be completely healed in a couple of weeks."

"And then you get hitched?"

Urn nodded.

"First time I ever heard that the shoulder blade was essential to a honeymoon," Bascom observed. "However, yours seems to have been a national issue. Hell, that shooting cost your boss about three votes on this Human Rights Bill. You see, 'Mistah President,' we can't have our Chief Executive casting asparagus at the F.B.I., though I liked that bit in the investigation when Muggins said that Karl Marx was the author of the



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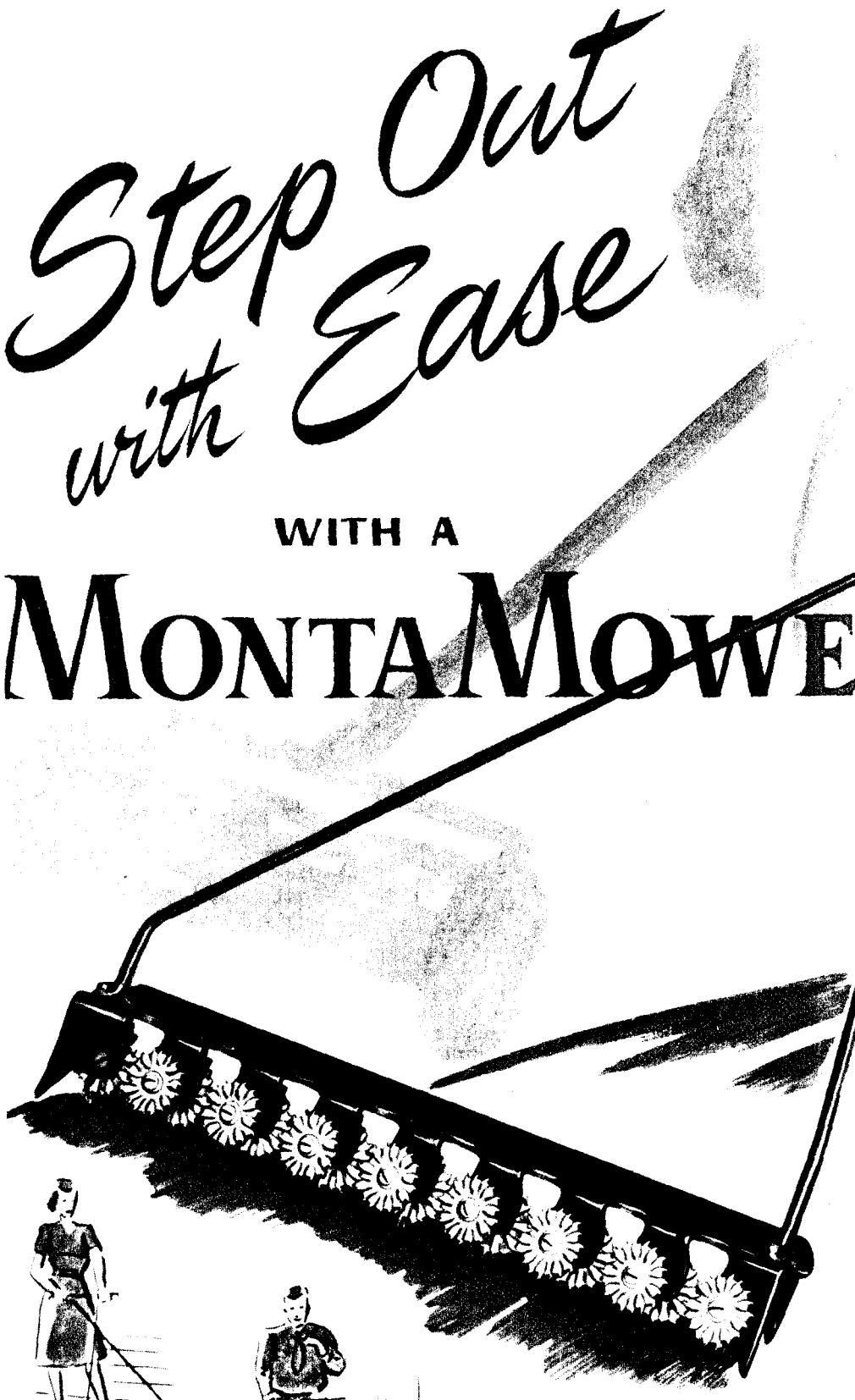

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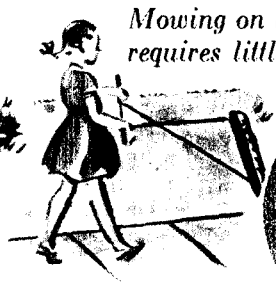

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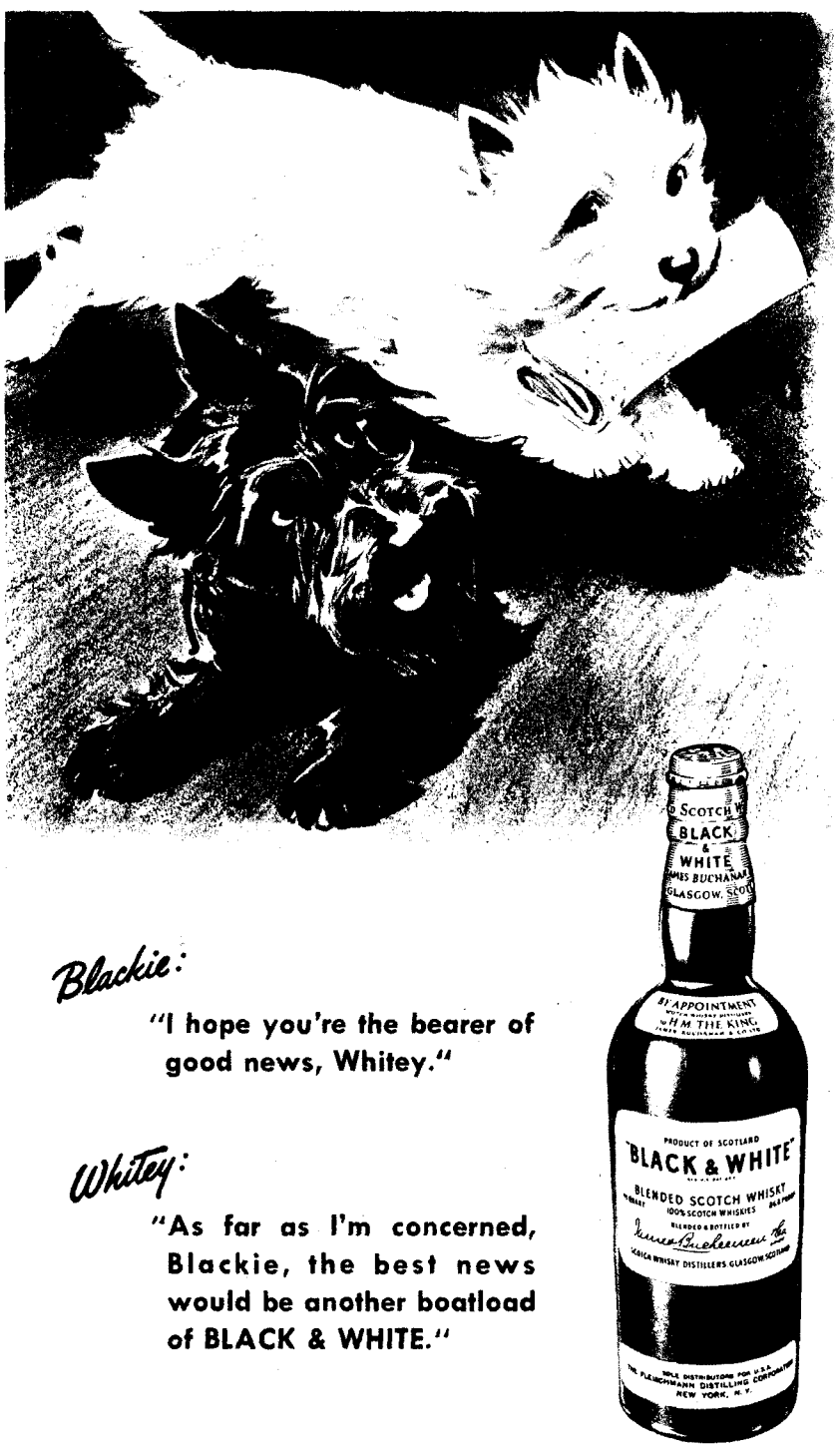

Blackie:

"I hope you're the bearer of good news, Whitey."

Whitey:

"As far as I'm concerned, Blackie, the best news would be another boatload of BLACK & WHITE."

"BLACK & WHITE"

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New Masses. Why did Miranda fall for that line of attack? Doesn't she know that Congress loves its G-men?"

Urn stretched his legs and lighted a cigarette.

"That was Harrison's advice," he said. "If I'd known about it, I would have stopped it. As you say, it lost us votes. What's the final count going to be, not that it matters much now?"

The door to the press gallery swung open on a legislative bellow—"No, Mistah President, you shall not press this crown of bureaucratic thorns upon the brow of American mothahhood."

THE Record correspondent frowned. "It will be close, Art, but it's dead," he replied. "They've got it loaded down with so many amendments that it rattles every time you touch it. The word's out that there's to be a Byrnes-Clark clincher after the final roll call. That buries it for the session."

Urn made a rude noise with his lips.

Bascom grinned. "Me, too, Art, but that's the way it is. Hell, it was a good bill when it started. Even a newspaperman could afford to raise a family under that setup. About all that's left of the Human Rights Bill now is the title. They aren't even fighting any more."

"I still don't see what happened to it," Urn objected. "We were sitting pretty a couple of weeks ago."

"Well, here's the way I got it from a pal of mine in Justice. There was a good chance that it would pass, without these fool amendments, until Ma Bruce raised a stink about the F.B.I. That did it."

Urn frowned. "I still don't get it," he said.

Bascom paused. "Well, Art, I don't like to repeat anything I can't prove, but you've asked for it and here it is: The dope is that Harrison passed the word to kill the Human Rights Bill and used the F.B.I. angle to do it. Now I can't prove it and I won't tell you where I got it, but it looks like Brother Harrison is Brother Rat."

"Harrison!" Urn exclaimed. "Why, he's been managing Miranda's fight *for* the bill!"

Bascom nodded. "And selling her down the river at the same time. At least that's the way I hear it."

The White House press secretary considered this one. "Man!" he burst out. "If that's the case, then the President's in a bad spot."

"A bad spot?" Bascom whistled. "Art, your boss is in deadly peril. These boys play rough and they're out to get her out of the White House. Down at the Press Club the odds are two to one that she'll be out before the Fourth of July."

The A.P. girl reeled out of the press gallery, sat down beside them and observed that Crossman always made her carsick and how was Mary.

"She's fine, Nellie," Urn assured her. "She's up in New York getting some stuff to be married in."

"She's a swell girl," Nellie announced. "Say, Charlie, why's the Record been bucking this Human Rights idea? Since they practically nominated Mrs. Bruce, they ought to play ball with her."

Charlie Bascom gave her a playful nudge. "The Record, my gal, believes in Human Rights to the limit but it believes still more in the rights of the guy who holds our notes. Besides which, it was Arthur here and not our paper that put Miranda over. That's how he gets to be press secretary and shot."

"'Nuff said," the A.P. girl agreed. "Well, an aspirin and a bulletin and I'm back for more Crossman. Say, Charlie, what's a Byrnes-Clark clincher? I'm too young to know these things, Grandpa. It doesn't sound decent."

Bascom tried to look venerable and failed. "That was a parliamentary trick used by Jimmy Byrnes and Bennett Clark in the thirties to bury dead legislation. It makes it technically impossible for the Senate to do another blamed thing on the subject until the next Congress. First you lick the bill, then you move to reconsider the bill, and then you table the motion to reconsider the bill. Then everybody walks out, takes a snort and goes home rejoicing."

A large electric bell began ringing urgently. "There's the vote, Art," Bascom said. "Want to come and view the remains? The plan was to have Crossman hold the floor until time was up and I guess he did. American womanhood can last that guy a decade."

The A.P. girl slipped back into the press gallery and the men followed.

The roll call went like other senatorial functions—loud, dignified and almost entirely irrelevant. The galleries, packed with depressed G.I.s and gleeful spotters for the lobbyists, watched while the Human Rights Bill was defeated by a vote of 42 to 37.

When the final tally was complete, Huntoon was on his feet. "Mr. President, I move to reconsider," he stated.

Senator Crossman was recognized.

"Mistah President, I move to table the motion!"

"All those in favor say, 'Aye!' contrary, 'No!' The ayes have it."

Just like clockwork. The gavel banged and the Senate recessed. The Human Rights Bill was dead and buried.

UP AND OUT 'EM

Rarest social
Grace I know:
To say, "Goodby,"
Git up, and go.

—Ethel Jacobson

The little A.P. girl passed them with her sheaf of copy paper.

"Is that why there are revolutions, Grandpa?" she asked.

"That's it, Nellie," Bascom told her, "except that thanks to you and me and Art here, at least when he's a member of the working press, the country is spared the knowledge of what really goes on."

"Thanks for the fill-in, Charlie," Urn said. "See you in church!"

SENATOR HUNTOON was in his office under the dome of the Capitol, in conference with Bill Nearing, five minutes after the final roll call.

"Well, Bill, we did it!" he announced. "That knocks the bottom out of Ma Bruce in Congress. How are things at your end of the street?"

The Secretary of the Treasury gave a cavernous chuckle. "We're okay, Jim. Clyde Morrow and I have the Cabinet lined up to reopen her resignation whenever you give the word. A.H. is a bit balky, though."

The boss frowned. "You're the third man who's said that about Harrison," he said. "What game do *you* think he's playing? He delivered on the bill."

Nearing belched emphatically and shook his head. "For my money, he's trying to double-cross you, Jim."

The senator considered this one coolly. "Hard to tell yet," he stated.

Nearing poured himself a refill and sat down again.

"If you ask me, Jim, Harrison's just plain crazy to be President," he said. "He won't move on the resignation till he's good and sure that he'll step into her shoes. After all, she'd take his resignation in a minute if we told her that he'd double-crossed her. That would take him out of the picture. Guess he doesn't trust you any more than you trust him."

Huntoon suddenly came to his decision. The next move was clear.

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"Bill," he ordered. "I want you and Clyde to find out where A.H. really stands. He's the keyman right now. If we get Ma Bruce out he stands to take her job. He'd better play ball with us. Or else."

"Or else what?"

"Then you'll be it, Bill," the boss answered. "There have been worse Presidents than Bill Nearing."

Huntoon silently added that he could not, offhand, remember their names.

"So you want me to figure out A.H.? Okay. When I bring you the answers, what do we do, allowing that I'm right about him crossing you?"

Huntoon smiled. In the fading light from the west his face suddenly looked like a naked skull.

"We'll drive him out," the boss announced. "We'll use the F.B.I. to get the goods on him and he'll just naturally have to resign. And if that woman doesn't call for his resignation, it will be just another count against her if we start impeachment."

Nearing looked troubled. "I don't go for this impeachment stuff," he objected. "It will hurt the Party. Ma Bruce still stands awful well with Johnny Q. Public and it won't help us if we prosecute our own President. Hell, Jim, a lot of folks think she's on the level. Let's keep it clean and frame her."

Huntoon smiled his appreciation. "Got any ideas?"

The Secretary of the Treasury settled his bulk deep into the easy chair. "Yep," he announced. "Let's pull a man story on her, like the woman stories they pinned on Wilson. How about that military liaison of hers, General Shenck? He's in and out of the White House all the time."

The boss shook his head. "Good idea, Bill, but I've got a better one. How about starting a smear about her *and* Harrison? That way we'll take care of both of them. The American people don't like that kind of thing in the White House."

Nearing gazed at his master with frank admiration. "It's a natural, Jim!" . . .

After his regular morning press conference, Arthur Urn sat back and waited. Charlie Bascom had given him the high sign, so when the other White House correspondents left, the two Record graduates found themselves together.

"How'm I doin', Mom?" asked the White House press secretary.

"Okay," Bascom assured him. "If I didn't know better, Art, I'd think that Mrs. Bruce didn't really care about the Human Rights Bill. Now here's something red-hot. I told you about my contact in Justice, didn't I? Well, he passed on word that the deputy director of the F.B.I. wanted to see me, so I trotted down early this morning and was ushered right into the Presence—Eddie Burke himself. What do you think of that?"

Urn observed that it had never been exactly difficult to see a leading G-man, if you represented a large metropolitan newspaper.

"Well, Art," Bascom replied. "Here's one time you're wrong. Eddie did *not* want publicity. No, don't faint. He asked me to arrange for him to meet the Secretary of State, in some neutral corner where nobody would know about it. Ain't that something?"

"Did he have any idea where?"

BASCOM grinned. "He sort of suggested that your hotel rooms would be kind of away from listening-in devices and reporters. I could swear that he's worried as hell about something. Anyhow, he wants to see Harrison the worst way."

"What do you make of it, Charlie?" asked Urn. "My only contact with the F.B.I. put me in the hospital."

"Could be he wants to get right with your boss after that Muggins mess," Bascom suggested. "I hear he's given the New York outfit the very devil."

"Why would he come to me if he wants to see Harrison?" Urn asked.

"That's easy. Eddie's a cagey old coot and he doesn't want to go behind Miranda's lovely back. That's why he's using you as a messenger boy, with me as a witness. He could be trying to give her a break."

Since there was an automatic recorder on all White House phone calls, Urn did not call the State Department but strolled across to Harrison's office. The Secretary of State was able to see him right away, and the F.B.I. overture was explained to Harrison.

"Have you told the President about this, Arthur?" he asked.

"Not yet, sir. I wanted to see you before I made a report."

The Secretary of State got up and strolled over to the tall windows, to look out on the distant Potomac and the rabble of "temporary" wartime buildings.

"Wish you'd keep quiet about this," Harrison said at last. "At least until I've talked with Burke. Tell him I'll see him late this afternoon, about six. We'll meet in your place and you can be present for all I care."

Urn looked uncomfortable. In spite of his long Washington training, he was not good at hiding his feelings. "I'd feel happier if I told her about it first," he

"Now that you've bought the place—would you like to see it?"

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replied. "She's just taken a bad beating up on the Hill and from what I hear the F.B.I. was responsible for some of it."

Harrison studied the troubled young man. "What else did you hear?"

"There's a rumor that you double-crossed the President on the bill," the White House secretary replied. "And there's no doubt that she's in bad trouble. They're laying odds in the Press Club that she'll be out of office in July."

Harrison shook his head. "I wonder how that one started," he remarked. "Tell her if you like but I'd rather you trusted me on this one."

"Very well," Urn agreed after a long pause. "I'm trusting you and I don't even want to be present when you and Eddie get down to cases. I'll stay long enough to see that you get settled and know where the liquor is, and then I'll breeze. Good luck!"

A FEW hours later, the deputy director of the F.B.I. leaned back in Urn's easy chair and regarded the Secretary of State with interest. The latter was sprawled comfortably on the sofa, with a drink at his elbow.

"Mr. Secretary—" Burke began, when Harrison waved him to silence.

"I think I know what you're going to say, Mr. Director," Harrison interrupted, "and by the way, let's skip the Mr. Secretary, Mr. Director stuff. I'm Alex to my friends."

"Call me Eddie," said the F.B.I. man.

"Okay, Eddie," the Secretary continued. "You're going to tell me that the Attorney General has asked the F.B.I. to investigate one A. H. Harrison. Correct?"

"That's only part of it. What I really wanted to say first was that you've managed to get the bureau mixed up in politics and that's bad business."

"I never heard of any national police force that wasn't mixed up in national politics," Harrison observed, "except maybe Scotland Yard. But coming back to you, I had to use this Muggins business the way I did. After all, I blocked a full-dress investigation."

"We asked for trouble," the deputy director admitted. "I broke Larry Halburt right out of the service and shifted half the force in the New York office. They pulled a boner and made a mess by trying to cover up. It's shaken public confidence in the Bureau and it didn't help the President either."

"Right on both counts, Eddie," Harrison agreed. "It helped beat the Human Rights Bill. The President's too far ahead of the country on that program. Too bad, but maybe this way saves her a lot of headaches."

Burke nodded. "I wish you'd come to see me first," he remarked. "There were other ways to handle it."

"Nope!" The Secretary was emphatic. "A lot of yellowbellies in the Senate ran for cover when I passed the word that the F.B.I. has complete records of every member of Congress."

"We haven't," Burke replied angrily. "As a matter of fact, Alex, in those cases where there *is* an F.B.I. record, we lock it up when a man's elected to federal office and keep it locked up as long as he's in office. I know enough police history to know that it will wreck the Bureau or representative government if we play it any other way."

"Sure," Harrison agreed, "but the senators don't know that. And since it worked on the bill, now Huntoon figures to have you put the heat on me. Then he probably thinks that he can use the Bureau from now on to put the heat on Congress. And that's what's griping you. Check?"

"Check! And that's bad, any way you look at it."

"All right, Eddie. That's where we are now. Did you tell Morrow that you'd dig into my past? You'll find mostly empty bottles and dry wells."

"I didn't say yes or no," Burke said. "I told him I'd have to see what we had on you already. Then I tried to get in touch with you."

"Good!" Harrison was calm. "Well, here's how you can stall him. Tell the Attorney General that you have taken legal advice to the effect that you can't investigate a Cabinet officer without a written order from the President."

"He won't like that," said Burke.

"Of course he won't. He'll go running to Jim Huntoon for orders and Huntoon will decide to drop this line of attack and open up his main offensive against the President." . . .

When Urn had said that he trusted Harrison he had been overstating the case. He trusted the Secretary of State about as far as either of them could throw the Washington Monument. But with Miranda in danger, there was no point in tipping his hand. Besides, he had had an inspiration.

After he had left Burke and Harrison in conference he went to a pay telephone and called a certain number. "Hello, Gus," he said, when the connection was completed. "This is Art Urn. How about meeting me in the Mayflower Bar for a couple of long ones. Okay, boy . . . Twenty minutes it is."

Gus Myers, publicity director of the Opposition National Committee, and wartime blood brother of Art Urn's, listened to Urn's brief and unprintable account of recent doings on the Potomac and raised his eyebrows at Urn's concrete suggestion.

"I'll have to ask Ben about it," he said at last. "Lord knows in G-2 we learned all the tricks in the book, and in any case half of our guys were for that bill. Why don't you rig the dingus on him yourself?"

Urn shook his head. "It's so damned illegal that the only way anybody could get away with it would be for your outfit to handle it. If I did it, they could impeach the President for it, but they'd forgive you in the holy name of party politics."

"Can I guarantee Ben there'd be no prosecution?" Myers asked. "It's a tricky business and the courts would take a dim view of it."

"Listen, Gus," Urn begged him. "I can't guarantee anything but we both know that if you're caught at it nobody will go to jail. Even the F.B.I. wouldn't dare, but you could get away with it. And I'm worried sick about the way they're knifing my boss. Hell, it's no crime to be President of the United States."

MYERS nodded. "It wouldn't help us if Huntoon drove her out of the White House. There are a lot of women voters who'd always figure we'd had a hand in it. Anyhow, she's a grand gal. The only thing wrong with her is that she's in the wrong party. I think you can count Ben in on this one. He's a square shooter and he hates Huntoon's guts."

Arthur took a long swallow of his long drink. "Good enough," he said, "but do you think it can be done?"

Myers nodded. "It's no trick at all, technically speaking. We can use one of those wire recorders. Herman Moscow in my office was four years with Counter-intelligence and could rig it up so Huntoon would never know. And you can set one of those gadgets so it will run for close to an hour. Naturally, I can't guarantee results."

"Thanks a million," Urn said. "You're a prince. If you get anything that will help us, slip it to me. I don't need to tell you that you and Ben can use anything on Huntoon that you pick up on the side. You will, anyhow!"

The Opposition publicity director laughed. "I guess Ben and I would be regarded as traitors to our class, Art, if this leaked out. And how about you and Mary?"

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"We'll take off as soon as the doctors say my shoulder's okay. Which is one of the reasons I wanted to see you. I'd like you to be my best man. Can do?"

"Can do," Myers replied. "I've even got the striped pants for it if the moths haven't got to them since Pearl Harbor."

"Swell!" said Arthur. "And while we're on the subject, that's what we've been talking about today, in case some of Huntoon's friends report that we've been seen fraternizing in the Mayflower Bar. I oughtn't to know anything about this nefarious plan to tune in on Huntoon's conversations or my boss will be in real trouble."

"She's in real trouble right now," Myers told him. "Huntoon's been sounding out some of our boys on where we'd stand if there's an impeachment. He's mean, boy, as mean as I've ever seen a senator in twenty years in this lousy town. Hope to God we can catch him with his pants down, but I doubt it. He's too smart."

AT THAT particular moment, Senator Huntoon was confronting the President in the Chief Executive's oval study.

"I wanted to see whether we couldn't work this out, Madam President," he explained smoothly. "With the defeat of your bill, your reason for entering politics has come to an end. You're isolated inside your own Administration, because you're a woman. Congress is against you, because you're a woman. The country likes you but doubts that you are strong enough to handle the situation, also because you're a woman. I think you ought to resign."

The President looked very cool and efficient in a dark blue suit, with a touch of white at the neck.

"You're perfectly frank, aren't you, Senator?" she observed. "Well, I'll be frank, too. *You* beat my bill, not the Party. The Party would have voted for it."

The boss shook his head. "I was opposed to it, but it was your Secretary of State who beat it. He put pressure on the Senate to vote against the bill. Three votes would have saved you, and Harrison changed those three votes. You double-crossed him once. He's double-crossing you now. He wants your job."

The President considered the senator gravely. "He was bitter, of course, over losing the nomination," she agreed, "and he honestly feels that the country needs a man in the White House, but I don't think he's the kind of politician who believes it's smart to betray his friends."

"What would you say," Huntoon asked, "if I told you that Judge Cadwallader had advised Harrison to try to please and flatter you in order to win your confidence?"

Miranda smiled sweetly. "As a matter of fact, Senator," she lied, "Alex told me about that suggestion, at the time. We both agreed that it was typical of the nasty old man."

Huntoon was somewhat startled by this statement, since he had always regarded prevarication as his own prerogative. Then he noted the heightened color in her cheeks and the angry sparkle in her eye. Lying was no job for an amateur.

"Harrison *is* double-crossing you," he insisted. "You needn't believe me; just think back to when he changed his line and started to act friendly. You'll find it was after his talk with Cadwallader. And I can prove that he defeated your Human Rights Bill."

The President controlled her anger and looked at her tormentor. "All right," she said. "Suppose you are right. What then?"

"Here's what I'm going to do," he told her abruptly. "I'm going to allow you two weeks to make up your mind. Then, if you don't resign we'll open up with a constitutional amendment to keep women out of the Presidency."

Miranda smiled at his cool insolence. "I can turn that one against you, Senator," she said. "You won't be able to win a hearing for it even in one of your packed committees."

"Want to bet?"

She nodded.

"And if you lose, you'll get out and get Harrison out, too?"

She nodded again. "And if I win," she observed, "I'll also get out and get Harrison out of the State Department, too."

"What!" The boss was startled.

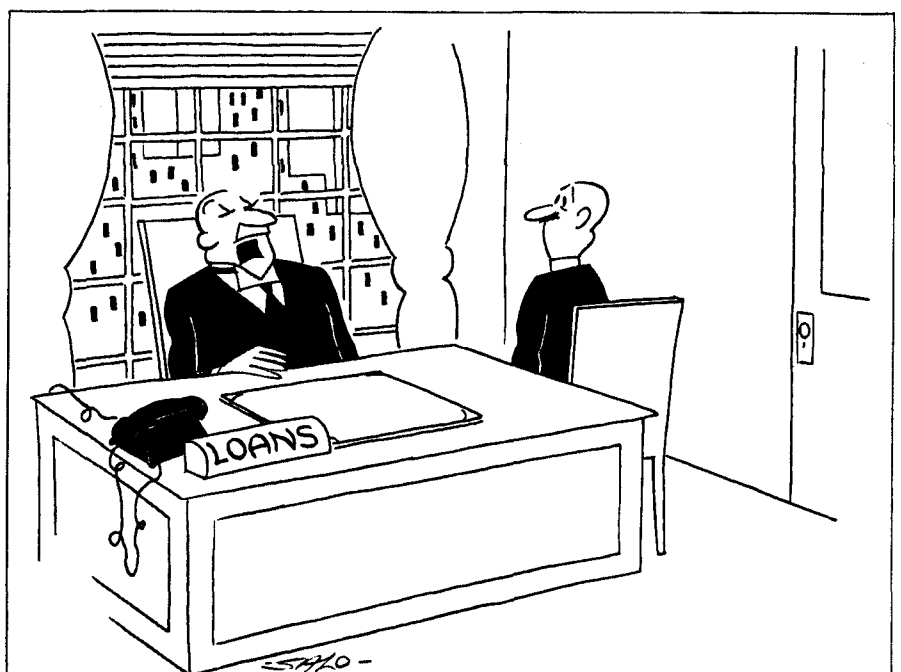
"Win or lose," the President told him. "I'll resign as President and get Harrison out of the Cabinet. That's what you want, isn't it?"

"What's the catch?" he demanded roughly.

"There's no catch," the President assured him. "It's only that I must be allowed to do it my own way. Surely I'm allowed to save my face—if only for the sake of the Party."

"There's sure to be a catch," the senator insisted. "Nobody gives up this job without making a fight."

"Oh, there'll be a fight," Miranda assured him. "The public will expect one, won't they? You go right ahead with your plans, Senator, and I'll promise to resign the Presidency and take Harrison out of the Cabinet, in my own time and my own way. No," she added, as she



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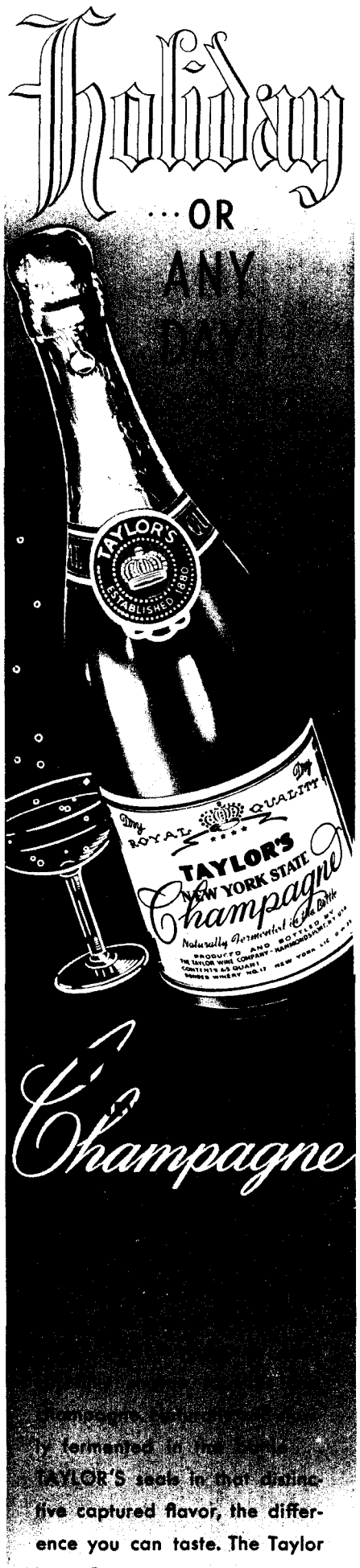

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saw a fresh suspicion dawn on him. "I'm not going to serve out my term. I agree that this job calls for a man to deal with men like you, Clyde Morrow and Secretary Nearing."

"Well, I'll be damned!" he grumbled doubtfully.

"There's one thing, Senator, I should warn you about," Miranda said. "By the time I've finished with you the Party will be looking for another boss in the Senate."

Huntoon smiled. This was familiar territory; he had been threatened before.

"Thank *you*, Madam President," he remarked, in a parody of the official close of a Cabinet meeting. "You still have two weeks."

"Two weeks!" she laughed. "I'll be ready in two days. I'll begin," she added, "by getting rid of Nearing. He's incompetent."

"Any idea who will replace him?" he asked. "The Senate will have to confirm him."

"That's why the Senate will be looking for another boss," she told him. "When I make the announcement you will agree that I've made an excellent choice. In fact, Senator, I've decided to name *you* as Secretary of the Treasury. That ranks next to the Secretary of State," she added, significantly.

MIRANDA, Mary Smith and Lieutenant Corradio were considering the evening cocktail in the Lincoln Study. Emma had outdone herself in a concoction which she called the Great Emancipator and which combined lime juice, brandy and rock-and-rye with both feminine ingenuity and naval authority.

"Mary," said Miranda impatiently, "you look outrageously happy but if you don't stop looking at your watch, I'll have Emma strangle you. Your young man will show up."

"*You* ought to get married, too," Mary replied. "You owe it to the country to provide us with a first gentleman of the land."

The President laughed. "Heavens, Mary, it wouldn't be constitutional. Besides, who would accept the honor?"

Mary sipped her drink reflectively. "Well, there's always General Shenck, if Emma doesn't object."

"Hey!" exclaimed the naval aide. "Lay off my Ephraim. He's the only bachelor in official Washington that hasn't got fallen arches."

"Don't worry, Emma," the President advised. "He's yours, if you can catch him. Still, as you say, Mary, it *would* be convenient to have a first gentleman to act as my host at official dinners and help shake hands with congressmen. Don't you think it would be more democratic if we had a nation-wide contest to pick Mr. America?"

Mary giggled, then became serious.

"Just the same, Miranda, you ought to consider it," she urged. "You're still young and beautiful, and the way it is, you're too lonely."

"I'm not sure I'd make a good wife after all these weeks of executive authority. Men like to think they're the boss, don't they, Mary?"

Her secretary tossed her fiery head. "Arthur has too much sense to worry about that," she announced. "He knows darn' well who's the boss. We both are," she added, unconvincingly.

There was a knock at the door and Mary jumped.

Emma Corradio grinned appreciatively. "Yeah!" she laughed. "Just see how she has him eating out of her hand. Have a good time, kid, and don't do anything I wouldn't do."

"I hope I'm more of a lady than that, dear," Mary replied with dignity, and scampered from the room.

Lieutenant Corradio cocked her merry eye at Mrs. Bruce.

"Is the Secretary of State calling today, Madam President?" she asked.

Miranda's face fell and she nodded. "Yes," she said, "any minute now, so would you take care of Minnie Oglala?"

"Okay, Chief!" Emma rose, saluted and then kissed the President.

"You put him across your knee and give him a good hard spanking," she advised. "He's either crazy or just plain dumb not to see what I see."

Miranda said nothing. Suddenly, she felt very lonely indeed.

There was another knock at the door and the White House usher appeared—a serious young man named Jones who believed that the great trouble with democracy was its lack of ceremony.

"Madam President," he announced in low but stately cadence, "the Secretary of State!"

When she was alone with the Secretary of State, the President sat for a few moments with downcast eyes, her hands tugging and twisting at a small handkerchief. This was going to be difficult.

"Alex," she said at last. "I've got something to say to you."

"Yes?"

"Senator Huntoon was here yesterday and told me that you had used the F.B.I. to defeat our bill."

"That is correct," said Harrison.

"He also said," the President continued, in a small voice, "that you had been advised by Judge Cadwallader to be especially nice to me in order to win my confidence."

"That is also correct," he said.

"Of course, Alex," Miranda assured him, "I told him that I knew all about it, but I'm sure he knew that I was lying."

"Never lie unless you have to," the Secretary of State advised her.

She flung back her head and looked him full in the face. "I lied to him," she declared, "because I was too proud to admit that there was not complete confidence between the President and the Secretary of State. He said he could prove that you had betrayed me."

He drained his cocktail and looked at her with a twisted smile.

"And you half believe him?" he asked. "You mean that you don't trust me?"

She considered. "Yes, Alex," she told him. "I do trust you. I must. If you were false, I simply wouldn't try to go on because that would prove I'm a poor judge of men."

HARRISON relaxed. "Thanks," he said gruffly. "I've been busy trying to keep your Administration from being wrecked. Huntoon is determined to get you, but I think I've got him neutralized, at last."

"But the bill, Alex," she objected. "After all, I promised all those people I'd fight for it, for them."

"And you did fight for it," he told her. "This way is best. You're far ahead of the country on it. By taking a beating in this Congress, we have a real chance to put it over in the next one. Huntoon had amended it to death and the courts would have killed it anyhow. The way I handled it, we've got an issue to take to the people."

She smiled tremulously. "And Judge Cadwallader?" she asked. "Did he really advise you to pretend to be nice to me?"

"Oh, him?" His tone was an insult. "He's working with Huntoon. In case you don't know it, we're in one hell of a fight. It's still a tossup how you'll come out of it. We're up against a tough combination, Miranda. This isn't like the convention. These people play for keeps."

"I know," she said. "Senator Huntoon told me. He's giving me two weeks to resign. He seems pretty sure of himself."

"I hope you told him to go plumb straight to the devil!" the Secretary of State exclaimed.

The President shook her head. "I told him I would do as he wished," she said.

"You what!"

"Now, Alex, don't roar at me, or the

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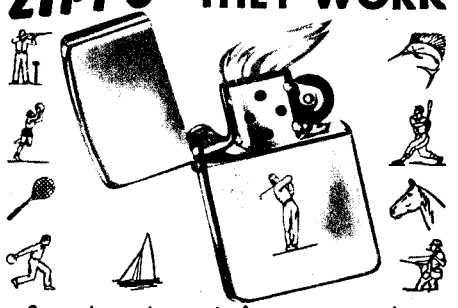

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Secret Service will think I'm being assassinated. I told him I would resign and take you out of the Cabinet."

He slumped back in his chair. "What's the idea? Is Beck staging a recovery?"

She smiled. "No, Alex, the poor old gentleman is still pretty ill. He didn't respond to the electric-shock treatment."

"Well, neither do I!" he exclaimed savagely. "You talk about trusting me and then sell me out behind my back."

She smiled again. "Listen, Alex," she soothed him. "I trusted you when appearances were against you. You trust me now. I know what I'm doing. I told Senator Huntoon I'd resign in my own time and in my own way."

"You also told him that you'd get rid of me as Secretary of State," he objected.

"That's right," she agreed. "Also at my own time and in my own way."

Harrison sat back and breathed deeply. "Are you going to trust me, Alex?" she asked quietly.

He scowled and then nodded reluctantly. "I've got to," he admitted, "but for God's sake, Miranda, tell me what you think you're doing. Huntoon's the toughest fighter in American politics."

She laughed at his bewilderment. "Alex," she said, "you know as much as I do right now. Huntoon's given me two weeks. We can take care of him so long as we stick together."

"Exactly what have you been up to?" Harrison demanded. "I've got to know if I'm to handle the situation."

"Well—" The President hesitated. "I thought that if Huntoon got the idea that he could become President, he might be so excited that he'd start making mistakes. So I told him that I was going to drop Nearing and that I'll put him in Nearing's place. When that happens, he'll be next in line for the Presidential succession— after you, Alex—and I want him to lose his head."

The Secretary of State groaned. "You couldn't have done anything worse if you'd tried for a month of Sundays," he told her. "Up to now he's been trying to use us against each other. Your plan means that now he's going to have to get both of us together. Up to now he's been working for the Party—as he sees it—but now he'll be out for himself. The lure of the White House is sheer poison—and I know," he added ruefully.

"Oh, dear!" Miranda was penitent. "I never thought of it that way. I thought it might make him wait for a little until we could get our own plans worked out. Oh, Alex, I *am* sorry. Perhaps he'll just go ahead with impeachment. We *can* beat that, anyhow."

"Impeachment's no joke," he insisted. "They don't even need to convict you, but before Huntoon tries that he'll start this constitutional amendment to bar women from the Presidency. After a couple of months of public hearings, there won't be anything they won't have said about you. Just wait till the dirt starts to fly."

"I know," she said gravely. "It won't be nice but there are still enough decent people in America to put a stop to it. If it gets too bad, I know how to kill it. You see, Alex, there was plenty of nasty gossip about Queen Victoria once. Then she stopped it by the very simple process of getting married. That's one of the ways in which I can fight Huntoon. I'm thinking of taking a husband. You know, Alex, I *do* need a first gentleman of the land to help out at dinner parties and White House receptions."

"That wouldn't stop the stories. It would only make them worse," he insisted. "In any case, whom would you take? Most men like to do their own picking."

"I was thinking of General Shenck," she announced demurely. "As Army liaison officer at the White House, he's used to official protocol. He's reasonably handsome, Alex, and—"

THE Secretary of State exploded. "Shenck! That dancing pussyfooter! Get married if you must, Miranda, but for God's sake pick a real man!"

"It's a hard problem, I agree. There aren't so many men who'd be satisfied to play second fiddle. But Shenck's well connected, he knows everybody in official Washington, and people have got used to the idea of drafting Army officers for difficult or unpleasant jobs."

"Shenck! He'd make you look ridiculous. We can fight it out without that, Miranda, and don't consider Shenck—"

The President dimpled. "Well," she agreed with a sigh, "perhaps you know best. I simply wanted your advice. I promise you that I won't get married without consulting you."

Harrison leaned back and mopped his brow. "Thank Heaven! You're getting a little sense, Miranda. Shenck's a four-flusher. Now what is your next move?"

"It will be tomorrow's press conference," she told him. "I'm not going to wait for Huntoon to attack me. First I'm going to announce that the King and Queen of England have consented to let Princess Margaret Rose visit us. That will give the newspapers something different to talk about and Congress won't want to attack women in politics when

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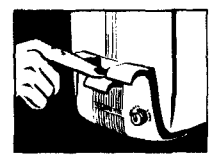

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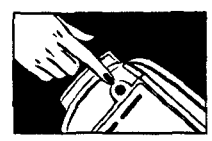

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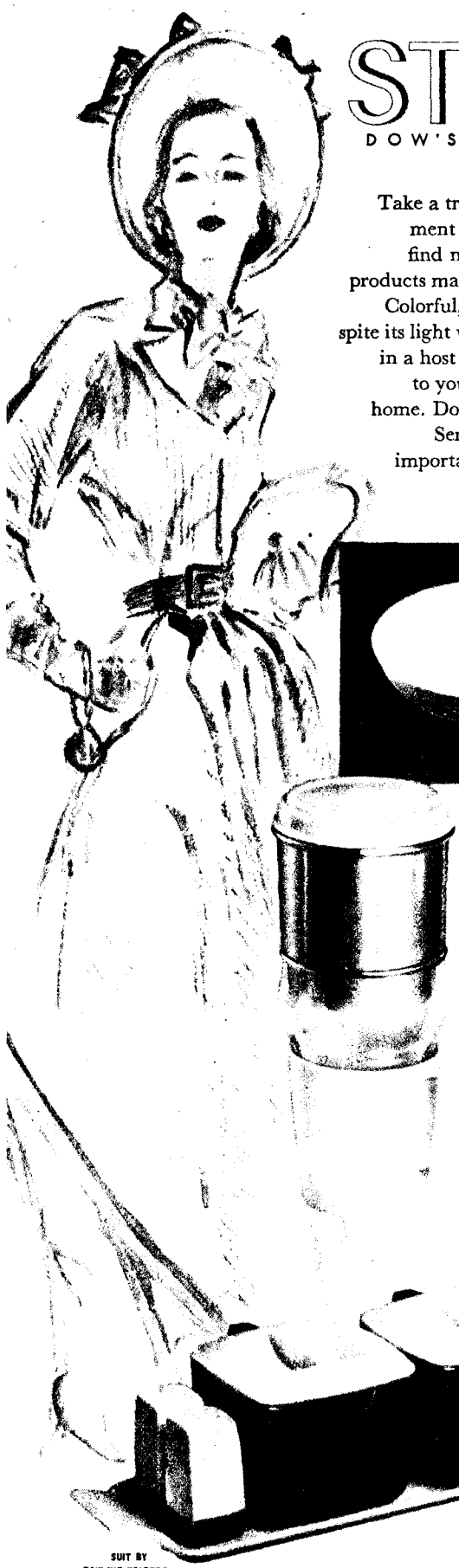

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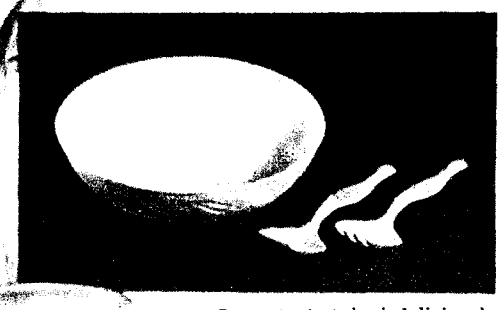

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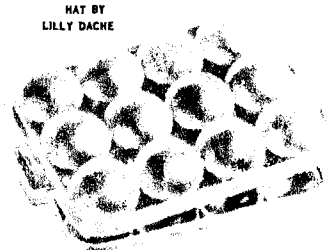

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Margaret Rose's sister is due to run the British Empire. You'll see, Alex."

Harrison rapped on wood. "Don't be sure of anything," he advised. "Remember Jim's out to get both of us and he has the Party organization behind him. If he can figure a way to turn her visit against you, he will. And thanks to your brain storm, now he's bound to go after me as well as you."

"You can count on the support of the White House, Alex. That's still worth something with the people."

"The people?" he asked. "Jim Huntoon will turn the White House into the kiss of death before he's through."

ARTHUR URN did not have to pass through Mary's little office to reach the President's press conference. Nevertheless, that was the route he preferred and he caught Smith just as she was about to enter the oval executive study, complete with notebook and well-sharpened pencils.

"Hi!" he said.

"And hi! to you!" she answered. "Come on, we're going to make some history this morning."

"It's already made, Smith," he told her. "I saw the doctor on my way in."

"Oh! What did he say?"

"He said my shoulder was all right for all normal purposes. He advised against playing golf for a few weeks, but, asked point-blank on the subject of marriage, he said, 'Bless you, my children!' So, Smith, assuming that you're still out of your mind, we can take the leap any time you say."

"I say, 'Oh!' " she said.

"Oh is absolutely right with me, sugar puss," he agreed, "but I might as well tell you that we're going to be married strictly according to Hoyle in St. John's Church, with bell, book and candle, and not a dry eye in the Cabinet. Don't think that's the way I want it, Smith, but on account of Miranda I think we'd better mortify ye olde fleshe a bit and do it right. After all, we can't let the President down, can we?"

"I see what you mean," said Mary. "Anyway, Miranda has promised us a wedding reception at the White House."

"She's a sound woman," Urn agreed, "and I'll get myself up in striped pants and slip you the ring and promise the usual. And then—"

"Yes?" she asked.

"Well, Smith, I know a nice old town in New England, where there's a nice old colonial farmhouse, complete with oil burner and refrigerator. There's a cold brook—Congress Brook, it's called, I guess because it babbles over the stones—but the only politics it discusses relate strictly to the ice age, with an occasional reference to the French and Indian Wars. And there'll be apple trees in bloom . . ."

"Will there be lilacs?" she asked. "I won't go unless there are lilacs."

"There'll be lilacs. It's a quiet place and when they say, 'Neighbor, the sap's running,' they don't mean me."

"Idiot!" she said. "You don't need scenery to sell me on marriage. Is it far away from everything?"

"Oh, no! It's quite a metropolis," he boasted. "On a still night, you can hear the limited whistle down to the junction, and they've heard tell as how Dewey took Manila. Back to New England, baby. Give me an old lighthouse and a dead cod, and I'll show you life."

"It will be wonderful," she said. "Anywhere we go will be wonderful. I can hardly wait to tell Miranda, if you're sure your shoulder is all right?"

"Try it and see," he urged.

After a while, she disengaged herself, breathlessly. "Feels fine to me," she admitted, "though I'm prejudiced. No, Arthur! Not again! After all, we've got to cover the press conference. Miranda particularly asked me to be there."

"What press conference?" he asked. "Seems to me we must have missed it. So you might try out the other shoulder."

She shook her head. "No," she ordered. "I've got to tell Miranda."

"What's the conference about today, anyhow? I didn't get the usual fill-in, seeing I was at the doctor's."

"It was just about Princess Margaret Rose coming to visit at the White House," Mary said. "Miranda and Harrison planned it."

Urn started as though stung. "Omigosh, Smith!" he groaned. "That knocks our plans right out the window."

"Now why should—"

"Listen, Smith," he interrupted. "Maybe you don't know it, but Miranda's in one hell of a fight. This royal visit means she's playing her trump cards and playing them early in the game. That means that Huntoon's going to crack back at her, but hard, and Harrison's double-crossing her. So we stay right here on the job until she's out of the woods. Darn it all!"

"Oh, dear!" exclaimed Mary. "I'm sure Miranda will let us go."

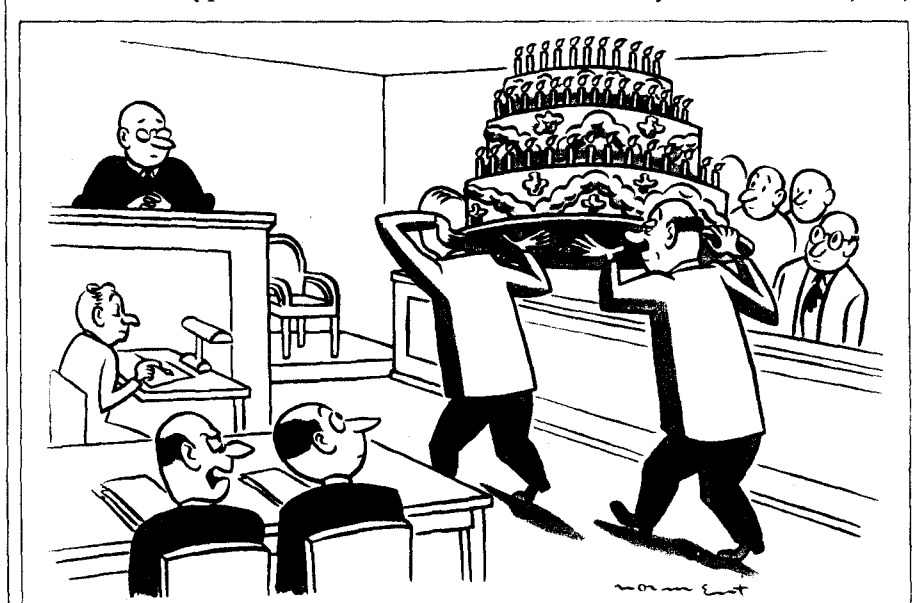
"Miranda doesn't know what's happening to her in this man's town," he exploded. "Nobody tells her and we can't, because we're paid to worry for her. All I know is, I've got to stay on the job."

She nodded disconsolately. "We'll save the lilacs for another year," she said, "and I suppose the brook will keep." . . .

Across the width of the town the Secretary of the Treasury was angrily confronting Senator Huntoon.

"Do you mean to say, Jim," he complained, "that she can tell me to resign, just like that, and I got to do it?"

The boss nodded with the urbanity of a man who fully realizes that he, too,



"I'll bet they've called Trixie Latour as a surprise witness"

COLLIER'S JOHN NORMENT

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would make an excellent President. "That was settled by the Supreme Court, Bill, in the Tenure of Office cases."

"But hell, Jim! I thought it was understood that I was to stay on in the Treasury for the time being."

"Your resignation has been accepted, and that's that. I'll take care of you."

Nearing rolled a suspicious eye at the boss. "How come she named you for the job, Jim? She thinks she can get you out of the Senate and then fire you from the Cabinet, too?"

The senator was still patient. He was privately considering the contents of President Huntoon's famous First Message to Congress. "Ma Bruce has run up the white flag, Bill!" he exclaimed. "She sent me a note this morning. I'll read it to you. Here it is: 'Dear Senator Huntoon. I am nominating you for the post of Secretary of the Treasury, in place of Mr. Nearing, whose resignation has been accepted. This is in line with our conversation of the other day. To make sure that we fully understand each other, I promise that I will not ask you for your resignation from the Cabinet, if the Senate confirms your nomination. You can take this as a commitment from yours sincerely, Miranda Bruce.' "

"It's a trick," Nearing grumbled. "She's trying to get you out of the Senate and into the Cabinet, where she'll have you under control. Look out for her, Jim, she's downright treacherous."

The senator smiled his frostiest smile. "Mrs. Bruce is throwing in her hand, Bill," he explained. "We had a down-to-earth talk the other day, and she knows she's licked. This is between us for the present, Bill. She agreed to get rid of Harrison and resign the Presidency. That means that the Secretary of the Treasury is in line to become President."

Nearing nodded solemnly. "Then this nomination means that Jim Huntoon will be President of the United States," he said. "That's wonderful!"

Huntoon was human to the extent that he was not deeply offended by flattery, however clumsy. He beamed with comparative affection at the recent Secretary of the Treasury. He was in the early stages of that dire political malady known as White House fever, in which the victim—aware of his splendid qualifications for the Presidency—twists every circumstance and discards every scruple to fit his ambition.

"Bill," he said, "just give me a couple of weeks to get myself cleared by the Senate and find my bearings and I'll make you ambassador to Brazil. They tell me that Rio's one of the hottest little towns on earth. Mrs. Bruce was easy. After I showed her that A.H. was double-crossing her, she folded. Naturally, she's sore as a boil, like a woman, but she put it right down on the line, like a man, one-two-three. Harrison's out, she's out and I'm in. That puts me in the White House."

"And it's all constitutional!" Nearing exclaimed with awe. "No business about getting yourself nominated or elected."

"It's so constitutional that even Cadwallader couldn't pick a hole in it," the boss assured him. "After that Lincoln assassination they finally got around to making a law. After the President and Vice-President, the Secretary of State takes over and then the Secretary of the Treasury and so on down the Cabinet. You see, they didn't stop with killing Lincoln, but tried to kill Seward and Stanton, too. So now it's the whole Cabinet, in order of precedence. That bunch of lunatics before us tried to change things so that first the Speaker and then the President pro tem of the Senate would take over. That was why we railroaded through that trick law early this session, partly to pay off Harrison who wanted State with all the fixings, and partly because I was doing some long-range planning. So if the President dies or resigns, or is incapacitated—like Beck—the Vice-President takes over—like Mrs. Bruce. And if she dies or resigns, the Secretary of State takes over. But if there isn't a Secretary of State, the Secretary of the Treasury gets it—and I'm going to be Secretary of the Treasury. Well, Bill, that's the way it is now. She's smart enough to know that she's licked and mean enough to want to dump the whole mess in my lap, just to get even. I'll hand her brains enough for that!"

NEARING was anxious. "You want me to call off that smear campaign, Jim? I've got it going good."

"Pile it on!" the boss told him. "Now that we've got them on the run we've got to hit them harder than ever. So pile it on, Bill, and we'll smash her for keeps."

Nearing relaxed. "It's going great guns," he said. "We've got that guy Harry Hines on a network show to pull a slick gag about her and Harrison. He's going to handle a straight news item about them but get himself put off the air by ad-libbing it. The networks watch those political scripts like hawks and pull the switch if there's a syllable misplaced. It sounds corny, but Harry swears it's going to be a wow. And I've started some of those old stories they used on Wilson in 1916. Remember?"

"Good work!" the boss said. "A little later I'm going to get Crossman to raise the question on the floor of the Senate. He'll make a parliamentary inquiry as to whether it is in order to call for an investigation of the White House, naming both of them. Of course, the ruling will go against him, but the press gallery will hear and the story will be in public print."

"That ought to fix Harrison, too," Nearing remarked. "Funny thing, Jim, the way people believe that sort of thing, regardless of the facts."

Huntoon positively laughed. "Of course," he agreed. "Most people believe that other people are human beings. I'm going to get Harrison. He'll be smeared along with her so there'll be nothing for it except for both of them to get out, like Edward and Wally. I won't even let them do an 'At long last—' radio fade-out from the White House."

"Think A.H. will take it lying down?"

"He can't do anything else, Bill. There's no real defense against a sex smear, is there? Take it from me, we're in and in for keeps."

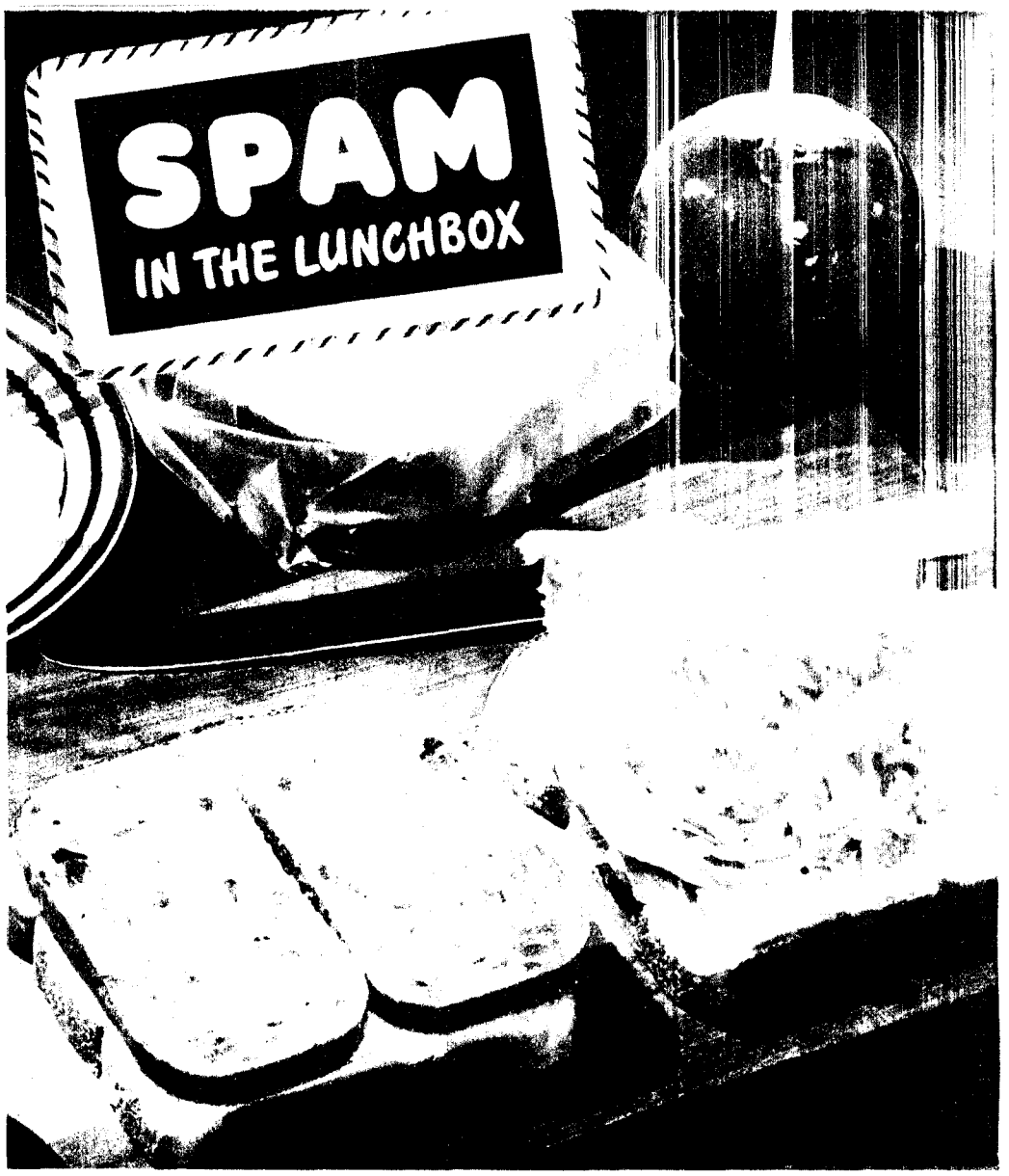
(To be concluded next week)

BEGINNING NEXT WEEK . . .

I'm A Stranger In Town MYSELF

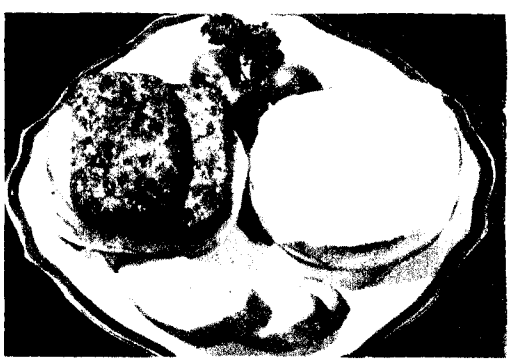
BY EDWIN LANHAM

Two beautiful young women were busily engaged in thwarting Martin Vincent's plans to acquire the trifling sum of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. But Martin made it very tough for them indeed, because along with his truly remarkable talent for stumbling into trouble, he had an infinite capacity for blundering out of it. Don't miss this amusing tale of an innocent young man beset by the perils of the wicked city



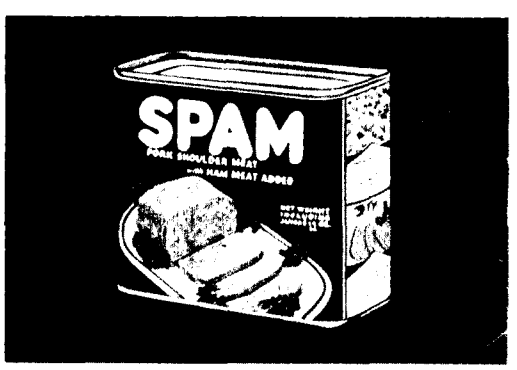
— with pure-pork SPAM for protein, bread for cereal, butter for fat, green and yellow vegetables . . . and Candied Apple combining fruit and sweet, made like this: together and heat 1 cup sugar, ¼ cup light corn syrup, 6 tbsp. water few drops peppermint (or other) flavoring, few drops red coloring Boil to "hard-crack" stage Set pan over boiling water Dip washed and skewered apples into syrup quickly, remove and whirl until coating is even and smooth Stand on greased plate to cool Makes 4.

for lunch? Please him with a baked bean SPAMwich—juicy slices of SPAM and hot baked beans on a buttered bun. Peach and cottage cheese salad. A he-man's meal in 5 minutes.



On toasted bun halves, lay SPAM slices and a slice of cheese. Slip under the broiler till SPAM browns and the cheese gets bubbly hot. Because SPAM is super, so is this sandwich.

Make this western salad at home: chunks of lettuce, quartered tomatoes, green peppers, slices and slivers of tender-mild SPAM. Touch of garlic, liberal splashes of French dressing.



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BOB TAFT'S MARTHA

BY FRANK GERVASI

MEMBERS of the Washington chapter of the League of Republican Women and guests sipped their postluncheon coffee, lighted cigarettes and settled down to listen to Martha Taft. Several hundred pairs of eyes turned toward the short, round woman in green, with the small, impertinent flowered hat, who may succeed Clare Boothe Luce as The Voice of Republican Womanhood.

"I hope," discreetly whispered a big lady in a brown dress and pink hat to a slim, black-sheathed neighbor, "that she is as good as I have heard say she is." The distaff half of the political firm of Taft and Taft did not disappoint her or any of the others who filled the banquet room in the Mayflower Hotel. For nearly an hour they found themselves applauding and laughing and, more often than many realized, actually thinking about national and international affairs.

Martha tore into the New Deal, its heirs and all their works. She deplored wage rises and price controls, skewered the Marshall Plan, praised the Republican Congress, urged tax reductions and advocated economy in government.

She said nothing not already said by her senatorial husband in his campaign for his party's Presidential nomination. But Martha, who admits she merely takes Bob's learned harangues and oversimplifies them, said what she did with more humor and ease than her distinguished spouse ever manages—in public anyway. She spiced her serious fare with wit and laced the commonplaces with anecdotes, all in a voice that even Helen Hayes might envy for its warm mezzo tones.

It never would have occurred to Senator Taft to liken "the torch of liberty," as Martha did, to "your husband or the furnace—if you don't do something about them, they'll go out." Nor would the senator have described the Soviet Union's opposition to American aid in Europe as "stopping Santa Claus at the border and arresting him as a Fascist for trying to corrupt the Russian people with happiness."

Not once did Martha refer to her husband's candidacy although her talk was filliped with phrases like "Bob believes" and "as Bob would say." When she had finished, however, she had left the distinct impression that there was only one candidate for the Republican nomination for President, not half a dozen or more, and that his name was Robert Alphonso Taft. He is known to his four sons and six grandchildren, Martha confided, as "Gop" instead of "Pop" or "Grandpa."

"For G.O.P., you know," Martha explained to salvos of hand clapping from appreciative Republican mothers and grandmothers.

But Martha is just as effective before audiences less sophisticated than the manicured and furred assembly of orchid bearers she faced in Washington. In Providence, Rhode Island, a few days later, she wowed about 30 Republican women state workers. Martha confined herself largely to telling them how important The Woman is in politics, again summoning Bob's views to support hers.

"Bob is completely sold on what women can accomplish in politics," she said. "You know the old gag—telephone, telegraph, tell-a-woman."

After the Providence meeting, the ladies decided that Martha was "just like someone you would meet at the corner drugstore." Impliedly, at least, they were ready to vote for the male half of Taft and Taft in November should opportunity offer, which was what Martha sought to achieve to begin with.

If the senator emerges with the party's nomination from the forthcoming Republican scrimmage in Philadelphia this summer, and goes on to win in the fall, his talented wife will share in his success in a sense considerably more real than those words convey. For Martha, intimates of the Ohio couple agree, is at least as good a vote getter as her husband. Those whom Bob cannot move with a statistic, syllogism or analysis or with his copper-riveted sincerity, Martha can reach with a wisecrack, metaphor or simile or with downright charm.

She is, in the opinion of both friends and political enemies, the most charming woman and potentially the most influential since Eleanor Roosevelt appeared on the national scene. That indefinable quality enables her to make friends even with women who hold opposite or radically different political views, among them Bess Truman (with whom she has attended Spanish classes), Cornelia Pinchot, Mrs. Harold Ickes and Mrs. Henry Wallace (to whom she once loaned a baby's high chair for a Wallace grandchild).

Martha's closest friend is the patrician Alice Longworth who loves Martha, she says, because "she is the kind of housewife who has a cooky jar in her pantry instead of a bar."

Charm is usually associated with the figure of a beautiful model but in Martha it is displayed in the body of a frankly dumpy housewife, enhancing her effectiveness as a campaigner. When she uses the word "husband" wives who hear her wish they had the sort of mate she describes and husbands yearn to hear their wives speak of them in the vibrantly matrimonial tones she uses.

Yet Martha is no ham. She is what she appears to be, a mature woman of fifty-eight who dresses smartly but simply, has raised four boys to manhood, runs two homes, is intensely interested in public affairs and is doing useful work for the sheer fun of it.

She pushes her own wire-basket cart at the chain grocery stores of her neighborhood when, between campaigns, she has time to do her own shopping. She likes to see what she's getting for her money and looks for bargains in bacon or laundry soap with the enthusiasm and energy of the wife of any government employee who must stay on this side of extravagance. The Tafts are comfortably off but not rich. Bob still drives a vintage '38 sedan and Martha has a newer but no more spectacular car.

Simple Domesticity Prevails in Home

The senator's plain tastes in food help to simplify housekeeping tasks performed with the help of two servants, one of whom remains in Cincinnati and the other in Washington. Bob likes meat and vegetables but seldom eats potatoes, although he cherishes tossed salads. He is partial to ice cream for dessert, preferably with crushed fruit. At small dinner parties Martha is apt to serve a clear soup (in old-fashioned soup plates, not bouillon cups), fish with egg sauce, fowl or steak, two vegetables, salad and strawberry ice cream. She helps with the cooking just as she helps with the general housework. For large dinners and on special occasions caterers and extra help are hired.

At least one well-known Washington woman votes Martha the most gracious hostess in town. She and her husband arrived one full hour late for dinner at the Taft home one evening. Bob and Martha had started dinner, but Martha greeted her tardy guests as cordially as though they had been on time, saw that they were served piping hot food and were not made to feel by the slightest intimation that they had upset the mechanics of the Taft household.

She is equally poised in difficult situations in public. Once in Columbus, Ohio, she got up to speak after her husband had left to catch a train.

"I am," she began, "the most miserable person in the world. My husband has just told the story on which my whole speech was based, and I have just discovered a run in my stocking."

With that gambit she had little trouble in holding her listeners' attention for the rest of the evening.

Martha's talents, always a factor in her husband's political fortunes, have assumed a new and perhaps decisive importance in the Taft scheme of things. Bob has always relied on his wife's help. He would no more think of compaigning without her than he would of entering the Senate chamber in a barrel.

To Martha, in Taft's current campaign for the Republican nomination, has been assigned the job of overcoming, if possible, a widespread notion that Bob is a set of facts and figures rather than, as his wife knows him to be, a vital and sharp-witted man who likes fun as much as the next fellow.

The importance of Martha's mission has been cannily calipered by Taft's campaign managers who are as aware of his lack of glamor as they are of his indisputable if thoroughly conservative virtues. She is scheduled to make at least as many speeches as her husband in the weeks remaining before the convention. And should Bob fail to be nominated she will be campaigning anyhow for whomever the G.O.P. designates. After Bob and her boys, the party ranks high in Martha's affections.

Most of Mrs. Taft's speeches will be to women's groups, although she will also speak to mixed audiences and to strictly male gatherings like those of the Kiwanis and Lions Clubs. Taft's operatives have aimed Martha principally at the women because of a growing suspicion in the Republican camp that they might settle the issue in the next election.

"Women could run this country," Taft strategists believe, "if ever they organized and exerted their political power. According to the Census Bureau, there will be 94,000,000 potential voters next November, male and female. The women outnumber the men by at least 1,500,000. In other words, if all men and all women would vote on opposite sides of any issue the women would win."

Members of the male kingdom will be glad to know, though, that women are even more delinquent than men in exercising their voting privileges. In the last Presidential election, in 1944, only 54 per cent of the total potential vote of 89,000,000 was cast by men and women but, according to the observations of political experts, far more men went to the polls than did women. The Republicans are anxious to attract the female vote on the as yet unproved theory that a larger turnout of women will result in a larger total G.O.P. vote.

One of Martha's jobs will be to educate women in the ABCs of economics. Women, the Taft managers reason, are more sensitive than men to the effects of inflation. They meet it face to face every day when they shop for the family food and clothing. It will be up to Martha to prove to them that Democrats are responsible for the reduced purchasing power of the dollar and convince them that the Republicans, particularly her figures-wise husband, will bring prices down.

Martha is not completely happy about her participation in the senator's campaign. Neither are some of the more influential party die-hards who haven't had a new idea in half a century. Both, for different reasons, are privately but audibly apprehensive when the subject is mentioned. Not that Martha shies from the rigors of campaigning. She is, in a wholly correct sense, of course, tough. She can dish it out and she can take it.

Mrs. Taft likes Pullman cars, hotel suites, the excitement of crowds and political give and take. She doesn't mind, as some women pretend to do, the attendant teas and luncheons and receptions. She sees in such gatherings a means of meeting and knowing more people, and learning what they think. They offer her an opportunity, too, of putting Bob across when she meets an unbeliever.

Martha's apprehension stems from a sincere modesty, a wifely desire not to outshine her husband and so to distract attention from him and his views.

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY CLAUDE W. HUSTON

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She's the sharpshooter in her husband's Presidential campaign. She is aiming principally at the women, on the theory that they may swing the next election

She is wholly convinced he is the man best qualified to receive the G.O.P.'s nomination and most deserving of election in November. "He has," she says, "the brains, character and experience for the job." But how to help him achieve the Presidency without drawing too much attention to herself and so detracting, perhaps, from Bob's stature in the public eye confronts her with a daily dilemma.

She resented the fuss people made over her when, in 1938, Bob rolled up a majority of 170,000 against Robert Bulkley, Democrat, despite President Roosevelt's personal intervention in the latter's behalf. F.D.R. had carried the state by 619,000 votes in 1936.

"All this talk about me getting the votes in Ohio," she told one reporter in Washington, "is just an alibi offered by Bob's political enemies. They can't understand why he wins and they just don't want to give him credit."

"Viewed With Alarm" by G.O.P. Shellbacks

The distrust of Martha's activities shown by some of the more conservative members of the Republican hierarchy—it is particularly noticeable among the shellbacks of the "woman's-place-is-in-the-home" school—has a different motivation. They see in her another Eleanor Roosevelt, with the same energy and peripatetic inclinations. They believe that Martha will keep away from the polls rather than attract Republicans who share their antipathy toward the presence in the White House of an able, vital woman. To this, feminists among Washington reporters reply, "Nonsense."

"Republicans who are so shortsighted are doing Martha and their party a great disservice with that kind of talk," Doris Fleeson exploded. "Mrs. Roosevelt was and is a great woman. Martha is the closest thing to an Eleanor Roosevelt that the party has produced. She could perform for Taft, should he be elected President, the kind of invaluable service that Eleanor rendered F.D.R.—keeping a channel open between all kinds of people and the White House, a channel that certainly isn't open now.

"Without a wife who can go about the country, meet and talk with Americans, both Republicans and Democrats, a President is a shut-in, the prisoner of his immediate political family whose members cannot themselves leave Washington to keep informed on what is really going on in the country."

Traditionally, with notable exceptions like Eleanor Roosevelt, political wives have been largely decorative. They've functioned usually only as handshakers in reception lines and champagne-bottle wielders at launchings. Martha Taft is a Republican break with this sort of tradition. Besides, she is proving to women that they can be useful citizens when their children are grown.

"Politics," Martha likes to tell friends and audiences, "is something husbands and wives can do together. It offers them a field for active citizenship after their children are through school, married, or otherwise gone their separate ways. But to become active citizens they must prepare themselves early, while they are still young. If they do they will find rich rewards when they are older. They won't be lonely, then. They'll be part of society, part of the onward course of things, not as spectators beside a radio or behind a newspaper, but themselves helping to make the news."

Explaining her present activities, Martha says, earnestly, "Ever since we've been married Bob and I have worked together. I have campaigned, too, for other women's husbands and it would seem a little strange—wouldn't it?—if I did not get out and do what I could when he himself is in the battle."

Her most newsworthy efforts on behalf of the political advancement of "another woman's husband"

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were those made in behalf of Wendell Willkie in 1940. It was then and in the following year that she acquired a reputation as an "isolationist," a label she disavows as "utterly incorrect." She was, and continues to be a *pacifist*, she told me, not an *isolationist*.

After Willkie's defeat, Martha plunged into the fight to keep America out of war. She went to work with all the zeal of the articulate crusader that she is. It was not only her fight, but the party's. Its platform in 1940 had stated: "The Republican party is firmly opposed to involving this nation in foreign wars. We are still suffering the effects of the first World War." The antiwar declaration differed little from the one contained in the Democratic party platform which said: "We will not participate in foreign wars, and we will not send our Army, Naval or Air Forces to fight in foreign lands outside of the Americas, except in case of attack." The attack came on December 7, 1941.

With then Senator Burton K. Wheeler, Mrs. Longworth, Mrs. Bennett Champ Clark, Norman Thomas, John T. Flynn, Charles A. Lindbergh and other America Firsters, Martha made propaganda that to her was pacifist but which sounded like plain isolationism to critical listeners and editorial writers. By May 31, 1941, the Nazis had swept over most of Central and Western Europe and with the Italians had taken the Balkans and threatened the Middle East. President Roosevelt declared a "state of emergency."

"The whole purpose of the President's recent declaration of an unlimited emergency," charged Martha Taft at that time in a New York speech, "is to scare critics into silence."

Pre-Pearl Harbor Activities

Martha's eagerness to tackle the impossible evidenced itself at least once during the antiwar phase of her political life. Just before Pearl Harbor the America First Committee, of which she was a member, was told it could not hold a meeting in Greenwich, Connecticut, because Greenwich was "a hotbed of interventionism." The interventionists should not have challenged Martha. The meeting was held—with an overflow crowd.

Martha more or less disappeared from the front pages during the war years. She became active in various organizations, particularly that of the Quakers, for relieving wartime distress in Europe.

Her name reappeared in the country's newspapers when her husband made his first soundings last fall to check up on his chances for getting the Republican Presidential nod. Some reporters, not altogether accurately, decided that Martha "stole the show" on Taft's first swing through the Middle West and the West. She didn't really steal the spotlight. Husband Bob made the big and important speeches. But Martha did make the more entertaining talks.

"We've got a highboy government in Washington," she told one audience. "One bureau on top of another. And there are termites in the drawers."

"Washington is run by Pendergast politicians and parlor pinks," she said on another occasion, describing President Truman as "just one of the boys—and that's a fact."

"You've got to take him or leave him," she quipped, quoting Westbrook Pegler, adding as an afterthought—"and that's a suggestion."

One day she broke into verse. That was when Phil Murray of the C.I.O. and Bill Green of the American Federation of Labor denounced the Taft-Hartley labor law. Said Martha, after H. I. Phillips:

"Philip Murray and William Green
Walked up on the Senate scene.
They used 5,000 words or so,
And every one of them was NO."

It was during this trip that Senator Taft advised Americans to "eat less." President Truman almost simultaneously called on his countrymen to "conserve more." Taft, his critics said, had proved himself an inept politician. Truman had managed to say exactly what Taft said but in politically more acceptable language. Some worried Republicans told Martha they thought the senator had outraged public opinion with his more forthright language. And some Democrats predicted, loudly enough for Martha to hear, that Taft was "through."

"We aren't disturbed," said Martha. "Bob's political career has ended so many times. The difference between his 'eat less' and the President's 'conserve more' is the difference between plain language and double talk."

Martha's aptitude for politics is not surprising in view of her background. She was born in small-town Winona, Minnesota, in December, 1889, the daughter of Lloyd Bowers who served, until his death in 1910, as Solicitor General of the United States under Bob's father, the late President William Howard Taft. She often visited the White House on holidays from Rosemary School, in Greenwich, Connecticut.

That's when she met Bob, then a Yale classmate of Martha's brother, Thomas Bowers.

One doesn't think of Bob Taft as the impetuous, romantic type. Yet, while Miss Bowers was attending The Sorbonne, in Paris, after her graduation from Rosemary, Bob followed her to France one summer to ask her to be his wife. "And all the time," Martha recalls, "I didn't really think he liked me at all."

In 1914 she married the brilliant lawyer son of the affable President and when young Taft went to Europe as counsel of the American Relief Administration headed by Herbert Hoover, Martha went along. She visited France and devastated Belgium and got a glimpse of the physical effects of war, which confirmed her antipathy toward armed violence and influenced both her America First activities and her concern, later, for the plight of Nazi-Fascism's victims in World War II.

"I don't want to see people starve," she said concerning her opposition to the Marshall Plan, "but it isn't practical to go in so deep as to break down our own economy. I don't know just where that point is and I don't pretend to know. But, like Bob, I want to help those who really need help. It seems to me that a very careful quantitative and qualitative analysis of what Europe's war victims need should be made before we rupture our economic life with the strain entailed."

In Martha's background can be found a number of reasons for her talents and activities. Her great-great-great-grandfather, for instance, was Jonathan Edwards, the early American theologian, which should explain her elocutionary gifts. Her great-great-grandfather was Timothy Dwight, leader of the Connecticut Federalists, which ought to account for some of her hardheaded conservatism. And in her Irish grandfather, Thomas Wilson, once chief justice of Minnesota, may be found her heritage of mental agility, humor and grace.

Their Only Fashionable Deed

Nature endowed Martha Taft with a first-class metabolism which has enabled her, in addition to her political activities—she was one of the founders of the League of Women Voters—to run two huge houses and raise four boys. The Tafts made their Ohio home on 60 acres of Indian Hill, atop Cincinnati, now a smart residential section. "Buying Sky Farm," says Martha, now, "is the only thing we ever did that turned out to be fashionable." The Tafts raise asparagus and strawberries on their hill but not with any conspicuous financial success.

Three boys—William Howard, thirty-two; Robert, Jr., thirty, and Lloyd Bowers, twenty-five—are married. The eldest is doing research in Old Gaelic at Yale and has three children. The second is a lawyer and also has three children. The third married last summer and a fourth, Horace Dwight, twenty-two years old, is unmarried and at Yale. Frequently they all gather around Martha and Bob and talk politics, often arguing the pros and cons of the views of Mother and "Gop." They all consider themselves progressives or, at least, "honest conservatives," and will offer to fight if called "reactionary."

In addition to running Sky Farm—mostly by telephone these days—Martha operates a spacious, old-fashioned home in Washington's creaking but fashionable Georgetown district. For relaxation she plays golf, at which Bob, Sr., excels. She likes to fish in cold swift streams. She collects etchings and has a large and representative gallery, although she buys few now. It's too expensive.

Besides, she is too busy, with a campaign on her hands, to go burrowing around in old bookshops and art stores looking for etchings. Unshakably convinced of Bob's ability to win in November if nominated, she has dedicated herself exclusively to the job of helping him win that nomination.

"We are entering the winning stretch of this election year," she told the District of Columbia's nonvoting Republicans the other day. "Anyone coming in from Missouri next January will meet Missouri's most prominent citizen and his friends on the way back."

THE END

"More years in the theater than I would care to admit to—and yet not one role where I talked!"

COLLIER'S JOHN RUGE

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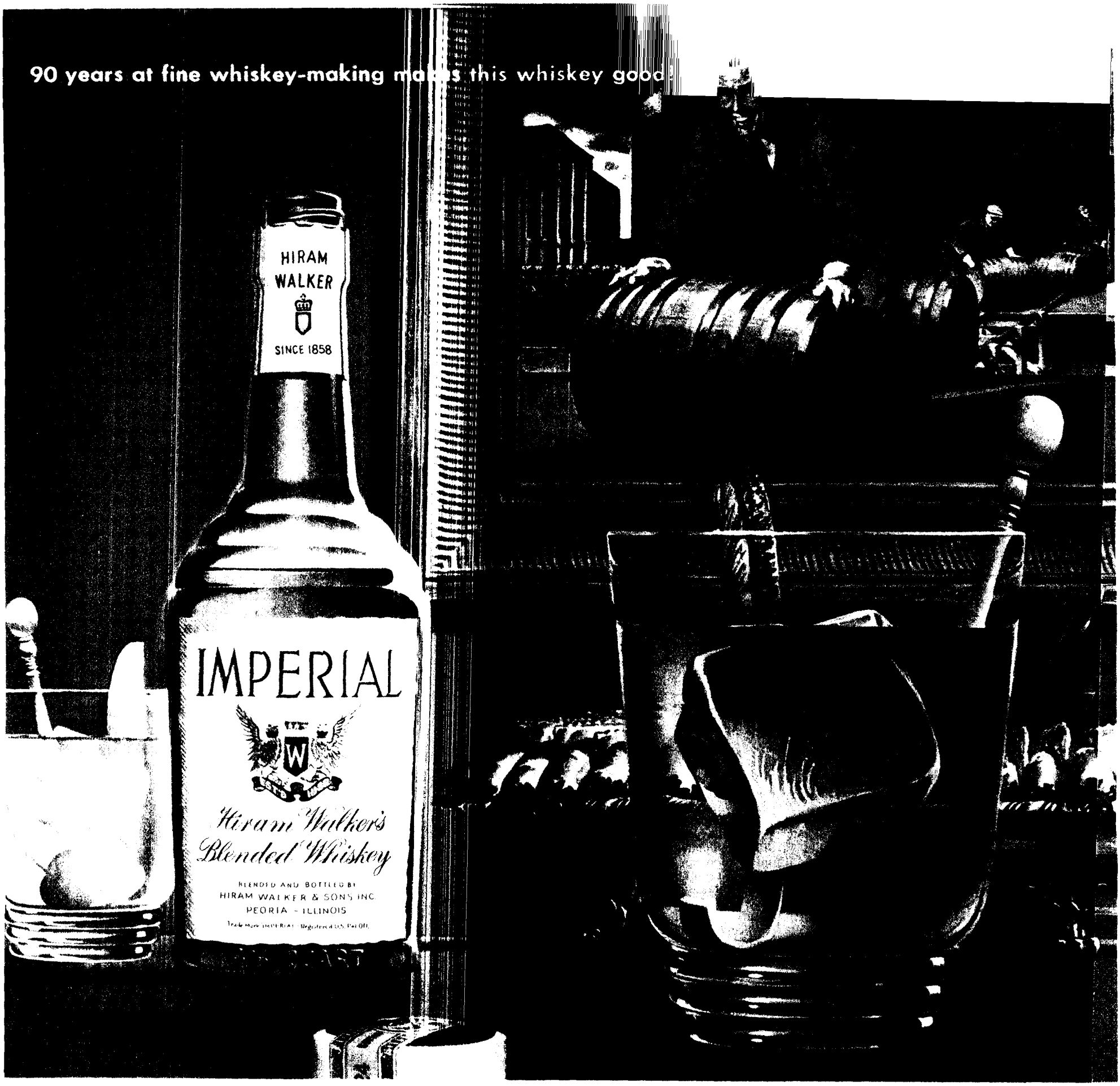
90 years at fine whiskey-making makes this whiskey good!



It's good to know...

IMPERIAL *is made by Hiram Walker*

Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

86 proof. Blended Whiskey. The straight whiskies in this product are 4 years or more old. 30% straight whiskey. 70% grain neutral spirits. Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Illinois.

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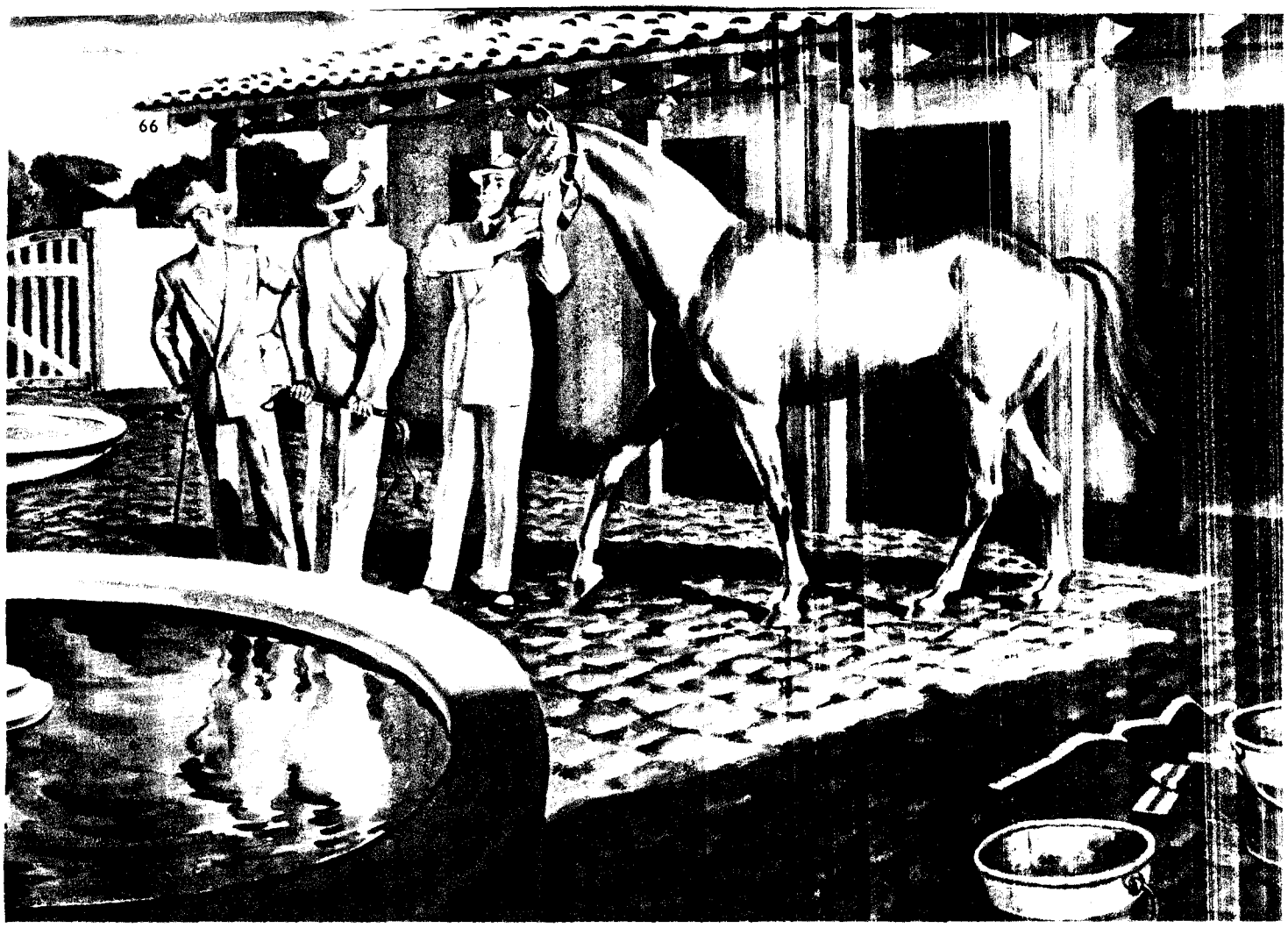

"Shoot that fine animal?" Uvaldos cried. He led the horse from the stall. It was as gentle as a lamb

BY ROBERT ZACKS

MR. JAMESON gave me his small smile. "Like it here, I gather," he said dryly.

"It's terrific," I said. "I've been trying to be assigned here to South America for months. And now I'm here, I'm really going to make good. I—" But Mr. Jameson stopped me.

"We're glad to have you," he said briefly, and I knew he meant it. Mr. Jameson didn't waste words.

"When can I get started?" I said eagerly. "I mean really started. I'd like to get out and start selling—"

"I suggest," said Mr. Jameson carefully, "that you make haste slowly here. There's a different tempo among these people. They are of Spanish descent and they don't put business first as we do. Courtesy and geniality are more important."

I felt a little offended. "I know that," I said. "I'm a little eager but—"

Mr. Jameson's tiny brush of a mustache twitched and I began to wonder whether he was annoyed at my being sent down to work with him. But my thoughts were interrupted as his telephone rang and Mr. Jameson smoothly went into an elaborate ritual of utter nonsense with somebody about how his life was brightened because of the call.

When he hung up he said briefly, "That was Señor Uvaldos. He has invited us to his ranch for the week end."

"Fine," I said happily. "He's a big man here, isn't he? I'll sell him some tractors. I understand he needs—"

"I had to turn him down," said Mr. Jameson. "I already have an appointment. He's extended the invitation indefinitely."

"Well *I* can go," I protested.

Mr. Jameson shook his head. "I don't think it's wise for you to go without me," he said.

"If we wait, we'll lose the sale."

"We may," said Jameson mildly. "It's a calculated risk."

He stood up. I was dismissed.

I didn't think for a minute of ignoring Mr. Jameson's order. He knew what he was doing and I was new. But at supper I met Jack Peterson who worked for Univex Harvester, a competitor. He told me he'd been invited to Uvaldos' ranch and planned to go.

So I went down myself; I figured I had to. I did try to contact Mr. Jameson to explain the situation but he'd already left for a trip inland.

SEÑOR UVALDOS' ranch was a tremendous affair. The central house was Old Spanish in design and there was a well-built set of stables for horses. You could smell them.

Señor Uvaldos himself was a portrait of an old Spanish nobleman. Soft black eyes with a dagger in them, the face of an aged aristocrat who had always lived well, gray Vandyke beard and mustache, and a courtly manner.

"Welcome," he said in almost perfect English, when he saw my Spanish was weak. "My house is yours."

"Thanks," I said. I felt uneasy, somehow. Everybody moved as if in a dream and spoke lethargically and my voice sounded a little too loud.

I wanted to talk business desperately but I remembered Mr. Jameson's warning, so I stuck close to Jack Peterson, watching him like a hawk.

Well, Jack Peterson didn't say a word about business; he just messed around with the most time-consuming babble about how pleasant the day was and what a good host Mr. Uvaldos was. If that was good enough for Jack that was good enough for me so I looked around to throw a few compliments too and my eyes lighted on a painting, a miniature of a dog. It was brilliant in coloring and perfect in detail; really beautiful.

"Now there," I said, meaning it, "is a beautiful painting."

Señor Uvaldos' eyes lighted up. "You like it, señor?"

"Like it?" I answered. "By George, I wish I had something like it."

Señor Uvaldos bowed. "It is yours, señor," he said calmly.

You could have knocked me over with a feather. I started to say no but Uvaldos insisted and I didn't want to offend the guy.

Wait till Jameson sees this, I thought happily. Uvaldos sure must have liked me.

When I saw Jameson the next day and showed it to him and told him the story, he turned pale.

"You young fool," he said harshly. "You weren't supposed to accept. He was being polite. It's the custom."

I flushed; and I also got scared. "You must be wrong," I said. "Why, when I said no he insisted."

Mr. Jameson pushed the telephone toward me grimly. "Call him," he said coldly, "and pay your respects. See what happens."

I did. "The Señor Uvaldos," said the maid stiffly, "is occupied and does not wish to be disturbed."

I hung up. "What you did," said Jameson sharply, "was unforgivably clumsy. The only time you accept such a gift is when you're prepared to offer a return gift immediately."

"Okay," I said humbly. "I'll pay for it. Let's get him a return gift."

"You couldn't afford it," said Jameson bitterly. "The firm will have to do it and we'll take that miniature to make up for it."

"Sure," I said hopefully. "Anything you say. I'll even apologize. I'll—"

"It isn't as easy as that," said Jameson. He was beginning to feel sorry for me. I was wishing I were dead. "Uvaldos has his pride. He won't accept a gift that's obviously just a return for his." Jameson smiled his small smile. "We'll figure something out," he said thoughtfully. "But believe me, it will be difficult."

AFTER letting me sweat for three days, Mr. Jameson called me into his office. "I've invited Señor Uvaldos to my ranch," he said. "To look over a shipment of horses for my stable."

I just nodded. I didn't see how we could get Uvaldos to ask us for a horse. But when I got down there and saw the beauty and grace of the animals I wondered how he could *stop* himself from asking for one. He did stop himself though. And he greeted me very nicely too, with maybe a shade of reserve.

"Ah, Señor Jameson," said Señor Uvaldos, his eyes shining, "they are beautiful." But he didn't ask and we couldn't offer clumsily.

"All but this one," said Mr. Jameson, leading us to a stall. "This one is too temperamental, too wild."

Mr. Jameson went into the stall to stroke the animal, a superb stallion with powerful arching neck; immediately the horse reared wildly, smashing its hoofs against the door. Mr. Jameson ducked out quickly.

"I'm afraid," said Mr. Jameson quietly, "we shall have to shoot him. No man can control him."

"Shoot him?" cried Uvaldos indignantly. "Shoot that fine animal? Let me try."

Softly Uvaldos went in. The horse was as gentle as a lamb. Uvaldos, his eyes gleaming, led the horse from the stall, and climbed on its bare back.

"Amazing," cried Mr. Jameson. "Utterly amazing. You are the only one who can handle him. You are a true horseman, Señor Uvaldos. It is too bad I must shoot him."

"Sell him to me," begged Uvaldos. "Please."

Mr. Jameson said coldly, "Sell to a friend? You offend me, señor. He is yours. He is no use to me if I cannot control him."

Señor Uvaldos got off the horse and bowed, smiling faintly. "Señor," he said, "my thanks. I cannot let this noble animal die."

Señor Uvaldos liked that horse so much he rode it home. As he left he said, "You must visit my home again, señor, and we will talk of tractors."

I stared after him, then turned to Jameson who was looking very pleased. "It's a lucky thing he didn't see you pinch that horse."

Mr. Jameson laughed. First time I actually ever heard him laugh.

"My dear fellow," said Mr. Jameson patiently. "He may not have seen me but I'm sure he knows just what I did."

What a country! I'm about ready to give up and go back but Mr. Jameson won't let me. He says I'll catch on to it in time.

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

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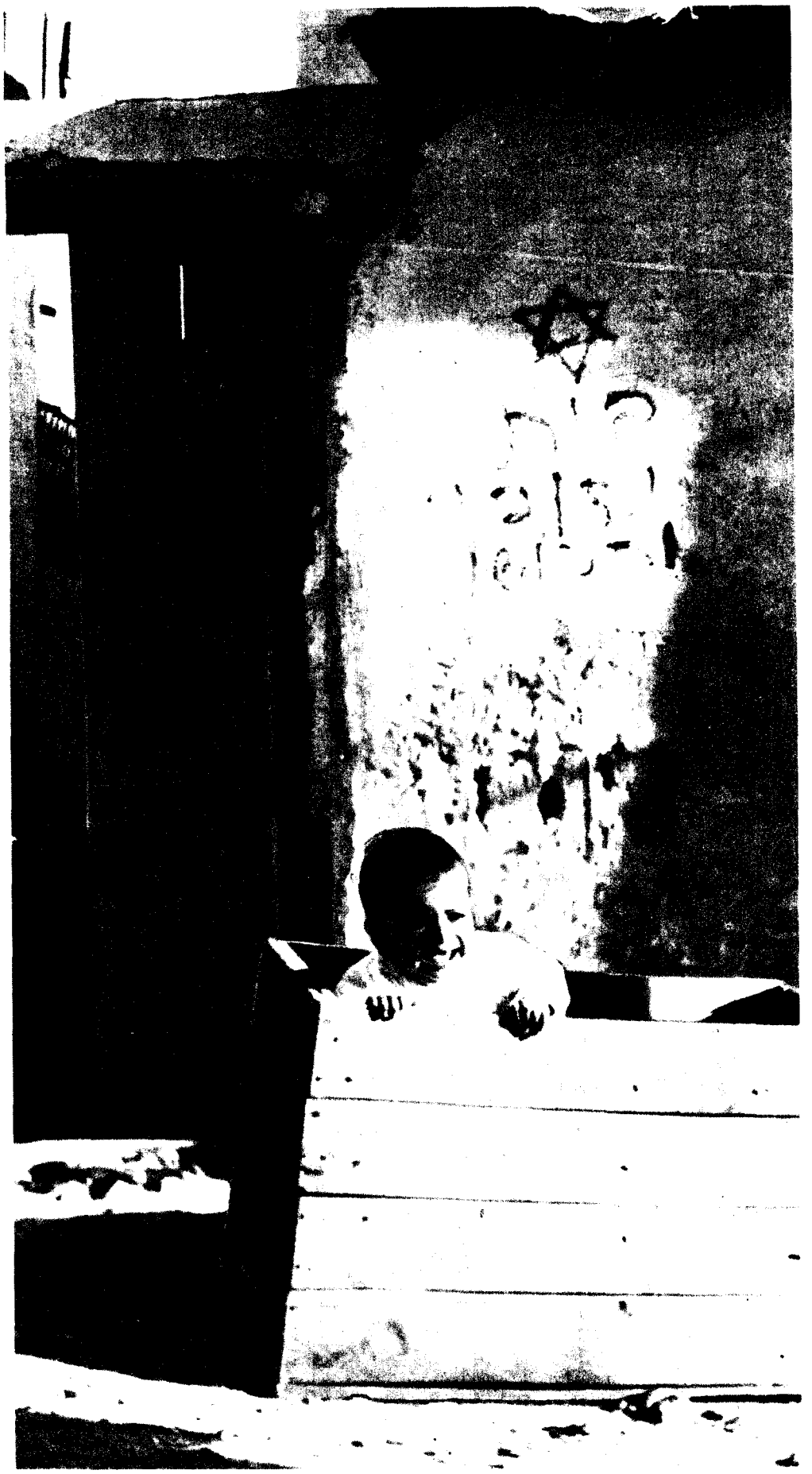

Photo taken in Palestine recently. The father of this child had to leave to defend his home against marauders. *Prior, From Three Lions Inc.*

Where's Daddy?

Hold on a little longer, son!

Daddy will be back soon. He's busy right now. Busy defending your birthright — busy defending your country.

You have a country now, baby. The nations of the world have given you, at last, a place to live. Your birthright took 2000 years to win.

So be brave, baby. We're with your father. We'll see that you don't lose this little place in the sun you call your own. You won't know the inside of a barbed wire cage or a ghetto, like your father did. A part of Palestine is yours. Hold on a little longer!

We'll send food, clothes, medicines, doctors, hospitals, schools — all the money and the means necessary to insure your future and the future of your country. And we'll send them, too, to those of your father's family who are still alive and waiting in Europe.

We won't let you or your father down.

We'll give, give, give! We'll give not only in charity's name. We'll give as big as the cause, because this time we're making history with our dollars. Because this is the year of your deliverance... this is the year of destiny!

WHAT MUST BE DONE IN 1948...

1. Supplementary aid for 250,000 displaced Jews in Germany, Austria, Italy and Cyprus.
2. Relief, rehabilitation, and reconstruction for one million Jews in Eastern and Western Europe.
3. Immigration and reception in Palestine of 75,000 homeless Jews, including 24,000 children.
4. Housing, retraining and settlement for the newcomers in Palestine.
5. Reception and adjustment of refugees who will enter the United States in 1948.

1948 Destiny Campaign

UNITED JEWISH APPEAL

for $250,000,000 minimum

For the Relief, Rehabilitation and Resettlement Programs of
Joint Distribution Committee, United Palestine Appeal and United Service for New Americans
165 West 46th Street, New York 19, New York

Henry Morgenthau, Jr., General Chairman

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Exclusively New York's...

The Empire State Building

Exclusively Freeman's...

THE CRADLE HEEL

Shaped like your foot for greater comfort

No other shoes—only Freeman's finest—offer the restful, contoured fit of Cradle Heel foot-like lasts. Available in the season's smartest styles and year-round custom types. Sold in the Empire State Building by Wallachs, and in leading stores from coast to coast. For your dealer's name write Freeman Shoe Corp., Beloit, Wis.

FREEMAN

8.95 to 19.95

It's a **FREEMAN** *shoe*

THE WEEK'S MAIL

Continued from page 4

AS YE SOW, SO SHALL YE . . .

GENTLEMEN: Was interested in the photograph of Walter Preuss, his wife and eleven of their children living in five small rooms in Germany (Berlin's Winter of Fear, Feb. 21st) but I am enclosing a picture from my morning papers showing James Egan, his wife and eleven children of Boston who are living in two rooms on $35 a week. The Preuss house compares favorably with the Egan house. Maybe we should remember that charity begins at home.

MRS. GEORGE C. RAND,
North Andover, Mass.

. . . It occurs to me that those shoes worn by the Preuss children probably belonged to children who were victims of gas chambers or experiments of Nazi doctors or perhaps slave labor camps. I wonder if the soap they use now is made of human fat. My heart bleeds for Walter Preuss and his family. MRS. MORTON BROWMAN,
Montreal, Quebec

. . . Collie Small seeks our deepest sympathy because "some Berliners have been reduced to eating boiled nettles . . ."

The Agricultural College at Cornell has issued a pamphlet, Wild Foods, which recommends nettles as a food. On page 9 we find: "Stinging Nettles. Early May. Roadsides, waste places. Young leaves, cooked like spinach. Delicate flavor; good in soup. Boiling removes sting."

MINNIE ESTABROOK WILLIAMS,
Canton, N. Y.

WHEN A FALA NEEDS A FRIEND

EDITOR OF ANY WEEK: That communication by Fala (Feb. 14th) was about the cleverest thing I have read in a long time. You sure took your courage in your hand to publish it. The idea of making light of, and poking fun at our "kings and their jesters"! MRS. TEX WILLIAMS,
Eagle, Colo.

. . . Thanks for giving expression to Fala's opinions. The record is now complete. He was the only New Dealer who had not written a book or published his memoirs.

J. C. ALLISON, Issaquah, Wash.

BUNNYISM?

DEAR SIRS: I believe my young nephew (age 3) can join the Bunnyists. When his mother called him he ran outside to his father and said: "I didn't hear somebody." Is it? MRS. MYRTLE VAN ANTWERP,
Suttons Bay, Mich.

We-l-l-l, it's sort of Bunny as a kute kiddy. According to Mr. Corey Ford, Mrs. Bunny McLeod recently (a) ordered "some hot water juice and a lemon," and (b) while she was having her house painted, rushed outside and told the painters: "Wait a while, I might change my head!"

ARMED PEACE

GENTLEMEN: After reading the letters in The Week's Mail under No Peace on Earth (Feb. 21st), I looked again at our copy of that great picture "The Prince of Peace." He bears in His hand, with appropriate symbolism, a shepherd's crook.

The modern American shepherd could hardly be accurately pictured without his Winchester. The two instruments serve exactly the same purpose—the defense of the flock. J. L. LESTER, Lamont, Ill.

TWILIGHT ON THE S. D. TRAIL

GENTLEMEN: Re Twilight on the Navajo Trail (Feb. 7th), South Dakota has six reservations that Mr. Jim Marshall should visit. Our Indians have more disadvantages than the Navajo: colder climate; no sheep or raw material issued to make articles for sale; our Indian schools are the very worst. Every treaty the government ever made has been broken. Sickness, starvation and want are always at hand. The gov't has tested the cattle for T.B. but not the Indians.

Our Indians were strong, able people before they were placed on reservations.

T. O. RONAYNE, Aberdeen, S. D.

LETTERS, INC.

DEAR SIR: In a faraway country, John Doe's pretty little daughter has just excitedly returned from school to relate her achievements for that day. Baby brother is crawling contentedly on the floor. Mother is at her never-ending chores. John is having a hard time making ends meet.

It dawns on me that our lives are similar, the same trials and tribulations, joys and sorrows. It horrifies me to think of killing John, and I know he feels the same toward me. I should like to know more about John, and if we could correspond, telling each other of our respective countries and maybe exchange simple gifts, we would come to know and love each other. If tens of thousands of families in the U.S. were assigned a particular country, with the family names and addresses furnished by our consul, just reflect for a moment what a forward step this would be in the promotion of peace and good will. It could be made part of the Marshall Plan.

We do not hesitate spending billions for armament, why not try "Letters, Incorporated"? MILTON F. BRAUN, Dallas, Texas

CATCALLS

DEAR SIRS: I was quite amused by Reader Elizabeth Phillipson's anti-cat letter in The Week's Mail (Feb. 14th). Perhaps Miss Phillipson has a personality that is objectionable to cats.

MARCIA SHAW BARNARD,
Laurinburg, N. C.

. . . Obviously La Phillipson likes stupid animals such as the dog. They fawn and grovel at your feet and beg for everything instead of being independent enough to care for themselves.

ELEANORE HAEFER, Milwaukee, Wis.

. . . "Ole Lizzie" Phillipson must be made up of 98 per cent vinegar, 2 per cent hate. Quote, "stupider than a horse": Why don't she use some "horse sense" and try to develop a nicer personality? Most horses know more than their drivers . . .

MRS. RUSSELL WEIDMAN,
Wayland, N. Y.

LONG MAY SHE WAVE!

DEAR ED: We have decided to change our pin-up girl after reading your article Ladies in Wading (Jan. 10th). The lucky girl is the one in the Catalina bathing suit (polka dot, two piece). Would you please publish all the data on this little gal?

AEROLOGY OFFICE, U.S.S. PCE 896,
San Francisco, Cal.

Meet Jane Strickland, junior miss model and designer; 106 pounds, five three, Florida aquamaid, sweet seventeen.

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BROTHERS IN CRIME

Continued from page 30

But here the Renos had no political ties. The citizens were outraged. Once more the Pinkertons were called in. Allan Pinkerton detailed his son William and two assistants to the job.

William Pinkerton followed the trail as far as Council Bluffs. There the Renos seemed to have vanished into the air. Scouting around, the detectives entered the toughest saloon in town. They discovered it was run by a former resident of Seymour. Young Pinkerton pricked up his ears. He and his men began to frequent the place as much as they could without arousing suspicion. But no one in the saloon seemed to tie in with the outlaws. The operatives did notice one man who appeared strangely out of place. He was too well dressed to blend into his surroundings. And he held many whispered conversations with the saloonkeeper.

Checking, Pinkerton found that the customer was Michael Rogers, a wealthy, respected citizen of Council Bluffs. He owned property all over the state. To suspect him of any wrongdoing, said local authorities, was sheer insanity.

Nevertheless, Pinkerton investigated further. He found that Rogers made frequent trips to county treasurers' offices to pay taxes on his properties. And from operatives watching the Rogers residence, Pinkerton got the news that several strange men had entered the house but hadn't come out.

The house was watched four more days. Then Rogers was seen stealthily coming out, accompanied by three strangers. All took a westbound train. The Pinkertons didn't follow.

Next morning, the four men sneaked back, coming from the direction of the railroad. But the detectives knew that no train had pulled in that morning. Another curious feature was that the men were covered with mud, and their clothes looked as if they had been slept in.

Handcar Furnishes a Clue

The answer to the puzzle came later in the day, when word arrived that the safe of the county treasurer in Glenwood had been rifled the night before. That was it! The men had come back by handcar, Pinkerton figured. And he proved it by finding one abandoned near the Council Bluffs station.

Now he had the picture. Rogers had visited the treasurer's office to pay taxes. He observed the layout, blueprinted a job for the Renos, and a raid followed.

Pinkerton determined on a raid of his own. His men surrounded the house. (Reinforcements had come in from the East.) Pinkerton banged on the front door and pushed his way past Rogers into the kitchen. The three strangers were just about to sit down to breakfast. Taken by surprise, they offered no resistance and submitted to arrest glumly. One was Frank Reno, the others were Albert Perkins and Miles Ogle.

Several packages of bank notes recovered were later identified as coming from the Glenwood safe.

The four prisoners were locked securely in the Glenwood jail—or so the authorities believed. But on April 1, 1868, the sheriff found the cells empty, a big hole sawed through the wall. All over the floor and walls was scrawled "April Fool."

The gang was next heard from May 22d, when it carried off its biggest haul.

The outlaws boarded a train while the engine was taking on water 20 miles south of Seymour. In the ensuing confusion and panic, the conductor, Americus Wheeler, drew his cap-and-ball revolver and blazed away. A fusillade followed, and Wheeler fell wounded.

Several bandits dashed into the engine cab. When the engineer hesitated to follow orders, he was brutally beaten and flung from the cab. So was the fireman. Then Frank detached the engine and express car, and headed both toward Seymour.

As it was speeding along, the outlaws broke into the express car. When the messenger wouldn't turn over the keys forthwith, they beat him into insensibility and threw him down an embankment.

The safe was torn open and $96,000 in booty taken. Then Frank serenely ran the gang home to Seymour in the locomotive!

Now began one of the most intensive man hunts in Western history. The Adams Express Company, which had suffered the loss, asked the Pinkertons to go after the ruffians again.

Vigilante Man Hunters Organize

The citizenry was up in arms, no longer terrified by the Renos, in view of the evidence that the Pinkertons were determined to wipe them out. Railroad and express officials helped whip up a strong sentiment against the killers. A Secret Vigilance Committee of Southern Indiana was formed. Like all vigilante movements that had sprung up in the West, this one considered the local law enforcement arm weak and venal. The vigilantes would take the law into their own hands. A necktie party was the only answer to banditry, they cried.

Things were getting too hot. The Renos fled.

One henchman, Val Elliott, was captured in another robbery, as were Phil Clifton and Charles Roseberry. The trio was put on a train for Brownstown. But the vigilantes boarded the train a few miles from its destination, seized the prisoners and swung them from a tree.

When three more of the bandits were captured, they too were snatched from deputies by masked men and escorted to the same tree.

The Reno gang was practically defunct now. The vigilantes, as lawless as their victims, were warning would-be sympathizers of the brothers what to expect. Indiscriminate floggings were handed out to suspects.

Meantime, the Pinkertons were off on the trail of the Renos. Bill and Sim were captured in Indianapolis, Frank and a pal, Charles Anderson, in Ontario. To frustrate a further lynching attempt, the Pinkertons had the four men lodged in the New Albany, Indiana, jail, strongest in the section. Now the final-act curtain was about to rise.

A few weeks later, in November, 1868, a J M & I train dropped an empty coach onto the siding at Seymour. That night, a southbound train hooked on to it and took it along. But now there were 50 passengers aboard, all masked.

When the train reached New Albany at 2 A.M., the mystery car was detached. The masked men marched quietly out, battered their way into the jail and tore the prisoners from their cells and hanged them from the jail rafter.

Laura Reno, when she heard of her brothers' deaths, swore she would avenge them. But she never did. Instead, she married and settled down to respectable domesticity. John, pardoned after 15 years in a Missouri jail, reformed; he came home and helped Honest Reno on the farm to the end of his days. And out in southern Indiana they still talk about the Renos, for legend has it that they buried the proceeds of their last robbery, and that it still awaits a finder. If the legend be true, apparently John made no attempt to find it.

THE END

Jockey
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
Overknee

IT'S A BRAND...IT'S A TRADE MARK...IT'S MADE BY...
Cooper's INC.
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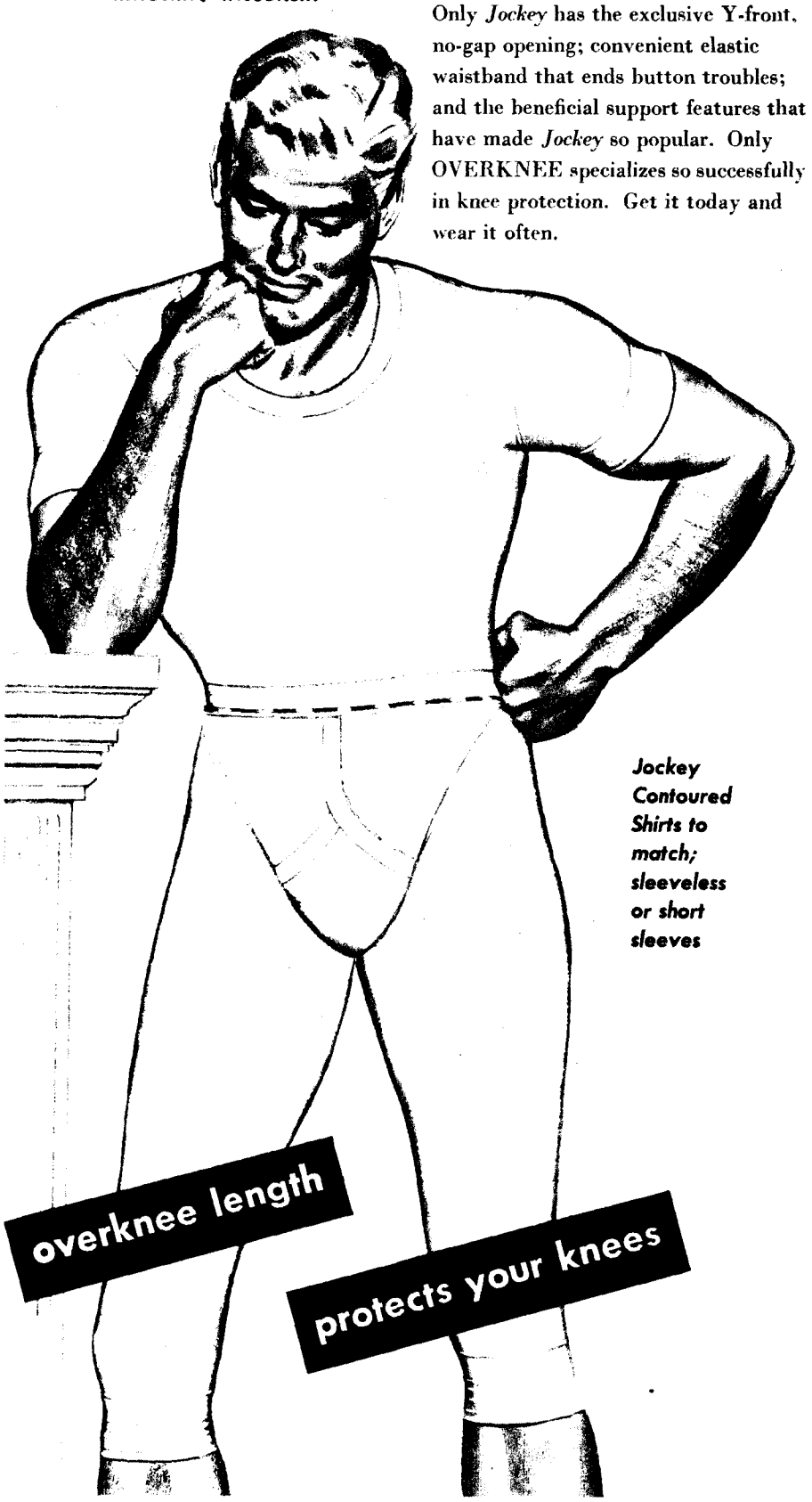

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A CROSS FOR URDIA

Continued from page 17

old man will have it for his holy day."

Eldridge said, "That's white of you," and then bit his lip because it wasn't what he wanted to say to a Jew. Awkwardly he fumbled for a cigarette, feeling shame that he had allowed himself to be maneuvered into accepting favors. He said, "Well, I've got to go," and hurried from the room lest he yield to an impulse to shake hands.

AFTER he had gone, Elihu softly clapped his hands and said, "That was victory." Then he thought: But should I not be ashamed, a mature man triumphing over a youth? Has he not taken away a seed of gratitude which, in time, might sweeten the soil of hate? And Elihu nodded, thinking it would be a pity to sully the faith of Father Joseph by using his simple letter as an instrument of vengeance. He locked the door and crossed the road to the warren of bazaars, hurrying to a silversmith's shop.

Elihu knew that the Nestorians disapproved of display and bought a plain Cross of cheap silver which was slightly smaller than the one that had been lost. When he left with the package under his arm he felt strangely relieved. Then he remembered he had missed the evening mail, and there was no chance of the Cross reaching Urdia for the Christian Sabbath. Stopping at a café in the business district he considered the problem over a glass of green tea.

At a near-by table sat a fat, cheerful Arab whose name was Majid al Khadi. Elihu knew Majid very well, for in the days of Rashid Ali's pogrom this Moslem neighbor had hidden him from the mob. Their friendship, however, had ended with a business dispute. Elihu could no longer remember the details, but the coldness had lasted three years.

While he sipped his tea he heard Majid say to a friend, "I was lucky to get a sleeping berth on the train for Mosul tonight." Moved by impulse Elihu got up and went to the other table. He said, "Excuse me, Majid al Khadi, but do I understand you go to Mosul?"

The other man answered with cold politeness, "If God wills, I go. You have sharp ears. What may I do for you?"

They looked at each other with the bittersweet remembrance of pleasant hours spent together, now tarnished by the foolishness of pride. Elihu said, "I have here a parcel for the priest of the Nestorian church at Urdia. I thought, I hoped, that in Mosul you might hear of somebody who was going to the hills." He saw the Arab hesitate and added, "This is not a business matter," and gave Majid the letter from Father Joseph.

Majid al Khadi, like most educated Iraqis, was bilingual, and when he finished reading the letter he slapped his thigh and laughed. "This is indeed a jest!" he said. "A Jew buys a Cross and asks a Moslem to take it to a Christian *imam*. Oh, Shami Elihu! Shami Elihu!"

The Jew, controlling his anger, said, "Please do not laugh. The faith of the old man should be respected."

The Arab, checked in his amusement, answered, "The correction is justified, and if God has so willed it, the Cross will reach Urdia in time." He picked up the parcel and, with a sketchy salaam, left the café thinking: It is a pity we quarreled, but what is, must be. . . .

WHEN he reached the northern town the next morning, Majid went to the house of a friend, and it was some time before he remembered Elihu's request. Laughing to cover his embarrassment, he explained the matter, and the friend, who had strict religious views, answered, "One of my servants goes to his home in the hills and will pass Urdia. But the matter is so improper that I hesitate—"

Majid said, "What is improper? Is not the Christian Jesus one of our six Apostles?" He saw his friend still hesitate and added with cunning, "It is a coincidence that your servant is going to the hills. I would not call it predestination, but—"

His friend answered severely, "Have you forgotten, *insh'Allah mek toub*—that all things are written as God wills?"

Hiding his smile Majid said, "Then it was written that your servant should be the final messenger to carry the Cross to Urdia. Please send for the man."

Presently a Kurd who was employed as a watchman entered the room. He had the fine, thin nose and high cheekbones of the hill people and wore their traditional wide pantaloons. The hilt of a dagger showed above the folds of braided cloth about his middle, and he carried a slung rifle. His manner was preoccupied, almost surly, and he indicated with an impatient gesture that he had no wish to go to the Assyrian village.

Majid was insistent. He gave the man money and said, "This will make your trouble worth while." And then, spurred by his sense of humor, he instructed the Kurd to deliver a message. "Tell the Christian *imam*," he said, "that this was bought by a Jew, who gave it to an Arab, who now gives it to you. I am sure the old man will be astonished."

Murad the Kurd went away with the Cross thrust into the folds of his sash. He rode to the hills in a truck, perched on a top-heavy load of freight which swayed dangerously as they skirted dark gorges cut by the rivers through the mountain wall. The roar of the tumbling waters spoke harshly to him, encouraging a mood which made him caress the rifle and part his lips in a terrible smile.

In the coffee shops of Mosul he had heard a rumor that a trusted friend had made sport with a woman he loved. Like most Kurds he was quick in anger and the feudal law of blood was the only law he recognized. A bullet for the false friend. A knife for the unfaithful woman. Afterward—he shook his head because his slow brain did not see beyond revenge, and there would be no afterward when the woman was dead. He watched everybody who passed on the road with hard, suspicious eyes, and putting his hand to his dagger he also touched the Cross.

MURAD was tempted to hurl it into a gorge, for he would add several hours to his journey by going to the Assyrian village. But he was an honest man and could not break his bargain with the Arab, and, furthermore, it was notorious that the Assyrians worshiped jinni, and offense to one of these spirits might interfere with his feud. So it came about that presently he left the truck and turned off the highway to the Urdia road.

The sky was a spectrum toned with the colors of the setting sun. The sleepy sounds of birds nesting among clumps of scrub oak filtered through the dark wall of his thoughts. He came to a stream and when he stopped to drink he sat on his heels afterward, soothed by the beauty and the peace of the great hills. Then he realized that hate was slipping away, and jumping to his feet he ran down the rough track, trying to outstrip his changing mood. . . .

Father Joseph sat on the stone bench against the wall of the church, where he had been seated since noon, watching the path. Sometimes he stroked his beard nervously, but he was quick to chide his fingers for lacking the faith which was in his heart. "The messenger will come,"

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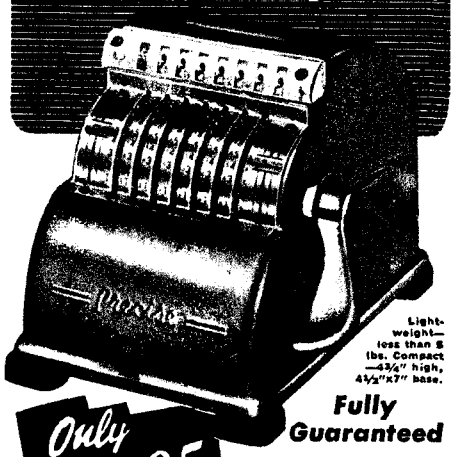

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he said in his simple fashion. And when he saw Murad he added, "He has come!" and rose to meet him.

Murad was breathless and confused. He said angrily to the patriarch, "If you are the *imam*, this is for you. It is some Christian charm, and I was told to say it was bought by a Jew, who gave it to an Arab, who gave it to me. Take it quickly!" He thrust the Cross into the hands of Father Joseph, and when the Kurd raised his eyes he saw such beauty in the wrinkled, tranquil old face, that he felt a nascent peace; but he killed it with a curse as he turned and fled from the Assyrian's blessing. There were shadows at his heels as he went leaping goatlike up the stony path, and Father Joseph, the Cross pressed against his breast, looked after him sorrowfully and thought: He runs from God. . . .

When the Kurd came to his own village the last light had gone from the surrounding heights, and the huddle of low-roofed houses was submerged in the quiet lake of night. He stood above the village searching for his anger, but all he felt was the numbness of fatigue. The need for food and rest was more urgent than vengeance, so he went to his brother's house and softly pounded the door with the heel of his hand. He heard the well-remembered voice and forced a smile as a lantern shone on his face, thinking that he must hide the real purpose of his visit because his brother was a man of peaceful ways.

AFTER he had eaten, they sat together against the wall with their shoeless feet tucked up, and Murad asked casually, "Is all well, my brother? Is there news? What of my dear friend, Abdullah?"

His brother answered, "I was so overjoyed to see you that I forgot Abdullah. He left at sunset, going to Mosul to find you. How was it you did not meet him on the road?"

"Gone?" repeated Murad, and he trembled under the high wind of his anger as he realized that by turning from the highway he had missed the man he had come to kill. "Gone?" he said again, in a harsh voice. "Why did he want to see *me?*" His hand went to his dagger; the fingers were talons curving to the haft.

The older man answered slowly, "Because there was report of an unclean rumor which Abdullah feared might have reached your ears, and out of his love for you he ran to tell you it was a lie." He looked into Murad's shocked eyes, and speaking gently with a brother's chiding, added, "So you heard it. How could you doubt Abdullah? How could you believe such evil?"

The sweat rolled down Murad's face as he whispered, "It was untrue? She—"

"—will make you a good wife when the time comes, my brother!"

There was no sound in the room. Murad, dazed by the wonder of truth, looked at his rifle leaning against the wall and then down to his sheathed dagger. He thought: If I had met Abdullah on the road I would have killed him. If I had not gone to the Assyrian we would have met. . . . He thought: If I had not been so tired because of the rough path over the hills, I would have killed the woman straightaway instead of coming to my brother. And then in a confusing whirl of thoughts he remembered why he had turned from the road, and saw again the beauty of the old man's face as the Cross was thrust into his hands.

"Oh, God the merciful! God the loving-kind!" whispered Murad, and turning to the wall and pressing his hands against the rough mud plaster, he wept.

SHAMI ELIHU sat at his usual table in the café across the street from his office. The heat of the day was dying and a breeze from the great river brought breath to Baghdad. The sweet odor of freshly sprinkled water rose from the cooling sidewalks, and voices which had been strident during the day now blended in modulation. Elihu, his dark eyes soft with dreams, was sipping his glass of green tea flavored with mint when he felt a hand on his shoulder; he looked up with a smile which wavered when he saw his former friend, Majid al Khadi. The Arab said, "I am now back from Mosul. I thought you would like to know I did your little commission."

Elihu said, "You mean the Cross for the priest at Urdia? Oh, I am so pleased!" His smile gathered courage, and forgetfully, as if these were the old days, he swung another chair to the table, saying, "You will have coffee?"

"I am your guest." The Arab sat, stretching his legs. He said, "There is a delicious breeze this evening. It is extraordinary how one feels at peace at the end of a hot day."

"I, too, feel at peace," said the Jew.

They were silent, each with his thoughts. Martins swooped from the rooftops, their narrow wings and forked tails carrying them with darting swiftness through the cool air as they called one to the other like flutes, and from far away, faintly but quite clearly, began the singing voices of the muedhddins spreading the call for prayer. Majid said, "It is the hour of *maghreb*. You will excuse me, Shami?" He was no longer formal and an impulse made the Jew detain him as he started to rise.

"I was wondering," Shami Elihu said, "why we have been so foolish."

Majid said, "Shami, I, too, have wondered. What did we quarrel about?"

"I cannot remember—"

"So we were sacrificing friendship for pride? Oh, Shami, Shami! A few words together, such as these, and nothing would have happened between us!" He held the Jew's hand within the double embrace of his own and felt the coldness of the years fall away like the dead shell of a chrysalis. "What *did* we quarrel about?" he asked again, shaking his head and laughing.

"Some little thing—"

"And a little thing brings us together again!— You will dine with me tonight, dear friend?"

When he had gone, making for the mosque at the top of the street, Shami Elihu lit a cigarette to hide his emotion. His dark eyes, soft as night's shadows, held a puzzled look. "A little thing?" he repeated wonderingly, but he was a practical man and dismissed the embryo thought with a smile. Then he remembered the young officer who had commissioned him to buy the Cross, and forgetting insults in the warmth of recovered friendship, he went to his office and telephoned the English base.

When he heard the voice of Flying Officer Eldridge he felt pity because it was the voice of a man harassed by trouble. The Jew said, "Mr. Eldridge, I have news to please you. The Cross reached the old priest at Urdia—"

Eldridge said, *"What?* I say, that's wizard!" and there followed a bewildering rush of words. Elihu gathered the young man had been in disfavor with some elder, but would be returned to grace when he reported the news. And when Eldridge finished with a boyish, "I owe you a flock of drinks!" it was a genuine expression of gratitude and an apology for past rudeness.

Shami Elihu put down the telephone thinking: A very nice young man with courage to admit a wrong. And if this is typical of the youth of his country, then the day of the English is far from ended. . . . As he left his office and walked slowly through the friendly darkness, Elihu savored a sweetness clean and tangy like wild honey, and looking up he saw the wonder of the stars lighting one by one in the high desert sky.

THE early morning light of the Kurdish hills filled the little Nestorian church at Urdia with color toning from primitive to pastel, and spread a rich carpet over the floor of hard, beaten earth. Light rose slowly to engulf the altar. A shaft of pure gold touched the Cross and made it shine with a glory which was reflected in the old eyes of Father Joseph. His heart was filled with the miracle of its coming, of the men of different faiths who had helped bring it to pass. Different, yet alike, Father Joseph thought. For God has many names, but He is with the Jews and the Moslems as He is with us. The old man smiled and reflected that out of the grain of kindness, leavened with a little understanding, had been made bread that all men could eat.

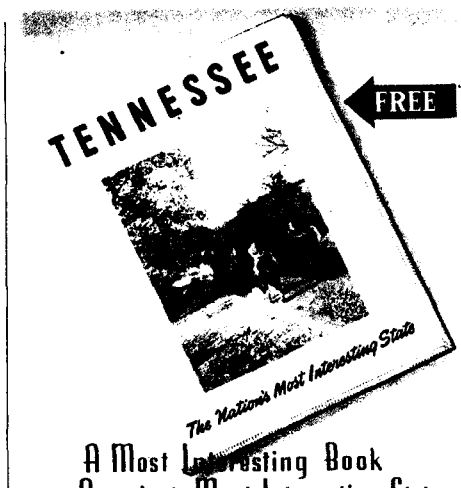
He went to the door and looked at the blueness of the sky edged with the crystal purity of the high snows. He heard the cattle lowing in the pastures and the turning wheel at the communal mill. He did not know the world beyond his valley of Urdia, but he had heard that peace had not yet come to that world although war was ended. "Truly," he said, his voice as music in the clear morning air, "there is need for a great baking of this bread."

And turning to his work in the fields, there was no doubt in his mind that the Children of God would find the grain and the leaven, for Father Joseph was a very simple man who believed in miracles.

THE END

"While you're wasting your time, I won two games of solitaire!"

COLLIER'S ADOLPH SCHUS



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FAIR EXCHANGE

Continued from page 21

morning. He distinctly put obstacles in the way of my getting over to see Janet again. I had Miss Lopchick, my secretary, making phone calls to find that cab.

Miss Lopchick took a dim view about telephones in general.

"I take a dim view of your desires, too," she said. "Since when has a secretary got to go around finding missing taxicabs?"

When Miss Lopchick gave the telephone a brief rest while she powdered her nose, I called Janet. She hadn't talked to that V.P. yet; I suggested that maybe we could go into the matter further at dinner.

I CALLED for her all the way out to Brooklyn and we went to dinner. It wasn't until Janet ordered a chocolate éclair with ice cream, whipped cream, chocolate sauce and a maraschino cherry for dessert, that I suddenly thought about Leona. Leona always ordered pie à la mode without the ice cream. She liked the way "pie à la mode" sounded, but ice cream hurt her mother's teeth.

I said, "I just thought of something, Janet. I have to call my mother-in-law's daughter. What's gonna be with that pajama top exchange?"

Janet looked up from the chocolate éclair. "It can be done. Mr. Harrell says he's an easy man to do business with, if I'll go out with him."

"Great," I said, starting for the telephone booth in high; then quick I shifted into reverse. "Time," I said, skidding back into the table. "Who is Mr. Harrell?"

Janet mouthed a large spoonful of goo. "Mishther Hawwerr," she said, "is th' vishe-presjidenn."

"It is not correct," I said, "to eat when you're talking. And of course, you told him it was out of the question," I added coldly.

Janet swallowed real fast. "Listen, you big dope," she said, "I'll go out with anyone I please. Who do you think you're marrying, anyway?"

I swallowed too, real fast. Without food, it's a pretty empty gesture.

"Leona," I said. "That's who I'm marrying."

"So go call her," Janet said, going back into her chocolate éclair, "and I'll go out with Mr. Harrell tomorrow and you can get your pajama top exchanged without having anything to exchange."

So I called Leona. We had a nice talk. She, me and her mother. Her mother was on the extension. Most people can't get phones at all. Her mother has to have an extension. Telephoning Leona is like taking a bath in public.

"Leona," I said, "maybe we better forget all about the whole thing with this pajama top business."

"But, darling," said Leona, "Mother would be furious."

"Yes," her mother admitted, over the extension, "I would."

I said, "Leona, look. I lost it in a taxicab. The only way Janet can exchange it for me, is if she goes out with Mr. Harrell. And I don't want her to go out with Mr. Harrell. If she goes out with anybody it should be with me."

"What in Heaven's name are you saying?" asked Leona.

"I don't believe it," her mother added.

I heard myself going on. "But it's the truth, ladies. I am sitting here with Janet having dinner. She's redheaded, gorgeous, and I don't like the idea of her getting herself into debt because of your pajama top. We have had two wonderful days together, and it's not fair to penalize her by making her go out with some vice-president who's probably old enough to be her father. Now do you understand?"

Leona gasped. Or maybe it was just flatulence.

"Don't believe him, Leona," said her mother. "He's just trying to make you jealous."

"No," I said, "honest. If I'm trying to make anyone jealous, it's Janet."

As I hung up, Leona's mother was really getting up a head of steam.

"Let's see, 'Continued on page 63, Section L, Column 7' "

COLLIER'S BRUCE CURRIE

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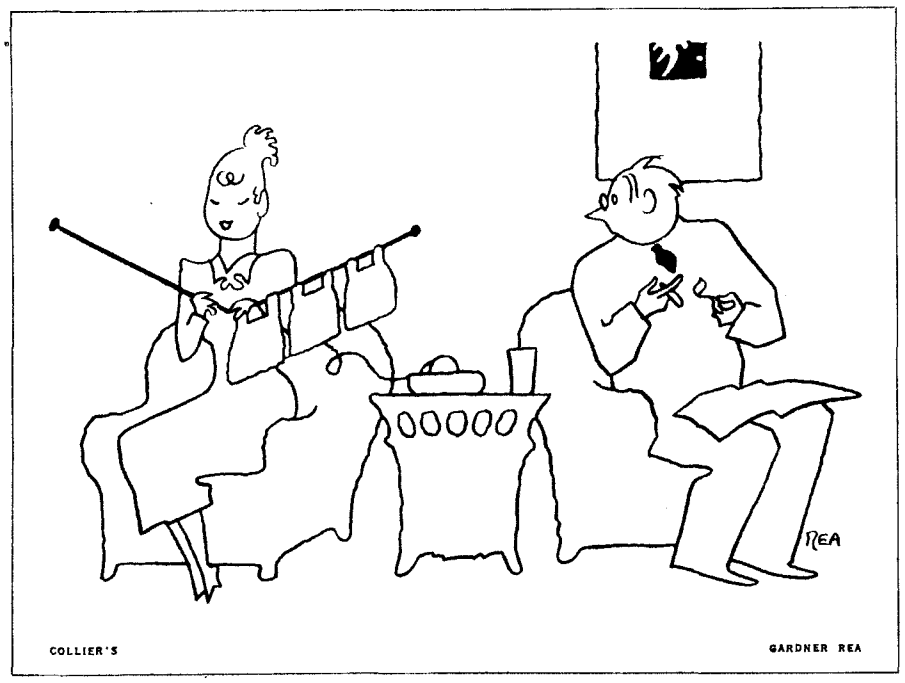


When I got back to the table, Janet was gone. The waiter said she had gone off in a huff. I doubted that. In a taxi, more likely.

I went home and had dreams about redheaded complaint departments. . . .

The next morning, Miss Lopchick had news for me.

"I found your lost taxi," she reported, "and he's very fresh. His name is Krieg. He says he found your—you should excuse the expression—one-piece pajama top in his cab. If you want it, you should come and get it. He hangs out on Thirty-ninth Street, near Marvin Brothers'."

"Miss Lopchick," I beamed, "you are wonderful. If I weren't already tied up with two women, I would make personal overtures."

I called Janet at the store, but she wasn't in, they told me. After the third call, I got the idea and changed my voice.

When I finally got her on the phone, I said, very quickly, "Look, you don't have to go out with Mr. Harrell. I found the pajama top."

Her voice was clear and calm. "Please don't bother to call me any more, Mr. Evans," she said. "You may come here at any time and exchange your darned old pajama top anytime you like—"

I said, "Janet—"

"With or without the pajama top. And I hope you marry that old battle-ax or her daughter or both and I hope all your troubles are little hatchet-faced ones."

I said, "Janet—"

"And I'll go out with Mr. Harrell or anyone else I please, tonight at five o'clock or any other time I please, from the Thirty-ninth Street entrance or anywhere else I please. Goodby!"

So then I really told her. I said, "Janet—" but it's very hard to carry on a conversation on the telephone after the other party hangs up.

BUT anyway, I'm no dope. Not too much, anyway. At five o'clock I allowed myself to be at the Thirty-ninth Street entrance to Marvin Brothers'. Accidentally, of course.

At 5:05, Janet came out with a guy. And what a guy. Six feet of crew-cut all the way down to the cuffs of his tweed trousers.

I said, "Janet, you don't have to worry about a thing. I gave Leona back to her mother last night."

Janet was beautiful. "Go away," she said. I wanted desperately to kiss her. So I did. She kissed back, too.

"Mr Harrell," she said, weakly, "would you make him go away, please?"

"I am only too glad," he said, advancing on me like Gentleman Jim Corbett.

"Stand aside, woman," I said to Janet, "while I promote a vice-president." I went to do battle with the man.

"Hey, Swifty," I heard somebody call. I looked around and saw my missing cabby.

"Hiya," I said gaily. "I got a better end for your book," I yelled. That was when Janet screamed, and something hit me.

Then I was floating gently, and I realized I was lying with my head in somebody's lap. My head ached, but her hands were soft and perfumy and everything was just crispy-crunchy.

"You can open your eyes now, darling," she said. "He's gone. Besides, he didn't hit you that hard."

I kept my eyes shut and grinned a grin.

"And stop grinning. I know that even you know better than to lead with your chin."

"I know," I protested, eyes still shut, "but that cabby distracted me."

She said, "And you can get up now, too. You'll catch cold lying on the sidewalk. And that cabby didn't distract you. Nobody asked you to stop and wave at him."

I opened my eyes and got up. Mr. Harrell seemed to be gone.

"I'm no fool," I said. "Wanna marry me?"

The cabby waved something at me. "Here's your pajama top," he shouted.

The man in the blue serge suit with the brass buttons came over. "You fellas got permission to stage a demonstration?" he inquired sweetly.

I said, "It's just a demonstration of affection, officer. Come on, Janet."

We got into the cab. The cabby didn't ask any questions. He just took off.

I said to Janet, "You haven't answered me yet."

The cabby turned back to look at me. "All right, what do you wanna know?"

"Not you," I said. I stopped kissing Janet. "Pardon, hon, the man's writing a book."

We missed a pedestrian by almost a foot. The cabby said, "Agh, nuts to the book. It always comes out the same. Boy meets girl, boy loses girl, boy gets girl. Same junk alla time. Ya can't win."

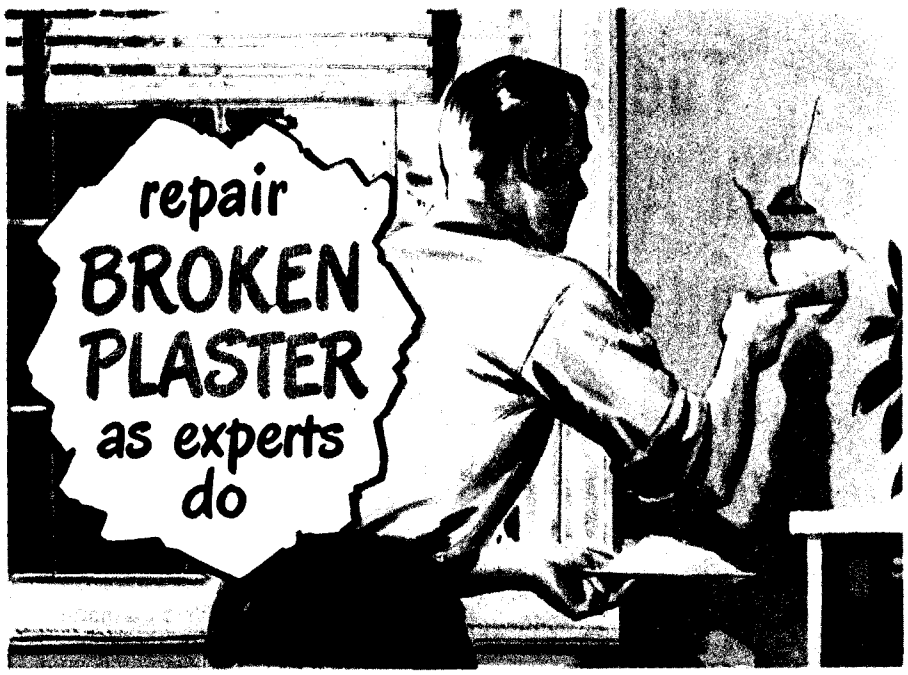
"I got a new ending for you," I said. "Boy meets girl, boy loses girl, boy finds another girl and gets married happily ever after."

The cabby was excited. "You mean this ain't her pajama top?" he asked, waving it at Janet.

"No," I said, and thought to myself that it might be wonderful to see what Janet looked like in it, if she'd wear it.

"I will not," she said, under her breath. I was kissing her at the time, the cabby was waving the pajama top and missing the rest of the cars on the street, and that's why Leona is going to be so mad, her mother will probably convince her.

THE END



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CAMPUS CRUSADER

Continued from page 14

case and sent copies to other colleges with a plea for action.

By their own choice, the undergraduates have no sororities and they require all girls to wait on table. When the college couldn't afford certain building repairs, the students, in "Operation Cleanup," voted to take over ground maintenance while the gardeners made the repairs.

The girls also ruled, except for Sunday dinner, blue jeans can be worn to the dining room or anywhere in college limits. Of course, there are some apparel limitations. Pajamas and bare feet are not allowed in classrooms.

SLC has taken precautions to see that the scholastic and social freedom granted the girls is not wildly misspent. The school accepts only those students who already possess a reasonable amount of maturity and a desire for serious study. Though it scarcely bothers about grades or course credits, SLC does go into tremendous detail over an applicant's complete personality. (What books has she read? How does she get along with others?) A candidate must, with her parents, teachers and doctor, fill out a massive 25-page form. (One father, a manufacturer, wrote in to say it was worse than anything he did for OPA.)

The teacher is the prime agent in SLC's brand of free-swinging education. Therefore, President Taylor has instructors who are broadly educated and who really like to teach.

Coeds' Weekly Progress Checkup

Each week at SLC, where there are only six students to each teacher, an instructor privately meets each girl in his class for about a half hour. In the conference, a student tells what she has been working on and what steps she has taken toward preparing the semester paper (or "contract") which is due on each course.

Teachers also serve as faculty advisers (or "dons"). A student may remain with the same don for four years, and it is his duty to guide his charge so that she will not spread her work too thinly or, by narrow concentration, omit some major aspect of knowledge. SLC scholars are thus able to end up with a broad, well-integrated education. The subjects they take are few but the girls approach them from all angles.

This winter, the philosophy class of Helen Merrell Lynd (coauthor of the Middletown books) was discussing the constancy of values. Members of the psychology and economics departments were asked to give their slants on the problem, and the students themselves contributed material gleaned from novels and even from mathematics and physics courses. As a final touch, Mrs. Lynd had the class come to her house in Manhattan, where they got a still different viewpoint from Gregory Bateson, an anthropologist from another school.

Sarah Lawrence naturally hasn't all the answers to education's ills. Statisticians have found that the average group of college women, although best equipped to raise families, produces more spinsters, more divorcées and fewer children than noncollege girls. So far, SLC graduates have not shown any inclination to improve upon their sister collegians.

It is generally thought that Sarah Lawrence is expensive because of its methods. Actually, the total cost of educating a student at SLC is not a hundred dollars more than at a comparable conventional school. SLC must charge the student $1,700 because it hasn't a large endowment. In spite of this, 13 per cent of the student body are receiving either scholarships or grants. However, the Sarah Lawrence faculty is underpaid and poorly housed. One of them uses a tool shed for an office. They remain because they are excited by the SLC crusade and the unparalleled academic freedom given them.

Most SLC students come from wealthy homes and a few of them spend more in a year than certain teachers earn.

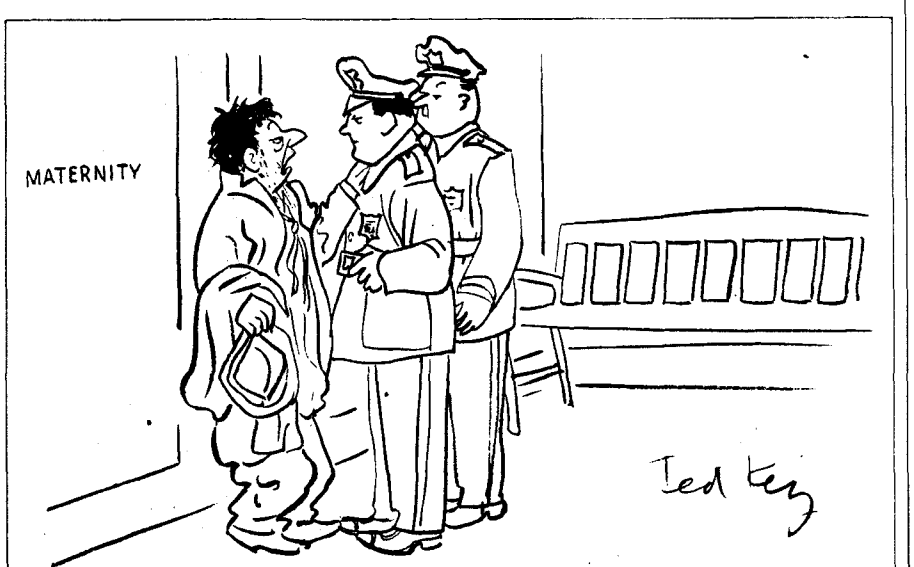
"There is one girl," Dr. Taylor relates, "who keeps a horse in Bronxville. Why, for what it costs to keep a horse, we could keep a pretty good poet."

One of the most serious accusations against Sarah Lawrence is that individualized education produces a self-centered, unco-operative individual. President Taylor answers by pointing to his student body's many worthy, collective efforts. He does say, however, that an SLC girl *is* likely to be unco-operative about following hate-ridden mass movements.

"We need," he says, "a resistance movement to keep democracy alive. It would consist of people capable of mature, individual thought. Behind the enemy lines of demagogy, they would keep alive the ideal of independent, liberal thinking."

Harold Taylor knows that proper education can be instrumental in bringing us the good life we have been struggling to obtain. With all his youthfulness, he is wise enough to be convinced that Sarah Lawrence College, by furnishing each young person with her capacity of meaningful experience, is on the right track.

THE END



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WASHINGTON
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KANSAS' wispy Senator Arthur Capper, completing his fifth consecutive term, insists he's running for re-election despite the fact he is eighty-four. If he does stay in the race, the Kansas G.O.P. is in for the hottest intraparty brawl the state has seen in several decades. Husky, personable, former Governor Andrew Schoeppel, who chalked up vote-getting records during his campaigns, has announced for Capper's seat, and Republican chiefs already are split.

One group, headed by former Governors Alf Landon and Payne Ratner, and Fay Seaton, Manhattan (Kan.) publisher, are backing Capper. Another group, spearheaded by three potent editors, Roy Roberts of the Kansas City Star, "Young Bill" White, son of the Emporia Gazette's late, great editor, and Fred Brinkerhoff, of the Pittsburg (Kan.) Headlight, are equally aggressive for Schoeppel. Both sides are training for a finish fight, with the Schoeppelites concentrating on Capper's advanced age.

IT'S all set on Capitol Hill for the government to remain in the rubber business a long time. The controls that end this year will be renewed and greatly extended. Urgent defense needs are the reason. Under the new legislation, private industry may buy or lease government wartime synthetic-rubber plants. But all rubber, natural as well as artificial, will be under tight federal control. A new rubber czar will have power to allocate the entire supply. The bill will also require maintenance of a 675,000-ton synthetic-rubber production capacity.

FORMER Assistant Attorney General Thurman Arnold is deliberating running as Democratic Senate aspirant from Wyoming. But that isn't keeping the ex-trust buster from tossing around razor-tongued remarks. Encountering Republican National Chairman B. Carroll Reece, who hails from Tennessee, Arnold wisecracked, "Why are you people beating your brains out trying to pick a candidate? You don't even have to hold a convention. The best Republican President you could possibly select is already in the White House. What more suitable nominee can you offer than Harry Truman?"

THIS item may mean money in your pocket. The Federal Security Agency has on its rolls an estimated 925,000 names whose owners are eligible for old-age and survivors' pensions, but are not drawing them because they haven't applied. So if you're over sixty-five, have paid Social Security taxes and are earning less than $14.99 a month, file your claim. Under the law the initiative is up to claimants. Last year, Social Security paid out $483,000,000 to 1,975,000 beneficiaries.

TEXAS' heart may belong to the Democratic party, but its pocketbook is mighty generous to the G.O.P. The great Lone Star State is one of the biggest contributors to Republican campaign funds. Most of this money comes from oilmen. The Republican National Committee isn't the only beneficiary; state organizations also get sizable checks.

U.S. railroads have a $2,000,000,000 surprise in store for them. That's the approximate total of claims the Justice Department is preparing against the carriers for alleged wartime freight overpayments. The cases are being readied by a special staff headed by James Kilday, antitrust attorney and brother of the Texas congressman. Kilday's assistants include two former members of the Army Transportation Corps. Illustrative of the cases is one in which a line is charged with boosting its rates 200 per cent. Another charge is that four officers of the Army's Traffic Control Division, which approved the alleged excess payments, have since wound up in railroad jobs. The instigator of the whole thing was Representative George H. Bender (Republican, Ohio), who says that he discovered the overpayments while probing war contracts.

THIS is the inside line-up of the slate of delegates selected by the Nebraska Republican organization at its preconvention powwow in Omaha: for Taft, 7; for Stassen, 5; for Dewey, 3. The convention's endorsement will be noted after the delegates' names on the ballot for the April 13th primary. In 1944, the first time the preprimary endorsement of candidates was tried, every approved delegate was elected.

DESPITE Senator Bob Taft's potent criticism, the 90 per cent farm-parity law will be continued by Congress. The act expires December 31st. Privately, many members of Congress agree with what Taft said out loud: that the parity formula should be whittled down to at least 75 per cent. But with the election pervading the atmosphere, this is one cat Congress will growl about in the cloakrooms but not bell on the floor. The issue is loaded with political dynamite. And so the boys don't forget it, the powerful Farm Bureau Federation, National Grange and other agricultural pressure groups are busy keeping the heat on.

Illustrative of what 90 per cent parity means to the taxpayer-consumers: Last year's egg and potato price-support operations cost respectively $60,000,000 and $88,000,000.

FIFTY-FOUR per cent of the members of the House and 38 per cent of the Senate have wives, children and other relatives on the Congressional pay roll. The annual cost to the taxpayer for this form of "family upkeep" is over $500,000 annually.

Nepotism on Capitol Hill is not new. It's an old Congressional custom. The only thing new about it is that it is more extensive and profitable than ever before —thanks to last year's Congressional pay raise.

Some of the relatives are legitimate employees. An instance of this is the able, hard-working son of Senator Arthur Vandenberg, Michigan, president pro tem of the Upper Chamber. Young Vandenberg is rated as one of the top Congressional secretaries. But most of the relatives are pure feather-bedding. Some don't even live in Washington. They're on the Congressional pay roll solely to provide the congressman or senator with additional income from the public till.

Georgia's raspy Representative Gene Cox has more relatives on the Congressional pay roll than any other member.

REPLIED Jim Farley genially to a press friend, who told him he was reviewing the hefty New Yorker's memoirs: "I don't care what you say, just so you spell my name correctly and use it frequently in your article."

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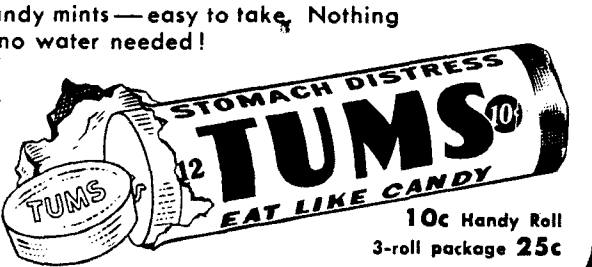

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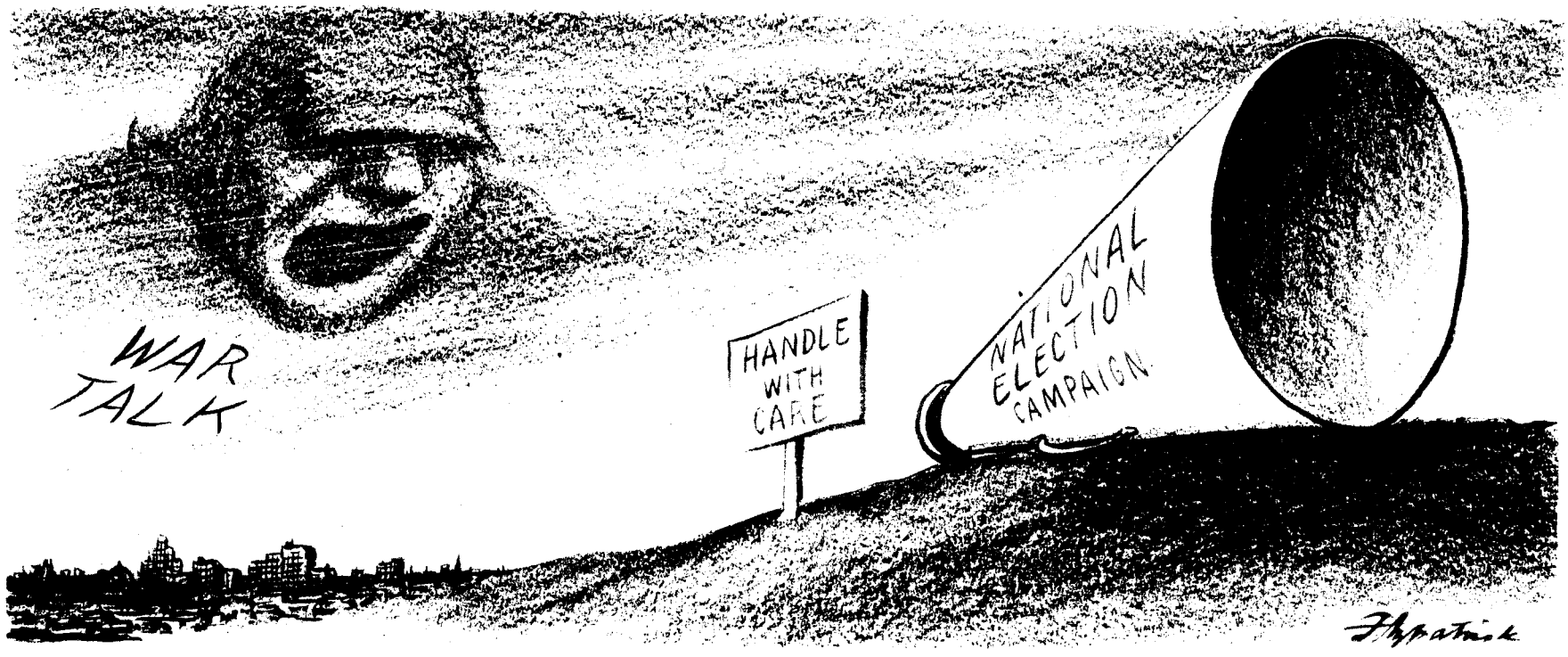

...THAT THERE'S TOO MUCH WAR TALK

EVERYWHERE you go people talk about war. Not that anybody says he wants war. Chances are that nobody, including the Russians, wants war. Americans never have been enthusiastic for war, certainly not since 1900.

Perhaps our grandfathers and great-grandfathers did not plan the Civil War in 1861. Surely a compassionate man such as Mr. Lincoln did not wish for war. He got one just the same.

So have we, at least twice since. We didn't like war in 1917. We didn't even believe it could happen to us. It came and we could not escape it. We certainly wanted none of it in 1939. Two years later we were in it right up to our necks.

What now? Are we drifting toward another such catastrophe, moved by forces we do not understand and cannot control?

We hope not. Everybody we respect hopes not.

An impatient man here and there says war is inevitable, and we had best have it over without delay. But that is the lunatic minority, speaking irresponsibly and without authority.

The majority, the overwhelming majority, say no, we will do nothing to provoke war. We will do nothing to hasten war. We will do everything to avoid war and to prevent war. If it comes, it will not be of our choosing.

There is not any war party in our government, civil or military. There is no war group in either of our political parties. There is no war faction in our Army or Navy or Air Force. There are pessimists and optimists, and pessimists by definition tend to take gloomy views. But it is honest reporting to say that not a single American in Congress, in the Administration or in the armed forces would willingly make a decision for war.

If you question those in authority, or even listen to them without the lead of a question, all talk about the same thing. They are saddened by the turn world events have taken. They are saddened and a little bewildered too. They wonder and ask themselves how and at what point we managed to take the wrong turn in the road.

This time three years ago we were on the winning side of a world war. The Russians were our allies, and, we imagined, our friends.

We did not agree with their political, economic and religious views as Communists, but they were resisting Hitler who was attacking us. So we were on the same side.

Winston Churchill had called the turn as he saw it the very day the Germans invaded Russia. He told the world he was still against Communism, but he welcomed the Russians as allies in the war against a common enemy. His words seemed reasonable and when the Japanese bombed us into the war, we followed the Churchill line.

We went quite a long way to help the Russians resist the Germans. We sent them weapons and food and motor vehicles. Our people performed miracles to produce airplanes, tanks, jeeps, guns, ammunition—billions of dollars' worth of it—to help the Russians defend themselves.

The chances are that what we gave them under Lend-Lease made much of the difference between victory and defeat for the Russians. At least that is what they said when the giving was good. We thought, we hoped, that the memories of a common effort against a common enemy would bind us in friendship when peace came. We might follow our separate creeds, but with tolerance and good will. We were conscious of our own deep desire for peace. We wanted nothing in the way of booty or compensation for our share in the victory. All we wanted was a peaceful world in which free men were safe.

We could not quite believe our eyes and ears when Marshal Stalin began to impute mean motives to us even before the Germans were conquered. Franklin D. Roosevelt, on the day he died, was angered to receive fresh evidence of Marshal Stalin's expressed suspicions of our good faith. Most of these statements of suspicion and hostility were suppressed because our government and the British hoped to conciliate the Russians if that were possible. So when Mr. Churchill made his speech at Fulton, Missouri, many Americans, and Britishers too, thought that he had overstated the case. In the light of today, what was said in Missouri seems moderate indeed.

So far as the record goes, Russia took up its foreign policies where the czars left off. Russian imperialism under the Communists is much like Russian imperialism under the czars. Russian policy today and tomorrow seems to be to push as far as other men will yield.

But we never had a war with czarist Russia. We didn't like the absolutism of the Romanovs. We offered refuge to many political exiles from Russia. But diplomatically we got along with them, and, as now, we liked a great many Russians. Tolstoy, for example, has been—is—popular in America, and something of a saint after the manner subsequently celebrated by Gandhi.

So what should we think and do now? Perhaps the best we can do is to follow the course already charted by the leaders of the two political parties, Democrats and Republicans alike. Thanks especially to Senator Vandenberg in the Senate, to Governor Dewey acting through John Foster Dulles, his adviser and representative, and to former Governor Stassen, who participated in the San Francisco Conference out of which the United Nations came, there are up to now no important partisan differences as to our international policy.

If this common American front, this unity of international policy can be preserved during the Presidential campaign ahead, we shall do our best for peace. The temptation to obtain factional and party advantage by playing politics in international affairs will be very great. Republicans who co-operate will be under fire from political rivals who want political preferment at any cost. The Democrats have some scalawags too, who would risk a world war if they could get some minor political advantage at home. We hope these sorry fellows will not prevail.

Nobody in this changing world can guarantee peace. All that we Americans can do is to retain our present will to do all that can be done reasonably and honorably to avoid provocation, to deal justly with Russia, to help those who want to help themselves, and who by helping themselves help us keep the world safe for freemen of good will. If we can get by this year of Presidential election, without mean divisions, we shall have done our best, and with good conscience we can honorably await whatever the future holds. . . . W.L.C.

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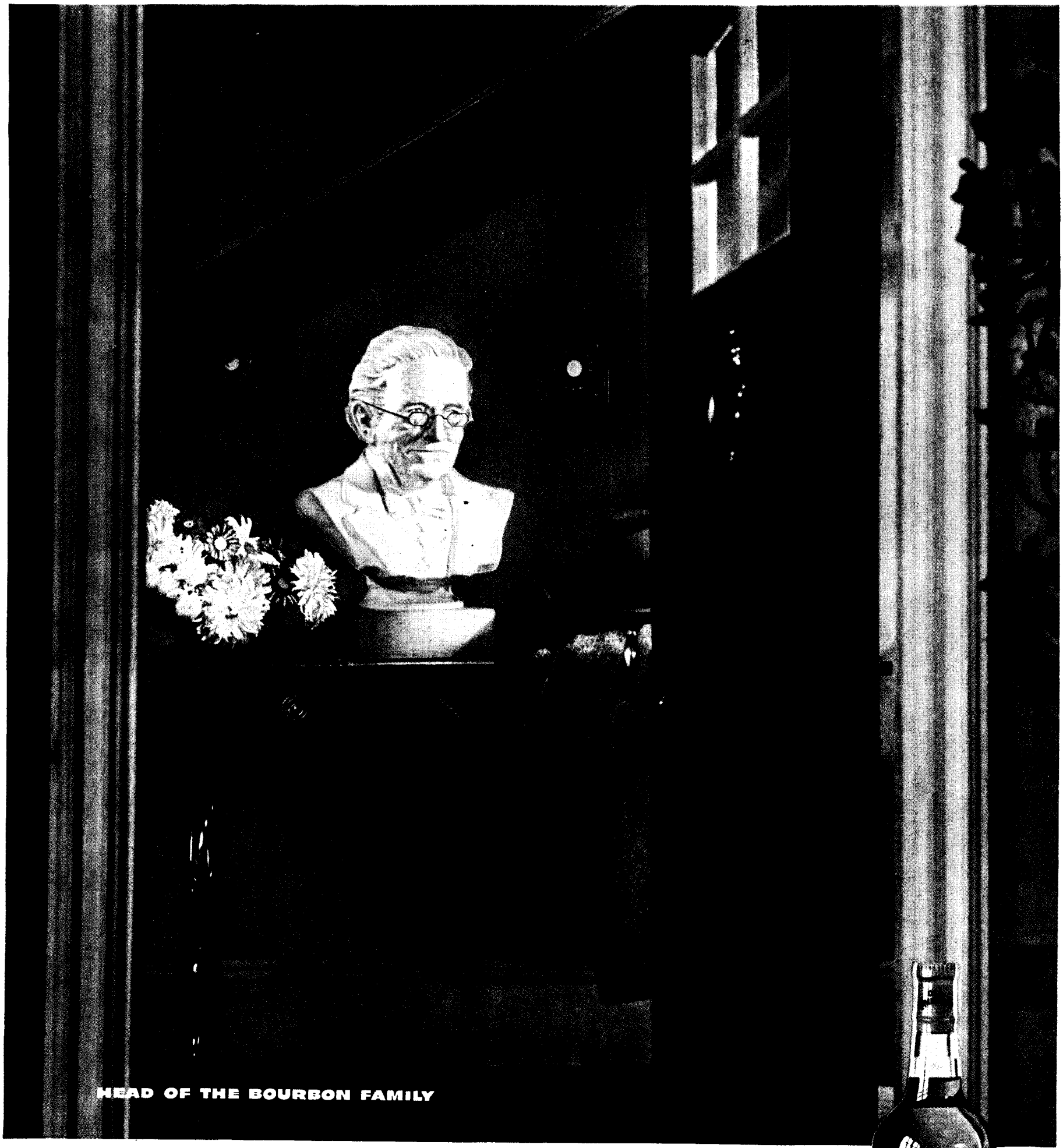

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